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A VERSATILE PROFESSOR

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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REV. EDWARD NARES, D.D.

(From a miniature by Anna Dovetin, 1827.)

A VERSATILE PROFESSOR

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. EDWARD NARES, D.D.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1813-1841

EDITED BY

G. CECIL WHITE, M.A.

RECTOR OF NURSING

SOMETIME DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO JOHN WINSTON,
SEVENTH DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, K.G.

LONDON

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

4, ADAM STREET, ADELPHI

MCMIII

PREFACE

THE title prefixed to these reminiscences does not more indicate the person with whom they are mainly concerned, than a characteristic of the work itself. Turning now and again from gay to grave, it treats of the social as well as the scholastic life in which its subject moved, and derives much of whatever interest it may possess from its many points of contact with various kinds of people—princes and peers, parsons and professors, lawyers and legislators.

In its personal application I use the epithet versatile to indicate rather the wide interests of an active mind and the manifold sympathies of a large heart, than any superficiality in the quest for knowledge, or any restless insincerity of disposition. To Edward Nares this versatility was doubtless a source both of strength and weakness, contributing in some ways to the success, and in others to the comparative failure, of his career. For while it led him so to extend his range of knowledge as to enable him to treat many subjects

from various aspects, it hindered him from applying himself to any definite object as the goal of his ambition. There was, therefore, in his earlier years a lack of purpose and proportion, which might have more seriously hampered him in his later work had it not been to a large extent qualified by a sincerely religious disposition, a high sense of duty, and an untiring diligence.

Later writers have done scant justice to his career in their brief references to it. Dean Stanley, for instance, in his "Life of Dr. Arnold," speaks of the Professorship having been practically in abeyance for *twenty* years owing to the infirmities of the occupant of the Chair. When, however, it is seen that Dr. Nares lectured regularly up to within at least *six* years of his death, and completed the publication of his "Life of Lord Burleigh" only four years previously, it is obvious that the Dean's statement was, unintentionally, somewhat exaggerated.

It is only needful to add that the following pages are drawn mainly from Dr. Nares' own record of his life and work, and letters found among his papers.

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A Versatile Professor



CHAPTER I

Family connections—An election at Oxford

EDWARD NARES was born in Carey Street, London, on March 26, 1762, but so soon removed to his father's country seat—Warbrook House, Eversley, Hants—that he would never consent to be called a "Cockney." At this time his father, Mr. George Nares, was one of the King's serjeants-at-law, and M.P. for the city of Oxford, of which he was also Recorder. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Strange, Master of the Rolls, a man who stood high in the estimation of H.M. George II., and was universally respected. Sir John died in 1754, and was buried at Leyton, in Essex, his country seat having been Leyton Grange. There is a long inscription on the vault which is now partly illegible, and as it records the main points

of his career, it seems well to preserve a copy of it, which was made by his grandson in 1808.*

“Lady Strange was one of the four daughters and co-heiresses of Mr. Edward Strong, a very eminent mason who was particularly concerned in the building of St. Paul’s Cathedral, of which he laid the last stone upon the Lanthorn, Oct. the 26th, 1708, the first stone having been laid thirty-three years before by his elder brother Thomas, June 25th, 1675. Mr. Strong was also engaged in the building of ye Churches erected by Act of Parliament after the Fire of London ; Greenwich Hospital, and many of the first Houses in the Kingdom, particularly Blenheim anno 1705.”

On his mother’s side Edward was further related to Sir Thomas Parker, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer ; to Sir John Jervis, afterwards Lord St. Vincent ; and to Sir Charles Wheler. He was also nephew to Dr. James Nares, who, being unfitted for an active profession through a bad accident in his youth and delicate health, took to music, and became organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James’s. The Ven. Robert Nares, Archdeacon of Stafford, the author of “Nares’ Glossary,” and many other works, was the musician’s eldest son. It seems necessary to mention this here, because he and his cousin Edward were often confused in the public mind, and the archdeacon was occasionally credited with the literary work of the professor, who, for the latter half of his life, was rector of

* See Appendix A.

a secluded Kentish village, and was, therefore, less generally known.

Sir George Nares was a man of eminently upright and devout character, who had made his mark by great natural ability, seconded by industry. He used continually to impress upon his children, for their encouragement in learning, that the greatest advantages were to be derived from reading, and that he had made his fortune by study and application.

“No man was more attached to his family and home, and nothing appeared to be more irksome to him than the necessity his office laid him under of passing so much time away from home. When he was on circuit my mother never failed to write to him every post, and nothing seemed so much to gratify him as these communications with those he had left behind: nor could any school boy more sensibly rejoice than he was accustomed to do when he took his last leave of High Sheriffs and Javelin men, and began his homeward journey.”

That he was loved and respected by his children is evident from the following extract :—

“He was a religious, good man—so good that I have never known any better. Whatever foibles he had, he was deeply sensible of, and devoutly prayed to God to strengthen him against them. I can only mention one, however, which was

a hastiness of temper, entirely due to irritability of nerves, and, therefore, much dependent on the casual state of his health. That this gave him pain, and was the frequent subject of his thoughts appears from his pocket-book, in which are written passages selected from moral and religious writers, ancient and modern, upon this very infirmity. It must indeed have given him uneasiness, because he was certainly naturally, and when in health, a very good-natured man, his patience being notorious, and his passions well under control."

Of his discharge of public duties we must write later on. At present we are concerned with the characters which formed the centre of the home life of Edward Nares' early years. The mother was a worthy helpmate of such a husband, a most excellent and fond parent, honoured and loved by all her children. With inimitable patience she taught them without any assistance, even the boys being her pupils till they went to Westminster.

"She had her regular school hours, with which no engagements or amusements were suffered to interfere. And when I consider the fashions of the present day, I feel I can never sufficiently admire the truly maternal care of my Mother, in never suffering my sisters to pass from under her own eye, or leaving them to the care and company of hirelings, though her situation in life was such as to have enabled her to do so."

The home circle at Warbrook House was a large one, Edward being the sixth of ten, four of whom died in infancy. It is not necessary at present to say more than that they were a united and happy family, and very fond of their home.

In 1768 Mr. Serjeant Nares (as he then was) became a candidate for the representation of Oxford in conjunction with the Hon. William (afterwards Earl) Harcourt. This caused a certain amount of excitement in the Eversley home, where expresses, decorated with pink ribbons, bearing the city arms and "Harcourt and Nares for ever," were constantly arriving. Even the nursery shared the excitement, and the children fancied they had taught a Chinese silver pheasant to repeat the election cry.

The contest was a severe one, the noble families of Harcourt, Craven, Marlborough, and Abingdon throwing their influence on the side of different candidates. The last candidate to appear on the field was Sir James Cotter, who hit upon a strange expedient to win popularity. He bought up a large number of pigs, which he let loose in Port Meadow with their tails soaped, and any Freeman who could catch and hold one was allowed to keep possession of his prize. In spite of this, however, Sir James found himself at the bottom of the poll, Harcourt and Nares being elected.

As the law stood then, the members had the right to make their sons Freemen of the city, and Edward Nares more than once exercised his right to vote, without question or dispute.

Four years later Mr. Serjeant Nares was elevated

to the Bench, being succeeded in his seat in Parliament by Lord Robert Spencer, and in the Recorder-ship of Oxford by the Hon. Thomas Wenman.

It has seemed necessary to say so much of the nearest relatives of Edward Nares, but the succeeding chapters will be mainly devoted to his own career.

CHAPTER II

At Westminster School—Heraldry—Blanket Tossing—The
Westminster Fox Hunt Meets—Latin Verses

AT eight years of age, Edward Nares entered Westminster School, his brother George being in College, and his cousin Robert one of the monitors. His first years at school were not happy ones. Shyness of disposition, shortness of stature, and delicacy of constitution, added to the difficulties with which a small boy had to contend in a public school.

“If, however, I met with some hard rubs, I must, to the credit of my schoolfellows, add that I met with some protectors. Besides my brother and cousin, I found many of the great boys very kind to me. It was also a comfort, though it brought me into many scrapes, that my father’s professional duties brought him often so near to me. Though I could not go to Westminster Hall without being out of bounds, I us’d often to go where I could see him in Court, and had great pleasure even in the sight of his coach, and still

more of a favourite dog that us'd to accompany the carriage. On Saturdays I went by appointment in order to accompany him home to pass the Sunday, and I can now (1802) well recollect with what delight my father used to meet me when the Court broke up.

“One advantage I gained by my truant visits to Westminster Hall and the House of Lords, where my father also often attended, was that by wandering among the carriages of the Peers I acquired a taste for *Heraldry*, and soon became such a proficient that I could have marshalled any public procession as well as Garter King at Arms. From my knowledge of the carriages, I soon got to recognise the persons of the Peers, and, being known to the door-keepers of the House of Lords, I had frequent access to the Debates, so that there were, perhaps, few better acquainted than myself with the members of the Upper House. Indeed, at the time of the Duchess of Kingston's trial for bigamy, besides my father's tickets I had many sent to me by parties who wished to take me with them to explain the ceremony, name the Peers, and distinguish their ranks. I remember afterwards making a sort of model, which many came to see, in which the Peers, from the High Steward to the lowest Baron, were all to be seen in their proper places, and distinguished by their robes, Dukes from Marquesses, Marquesses from Earls, and so on.”

Delicate health often confined Edward to the

house, and drove him to reading as a resource, whether he would or not, and when once books began really to interest him, "increase of knowledge became little less than an absorbing passion," and many of the books he read by choice were works on History and Heraldry.

"Few people," he writes, "know much of Heraldry, and those who know nothing of it do so fearlessly and heedlessly violate its strict rules, that it is certainly become in itself a science of no very general importance. But, as a stepping-stone to history, it is still of much use. It awakens curiosity, suggests many subjects of inquiry, and kindles a spirit of research. If it has not been of much help to me, it has certainly afforded me more than amusement. The knowledge of arms naturally led to the knowledge of families, the knowledge of families to that of their exploits and achievements as often demonstrated by those arms. Such exploits and achievements, however, were matters of history, and to be learn'd nowhere else. The connection, therefore, became obvious, and it was not long before I made myself so familiar with the History of England, that my father took pride in challenging some of his many friends to try and puzzle me with questions relating to any reign from Egbert to George III., and this long before I left school.

"At one time in my life I was so well acquainted with the connections and armorial claims of the noble families of England, Scotland,

and Ireland, that I have been able to explain to some of their members particulars with which they were wholly unacquainted; and when I us'd to accompany my father on his Circuits there was not a county we entered, of whose great families I could not give an account, which, in his public situation, was not unimportant.

“In the way of amusement I found it highly entertaining, especially in walking the streets of London. The quickness with which the knowledge can be applied is almost incredible, the least glimpse of the arms, coronet, crest, supporters, or livery being sufficient to point out the owners. As an instance, I remember once in travelling, a carriage pass'd us so quickly that my companion, knowing my knowledge of heraldry, lamented that it pass'd so rapidly as to make it impossible for me to tell whose it was. I told him I had not only seen enough for this purpose, but that I knew to a certainty it could not possibly belong to any other person than Lord Morpeth. That this was so, we soon ascertained, as we happened to stop at the same inn. As a matter of fact I had merely caught a glimpse of the *Viscount's* coronet, with the *Howard* and *Cavendish* Arms, and I knew it to be impossible at the time that these three circumstances should meet in any other person than Lord Morpeth,* who was the only Viscount of the Howard family that had married a Cavendish.”

* George Howard (afterwards 6th Earl of Carlisle) married, 1801, Lady Georgiana Cavendish, eldest daughter of the 5th Duke of Devonshire.

During the first two years or so of his school life Edward boarded in the great centre house of what were then known as the new buildings in Dean's Yard, and was subject to a good deal of the petty tyranny of the senior boys, usual at the time.

"I have often laughed since at two services expected of me, entirely connected with the insignificance of my person.

"I was indeed so low of stature and light in weight that one of the King's Scholars of the name of Chetwynd (I think he afterwards became Lord Chetwynd) us'd often to wait for me at the bottom of the school steps, and carry me up in his teeth with my satchel of books at my back.

"It was, consequently, soon discovered that no boy was likely to fly higher than myself out of a shaken blanket. I had the honour, therefore, of being specially chosen to undergo this ceremony whenever summoned to do so. And sure enough high I did fly; sometimes at the risk of flattening my nose against the ceiling, and sometimes of missing my road in my descent. In fact I did once fall upon a bureau through the carelessness of my tossers, who seemed to have no fear of the crime of boyslaughter before their eyes. Their want of feeling at the moment was, however, often compensated by subsequent generosity, and I received many presents for the sport I afforded them. Time, nevertheless, will never extinguish the memory of my sensations, when, lying in the blanket pulled so tightly as to preclude all hope of

getting any hold of it, I heard the following pentameter sung out :

‘ Ibis ab excusso missus ad astra sago.’

Luckily the ceiling stopped my going quite up to the stars, otherwise the strength and zeal of those who held the blanket seemed almost sufficient to send me there !

“ The other service demanded of me was of a totally different nature, though scarcely less dangerous. One of the big boys, whose father kept a pack of foxhounds, took it into his head that *he* might keep a pack at Westminster School. Dogs, however, there were none. It could only be a pack of bipeds, and, of course, many boys were put in requisition. These were all regularly trained to leap ditches, break through fences, follow the game at all hazards, imitate the cry of hounds, and be obedient to the huntsman and whipper-in. I know too little of fox-hunting to be sure that I shall describe things aright, but I was told that terriers were wanting to make the pack complete, and as I happened to be swift of foot for my size, the choice fell upon me for one, and upon a boy named Morell for the other. Our business was to hunt the fox out of any hiding-place, if by chance he should be lost. Whoever acted as fox was to slip out of school an hour before we were regularly dismissed, and, with a piece of chalk in his hand, to scamper away to Tothill Fields, our usual playground, marking as he went the several corners he turned.

“A nastier place for such sport there could not be than Tothill Fields at that time. The ditches were broad and full of filth, but if the course the fox took seemed to lead that way, there was no hesitating, in or over we must go. *Over* was beyond the power of us short-legged terriers, so that sometimes we alighted in the midst of drown'd puppies and kittens, whilst it was left to the whipper-in to *whip* us *out*. Often the fox would pass the bounds of Tothill Fields, and bring us to fault among the houses at Chelsea, and then, if by chance a door was seen open with a staircase immediately opposite, the terriers had to mount the stairs at once to see if the fox were hid in the garrets. Many old ladies seemed to think this intrusive, and would follow us with weapons of divers sorts, so that I was once nearly killed with a toasting-fork. As the evenings drew in, and the time approached for the boarding-house bell to call us to kennel, the fox was bound to make his way back to Dean's Yard, with liberty to skulk about the Cloisters, and hide himself where he could. Then began the great battle of the poor Terrier. Every dark corner was to be entered and examined, and the Fox dragged out by force if discovered. He might defend himself as he could, and pinches, kicks, and blows occasioned no little mischief ere the victim could be delivered up.”

Meanwhile Edward went steadily through the school, though not winning much credit for scholar-

ship. In the lower school he himself admits that he was lacking in diligence and attention. In the upper school he became more ambitious, though he was still averse to being driven into any course of study not of his own choosing, and schoolwork was irksome to him. He could make little progress in Latin verses, proficiency in which was then the surest road to honours. On this subject he wrote strongly in after life :—

“It is a false criterion of abilities, and a very useless attainment at best. As to the improvement of taste, I believe it may be safely dispensed with. At college I had an opportunity of knowing many men who had never been instructed in the art of writing versés, but whose abilities were of the most splendid kind, and who had as just notions of the beauties of Homer and Virgil as any of those who obtained honours they had not the means of acquiring. I do not mean to depreciate the attainment. It is an elegant one, and has many merits. But I am confident very ill effects have arisen from making it exclusively the standard of academical merit. Many have been driven into obscurity, who might in other ways have claimed the highest distinctions. Many, possibly, have been hindered in the exertion of their talents by an undue apprehension of inferiority and contempt, for modest men are more apt to be depressed by the want of one talent than to be elated by the possession of many. I think the time will come when the power of writing

Latin verses will not be held in such high estimation."

This prophecy has been abundantly justified, though the delusion has died hard, and the curriculum of our public schools still needs much alteration. The lack of the power of Latin versification was not, in Edward Nares' case, due to any lack of poetic sense or power of expression. Though he cared little to excel in his schoolwork, he did well enough to rise steadily from form to form ; by the time he was seventeen he was head of the town boys, and was promoted to the seventh form to learn Hebrew with the King's scholars.

No doubt the school education greatly helped in the development of his talents, which found expression in his private studies and literary efforts. These last were by no means few in number, and in many cases they were, considering his age, of conspicuous merit. The earliest that I have come across was written when he was twelve years of age, and two years later, 1776, he translated some of the Epistles of Horace, accommodating them to the eighteenth century, and sent them to his father. At this period of his life he commenced a history of England, as well as one of animals, and he began an epic poem as soon as he had read Milton. His attention was, however, soon diverted from most of these premature attempts, but the spirit was awakened in him, and not many years passed before he had written two plays, a mock heroic poem of twelve cantos, a burlesque novel, and abundance of

occasional pieces in prose and verse. One poem written very early in life procured him a present from Sir William Blackstone, and a Latin letter from the famous John Wilkes, who was Lord Mayor at the time, accompanied by an invitation to dine with him at the Mansion House, which he accepted.

I will not delay the reader by quoting here any of these youthful literary efforts, but I will devote a few pages to them later on, when those who choose to read them may find them interesting and, in some degree, amusing.

CHAPTER III

At Oxford—Death of Lady Nares—On Circuit

IN 1779, having completed his seventeenth year, Edward Nares was entered a commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, where his cousin Robert, and his brother George were already Westminster "Students." The latter, however, soon left Oxford, his father having bought him a commission in the 70th Regiment. Dr. Bagot, successively Bishop of Bristol, Norwich, and St. Asaph, was Dean at this time, and Edward's tutor was Dr. John Randolph, subsequently Bishop of Bangor, and later of London.

"He was an eminent scholar and a very worthy man, though too reserved to give me the encouragement of which I stood in need. Had any of the Superiors of the College taken me by the hand at this time, I am confident I should have made great progress in my studies. As it was, my own unassisted efforts were not sufficient to raise me to any particular distinction, and I was rather depressed than encouraged by the

rewards bestowed on my more successful contemporaries."

Under these circumstances the University course was, like the school course, distasteful to him, and though he passed through it with credit, especially for his mathematical work, he did not obtain a high reputation as a scholar. At the same time the desire of knowledge remained strong in him, and his father obtained permission from the Vice-Chancellor for him to be admitted to the Bodleian, a privilege generally reserved for Graduates only, of which he frequently availed himself.

At College he gradually formed a large acquaintance, and became partly the Founder and actually the first President of a club, which was the first effort in the direction of the present successful "Union." The membership was limited to sixteen, equally divided between Etonians, Wykehamists, Harrovians, and Westminster men. Among the first elected were some men of rank and fortune, and some also of distinguished ability. A few names only are mentioned in this connection by Mr. Nares, viz., James Clitherow, afterwards Fellow of All Souls, and better known as Colonel Clitherow of Boston House, Brentford; Mr. Milner; the Hon. George Talbot Rice, afterwards Lord Dynevor; Mr. Edwyn Sandys, nephew and heir to Lord Sandys; and Mr. Thomas Russell, afterwards Fellow of New College, "a young man of rare endowments, and very distinguished talents." Probably the Hon. John Bourke (the fourth Earl of Mayo), and Mr.

Greenhill, who were two of Edward Nares' most intimate friends at Christ Church, were also members. The Institution had, however, but a brief existence ; though its rules were prudent, and its objects useful, the University authorities looked coldly on such organisations ; it languished for lack of encouragement and soon came to an end.

At this period, and indeed for many years subsequently, Edward Nares' love of books was more than equalled by his love of society.

“ To indulge both these passions to the degree I wished, I was often led to trespass largely on the hours usually devoted to sleep, whereby, as might reasonably be expected, I seriously injured my health, and, having ruptured a blood vessel, was obliged to go home to be nursed.”

During this illness he was attended by Sir Richard Jebb, the King's physician, a man of great kindness of heart, who happened to be the Judge's next door neighbour in Great George Street.

“ Nothing could exceed the attention Sir Richard paid to my case. He bled me, blistered me, and starved me down to the allowance of no more than twelve January asparagus a day, which were regularly supplied from the forcing house of another neighbour (Lord Ongley), and not unseldom good-naturedly brought me by his eldest daughter. My death was so much expected, that I very well remember awaking one day from sleep, and finding

a looking-glass at my mouth to ascertain whether I had breath enough to moisten the mirror."

Lady Nares gave up all hope of her son's recovery, and Sir Richard Jebb, almost in despair, determined to send him to Bristol Hot Wells, where, after only a fortnight's stay, he recovered sufficiently to return home. His mother, however, never recovered from the strain of this anxiety and unceasing care, and she survived only a year, passing away in the summer of 1782.

"She was a great loss to us all, being a most excellent and fond parent . . . and there was not one of us that did not love her most dearly."

In the following January Edward Nares completed his course and took his B.A. degree.

Whenever he was at liberty to do so while at Oxford, and for some few years after taking his degree, he accompanied his father on circuits. This enabled him not only to visit many interesting places, and enlarge his acquaintance, but helped to dissipate to some extent his natural diffidence.

With the object of overcoming this shyness, which was growing upon him, the Judge put Edward in the way of as much society on these occasions as he could. Sir George had many friends of tried worth and good position, and the Judge's son was sure to be welcomed in the best society of the Assize towns.

He travelled at his ease, taking his own horse with him, and enjoying the shelter of his father's

carriage when the weather was bad. The Law Courts had little attraction for him, but the Assize balls were more to his taste, for he was exceedingly fond of dancing. These balls were, in those days, conducted with much formality. The judges themselves were expected to be present in their silk robes and tie wigs. Even at such important places as Exeter and Bury the commencement of the ball was deferred until the judges, escorted by the High Sheriff, had taken their seats at the upper end of the room, and the honour of opening the ball with the High Sheriff's lady was often assigned to the judge's son.

Looking back upon these times many years later, Edward felt grateful for the efforts which his father made to introduce him into good society, while at the same time he encouraged his love of books. It helped him to avoid that pedantic contempt of personal appearance and manners which was frequently conspicuous in literary characters, and especially in the University "Dons" of that period.

"I have known," he writes, "many estimable persons who have given just offence in society, some by their reserve, and some by their rudeness. As to the main object my father had in view with regard to my diffident disposition, how far it succeeded can never be known to any but myself. It certainly enabled me to conceal it better, and gave me a confidence upon certain occasions, but much of it abides with me to this moment, though from the efforts to which, from

a sense of propriety, I have accustomed myself, it is not often noticeable."

When on circuit with his father, his mornings were passed generally in seeing what was to be seen of the neighbourhood of the towns visited, or in calling upon families to whom he had been introduced. The following account of the Judge it seems appropriate to quote in full :—

"I always met my father at dinner, though it was very little to the comfort of either of us, being oblig'd daily to dine in public, and the company varying every day. This, however, was almost the only time when we met, except on travelling days, for he was scarcely ever unoccupied morning or evening. The fatigues, indeed, that he underwent were excessive. His patience in trying causes, his extreme courtesy on the Bench, and his great humanity to prisoners disposing all parties to submit their cases to him in preference to other judges, whenever possible.

"Though his knowledge of the Law, and of special pleading, would (as I have often heard him say), have enabled him to shorten many trials without any prejudice to the ends of justice, yet he thought it more satisfactory to the public to hear all the evidence that could be adduced, and to give no interruption that might be misunderstood by the parties. He often regretted that this was so necessary, and would lament the unpopularity of some of his brethren on the Bench,

who adopted more expeditious methods with equal justice, but much less satisfaction to parties unacquainted with the forms of Law and the weight of evidence.

“He had also great suavity of manner, and was beyond everything averse to the rude and intolerable habit of browbeating and perplexing witnesses, which was too common. This he was accustomed to restrain with the whole weight of his office ; and I was myself present when he threaten’d to commit Lord Kenyon (then a barrister *) for such intemperate behaviour. Let me, however, add, to the credit of that noble lord, and great man, that so far from resenting this unpleasant circumstance, no man ever profess’d, or manifested a greater attachment to my father, both privately and professionally.

“In humanity to those who came before him in criminal cases, none who ever sat on the Bench could surpass him ; and yet these, his natural feelings, were so temper’d by his strict regard to justice, that I am assur’d no sentence was ever mitigated without most sufficient reason. Sometimes, indeed, I have known him resist every possible application for clemency when he thought an example necessary from the nature of the case, and especially where the circumstances of the culprit obtained him any undue influence.

“I shall never forget one case at Monmouth, where a man of some property was convicted of

* He became a distinguished judge, and was the 1st Baron Kenyon.

sheep-stealing. He had long escaped detection, and on his conviction a petition was presented to my father, signed by the Lord lieutenant and almost all the gentry of the county, with a request that if he would not grant the man a pardon, they might have his permission to forward it, thro' the Secretary of State, to the King. The Judge having acceded to this request, the Duke of Beaufort personally interceded for the man. The report, however, that my father made upon the case was such that the King peremptorily confirmed the sentence, and the man was executed. The Duke of Beaufort apologised for his forwardness in the business, and I am confident he was only actuated by the most amiable feelings.

“My father was a man of deep religious feeling, which, in addition to his natural humanity, and a remarkably pleasing voice, gave a most impressive solemnity to his judicial sentence; and I have been informed that it was not unusual for persons who had heard him pass sentence at one assize town, to follow him to the next, for the mere sake of hearing it repeated.

“I do not, however, think it impossible but that sometimes the feelings of the man were so mingled with the severity of the judge as to afford ground for remarks. Indeed I have seen somewhere in print a comparison of the sentences of two contemporary judges. In that of one the prisoner is consigned to eternal perdition in terms too harsh to repeat; while the other addresses the

culprit in a tone of great kindness, and with the incongruous appellation of *Honest Friend*. As the latter was a very common expression with my father in speaking to any of the labouring classes, I think it very probable that such a blunder may have escaped him, and that he was one of the judges alluded to. The other, I strongly suspect, was Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, Lord Chief Baron, who, though a religious and good man, favoured, I believe, the most gloomy tenets of Calvinism."

Such a picture of a just and humane judge, happily a not uncommon type of the English Bench, surely deserves to be preserved.

CHAPTER IV

Anecdote of Mr. Pitt—A Bristol Election—Mr. E. Burke—
Anecdote of Mr. Justice Heath—Lord Loughborough and
a Jury—Death of Sir G. Nares—In the Grip of Chancery
—Attempt on the King's life

IN the summer of 1780 Edward Nares accompanied his father on the Western Circuit. It happened to be the first, and probably the only circuit which Mr. Pitt attended after being "called" to the Bar. Except, perhaps, in his own county of Somerset, he was "briefless," and spent much of his time in taking walks with Edward Nares and Mr. Mitford, who was afterwards raised to the Peerage as Lord Redesdale. Pitt was not much noticed, although he bore some likeness to his illustrious father, and was accounted clever at Cambridge. It was customary for the barristers to dine once at least with the judges at every assize town, and on such occasions Edward sat at the bottom of the table, with the two junior counsel on either side of him. On this particular circuit these were Mr. Richard Burke, brother of the celebrated Edmund Burke, and Mr. Pitt.

“On one of these occasions, at Launceston, Mr. Pitt came rather late to dinner, and excused himself by saying that he had waited for the post, and had received a letter announcing the dissolution of Parliament. ‘Is that anything to you?’ inquired Mr. Burke. ‘Perhaps not,’ replied Mr. Pitt, ‘but if it had been dissolved four months ago I should not have been of age, but now I can be nominated for Cambridge as has been proposed to me.’ Mr. Burke asked if he expected to succeed. ‘Not at all,’ said Mr. Pitt, ‘I do not know that I shall get more than one vote.’ He was nominated for Cambridge, and, to the best of my recollection, had only one vote. Very soon afterwards, however, he was returned for Appleby, and within three years became Prime Minister. Mr. Burke, when referring to this in after years, used to call Mr. Pitt ‘The young minister in disguise,’ so little did he expect at the time his so speedy elevation.”

The acquaintance thus formed did not cease at once. Mr. Pitt occasionally dined at the Judge’s house in town, and Edward “received many personal civilities from him.” After Sir George’s death, however, no attempt was made to keep up the acquaintance.

“After he became Premier I never put myself in his way, though it would have been easy for me to do so. For being in the habit of walking round St. James’s Park every morning before

breakfast, I seldom failed to see him taking the same exercise from Downing Street. This was at a very early hour, and he was generally alone, unheeded, and commonly unknown to all passers-by but myself. Nothing could have prevented our meeting almost daily but my extreme care to get out of his way. I was blamed for this, but could not help it. All through life an invincible shyness, often imperceptible to others, has rendered things irksome and positively painful to me that many people would have considered desirable."

Nor was this shyness felt only with those in a superior position, but, like that described by Sir Walter Scott in his diary, even before his servants. This was amusingly exemplified by Mr. Nares on one occasion towards the end of his life, when, surprising a new servant seated in his own room and reading his books, he not only made many apologies for his intrusion, but begged her to keep her seat, from which she was hurrying in great confusion.

"The summer circuits were almost the only ones I could attend during my course as an undergraduate, but I believe I managed altogether to go to four Oxford circuits, two Northern, two Western, and one Norfolk. On these my heraldry was often found to be of use, for the judges were glad to learn beforehand the family history and connections of the nobility and gentry of the various counties they passed through."

Subsequently to the news of the dissolution of Parliament, which reached Mr. Pitt at Launceston, Sir George and his son went on to Bristol, which they found in a state of great excitement respecting the approaching election, the old members, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Cruger being candidates.

“Only one judge went to Bristol, and he was lodged at the Mansion House. A grand entertainment was to take place at a large hall in the city, and the company were to go in procession from the Mansion House, the mayor’s carriage taking the lead with the mayor and the judge. The two old members for the city, who were then candidates, were to follow in the next coach. Mr. Burke came up to me, good-naturedly, observing that as my father represented the King, I ought to represent the Prince of Wales, and, as I could not go in the first carriage, I ought to go in the second. It was my lot, therefore, to occupy a seat in the same carriage with the great Mr. Burke and his colleague, and as it was an open landau, I was as conspicuous as any Prince of Wales had need to be. We had not, however, gone far before the crowd came pressing upon us, and in a short time our progress was arrested. The horses, moreover, were taken from the carriage, and it became obvious that we must consent to be dragged round the town by a parcel of half frantic bipeds. All the noises of a contested election seemed to gather round us, friendly or

adverse, as we passed through different districts. We were frequently made to stop that the candidates might address the mob, when their speeches were interrupted by cheers or hisses, groans or plaudits. Mr. Burke laughed heartily at my situation, and I felt obliged to laugh too, but I certainly did think at times that I should have to pay for my grandeur, and that the Prince might get his royal head broken. At length, however, we reached our destination, and as soon as dinner was announced by the sound of many trumpets, I had a very gratifying opportunity of feasting away the memory of my dangerous progress.

I have inserted the foregoing as an evidence of the kindly humour of a great statesman ; the next anecdote bears witness to the good-nature of a judge, who was commonly regarded as somewhat rough and discourteous.

“On one of the Northern circuits my father had for his colleague, Mr. Justice Heath, who was not only a good lawyer, but an excellent classic, being a faculty student of Christ Church to the day of his death. He was also a man of high scientific attainments ; but he was so awkward in manner as not unseldom to give offence. It was expected at Kendal that the Corporation should show their respect for the King’s Commission by waiting upon the judges as they passed through the town, for which attention they got excused attending the assizes at Appleby. On *our* arrival, however,

this was omitted ; the Corporation alleging that they had been so rudely treated by the last judge who was there that they meant to come no more. My father was, of course, anxious to learn what judge could have given this offence ; when Mr. Justice Heath said at once, 'I daresay it was I.'

"Upon my father asking him if he remembered any special cause of offence, he replied, 'Not I ; I behaved to them *as it is my manner to do.*' At this I burst out laughing, when he, good-naturedly observed, 'I see you think *my manner* of doing such things is not very gracious ; henceforth you shall be my master of ceremonies.' The first use I made of my appointment was to undeceive the Corporation, assuring them that so mistaken an excuse would not avail to save them from a future much more troublesome visit to Appleby. They came, therefore, in due form, and everything passed off well."

I will venture to insert but one more circuit anecdote, which is illustrative of the eccentricities of the juries of that period. Lord Loughborough was Sir George's colleague on the circuit, but was called to town by urgent matters requiring his presence in the House of Lords :—

"Upon a pressure of business, however, in the Nisi Prius Court at Bedford, he had been sent for to try a case which lasted till late at night. He was obliged to be in the House of Peers the next

day, and to travel by night for that purpose, so he ordered his servants to be in readiness while he took some supper before setting off. The jury did not deliver their verdict, but it was known that there was a division among them of eleven to one. I supped with his Lordship, and was much amused with the perfect indifference he manifested as to the delay of the verdict. I ventured to ask what he thought would be the issue. 'You may depend upon it,' he said, 'that the one will bring over the eleven.' He repeatedly sent to inquire if they were agreed, but without effect. At length, having no more time to spare, he sent word that he must carry them with him. The messenger returned with this answer from the one refractory Juryman: 'My respects to his Lordship, and tell him I am ready to die in my boots.' On this Lord L—— immediately ordered the horses to be put to his carriage, observing to me: 'Now I shall have a verdict in a moment.' And so it turned out; the eleven gave way, and the one triumphed."

On July 20, 1786, Mr. Justice Nares died at Ramsgate, where he had gone three weeks previously for the benefit of his health, which, in discharge of his public duties, he had somewhat neglected. Till about three days before his death there was no apprehension that his illness was serious, but a sudden change then took place whilst he was engaged, as was his regular custom, in reading the Psalms for the day. He was a devout and

loyal Churchman, and his son writes that he met death with truly Christian composure. A short obituary notice of him appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the Lord Chancellor (Thurlow) wrote of him as "a magistrate of much experience, diligence, and integrity."

His eldest unmarried daughter and Edward were with their father to the last, and in the intervals of consciousness he constantly grasped their hands with the warmest affection. The following clause in his will shows the esteem in which he held his youngest son :—

"I give and bequeath to my son Edward my amethyst ring set with diamonds, as a token of the great love I bear him, for the uninterrupted comfort I have derived from his excellent behaviour to me, and his diligence in his studies."

Sir George was buried at Eversley, in Hampshire, and a tablet to his memory was placed in the church there.

Edward Nares' circuit experiences now, of course, came to an end, but he was to have an unwelcome initiation into Chancery procedure. The judge had made his own will, appointing three lawyers to act as executors with a Mr. Terry, who acted as steward for Sir George's Hampshire property. These three were Mr. Justice Rooke, H. Hunter, Esq., of Beech Hill, and Mr. Walker, Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery. They unanimously declared the will so plain and easy of execution as to be a

matter of congratulation. I will not attempt a full statement of the case, which might be wearisome. It will suffice to say that, with the object of enabling the eldest son to take possession of the property at Eversley, which the Judge desired should be kept in the family, it became necessary that the other sons and daughters should surrender a small interest in the residue. Unfortunately the youngest daughter was not of age, and could, therefore, give no legal consent; nor were the three law executors willing to take the responsibility of her doing so on themselves, though admitting that it might be done without fear of untoward consequences. It was, therefore, necessary to apply for an order of the Court of Chancery. This course proved both tedious and ruinous, and though the counsel employed refused to accept any fees out of respect to the family, yet the costs were enormous.

“In the end a moiety at least of my own fortune (£4000) seemed to vanish, my sisters never had the full amount of theirs, and the estate in question was sold to meet the remainder of the expenses.”

Thus an amicable suit for the settlement of a trivial technicality, and in which there was no shadow of a dispute, defeated the very object with which it was instituted.

I find a notice in Dr. Nares' reminiscences of a public event which happily proved of no serious importance, but may be worth recalling :—

“The nation was thrown into considerable alarm this year (1786) by an attempt made on His Majesty’s life at the gate of St. James’ Palace, by a woman named Margaret Nicholson. His Majesty’s conduct upon the occasion was justly admired. He immediately call’d out to his guards not to hurt the woman, and declar’d he had receiv’d no injury, tho’ the knife she us’d certainly pass’d through part of his dress. Nothing could exceed the joy express’d by the whole nation at the King’s escape. All denominations of his subjects vied with each other in the loyalty of their addresses. Doubts were at first entertained whether the unfortunate woman was really mad, tho’ she was committed to Bedlam; but this arose mainly from the coherent manner in which she could sometimes talk, which is often the case with such persons. I saw her myself some time afterwards in her cell, and was shown many of her letters written since she had been in confinement, which afforded ample proof of the unhappy state of her mind. When I first entered her cell she was reading Pope’s works, and she was treated with every reasonable attention and indulgence.”

CHAPTER V

A visit to Dublin, and a tour in North Wales and the English lake district—The collieries at Whitehaven—Balloons—Ode 85 and 86 —Balloons on hire.

EDWARD NARES' rambles were not confined to his father's circuits after he had taken his degree, and had his time almost entirely at his own disposal.

“In the summer of the year 1784 I accompanied my father on the Oxford circuit, having persuaded my friend Mr. Greenhill,* then a student of Christchurch and an old schoolfellow, to be of the party. At the conclusion of the Circuit Mr. Greenhill and myself set out upon a tour to the English lakes. We quitted the circuit at Shrewsbury, and after passing some days on a visit to the Clive † family at Moreton and Styche we proceeded to Chester. On arriving there it

* He afterwards inherited the estates of Sir John Russell, Bart., of Chequers in the county of Bucks, whose name he assumed. He was for some years M.P. for Thirsk, and was created a baronet.

† Sir Edward Clive was godfather to Edward Nares.

occurred to us that the moon would not be favourable for our lake excursion, and we therefore turned to North Wales, taking the regular road through Bangor and Anglesea to Holyhead. We arrived there late at night, without the smallest intention of going further. Finding, however, a packet just about to sail for Ireland, we determin'd to embark, and after a very tempestuous passage reached Dublin safely on the next evening. We saw the beautiful bay under the most favourable circumstances. The sun was just setting as we entered it, large flights of birds were flying round the vessel, and various other circumstances combin'd to render the scene peculiarly striking. We found Dublin in a rather turbulent state, owing to some objection to the importation of certain articles of English manufacture. We saw one man pursued through the streets *tarred and feathered*, and while we were at the theatre in the evening, two men were shot in a riot at the door. We went from thence to the Rotunda, and were cautioned by the door-keepers when we came away, to keep in the middle of the streets, where we passed unmolested, but there was much disorder. This was during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Rutland, who died there soon afterwards. We only remained three days, and had a favourable passage back to Holyhead. We then made our way back to Chester, making a short digression to Carnarvon, and paying a short visit at Bangor to Bishop Warren, who was an intimate friend of my father.

“From Chester we pass’d on to the lakes, through Liverpool and Lancaster. I shall not attempt to describe a country so well within every Englishman’s reach, and already so well described by others. We saw the several lakes, we coasted their borders, and ascended every mountain that came in our way. We saw them at sunrise, and at sunset, by day and by night, in the gaiety of sunshine, and in the gloom of storms.”

From the lakes the friends went to Whitehaven, but on arriving at Cockermouth found they had spent all the cash they had brought with them. While at dinner, therefore, they sent for the landlord, and told him the state of the case and offered to give him bills on their respective fathers if he would advance them some money. Unfortunately, less honest travellers had duped many landlords in that district, and they had entered into a compact to take no drafts. As soon, however, as he had stated his reasons for refusing to take their bills, to their great surprise he offered to lend them whatever they required, without any security, altho’ they were perfect strangers to him, a singular instance of good-nature and trustfulness !

“We took his money accordingly, and departed. At Whitehaven we visited the extension collieries there, and pass’d thro’ them to their utmost extremity.”

The account of his descent into these collieries is

given in a letter to one of his sisters, and I transcribe it mainly because of the sympathy it evinces for the workers in the pit. Things are very different now.

“ You would have laughed a good deal to have met us on the high road, the figures we sally’d forth. We were as rough as Robinson Crusoe, and as black and hideous as Caliban. We were clad in immense thick coats reaching nearly to our heels, once white, but now of ‘darkest dismal hue.’ Two hats season’d with the damp and odours of the mine crowned our brows, while our hands grasped clubs that would have supported Polyphemus. We entered the mouth of the pit about two o’clock, each of us preceded by men with fire brands. Three long miles did we go along this dark and dirty road, under a roof of rock and coal that forbore to overwhelm us out of common civility. In the nature of things one would expect it to do otherwise, losing between 4,000 and 5,000 tons of solid support every week. To be sure they arch it and prop it abundantly, but it increases one’s confidence little to see a piece of wood three inches in diameter pretending to bear on its head a perpendicular weight of perhaps fifty fathom height. At the end of our jaunt we were told we were 300 yards under the sea, and in this comfortably remote spot, as I was peeping about I met two staring eyes, illuminated by the light of a torch. I found they belonged to a miner, he was working without coat, waistcoat, or shirt, labouring hard with a pick-axe at a task of eight

hours' incessant work, without daylight, solitary, and in danger, for a pittance that many would think hardly earned by a walk of two miles in sunshine and safety. Women, children, and horses were also to be met with.

"All these are supported by the works, and families for many miles round are dependent on them for bread.

"The mines would astonish you. They are ten times as large as the town of Whitehaven with regular streets where a man may walk for many miles 100 fathoms below the surface of the earth. They supposed those we were in to be about ten miles square. I found the air agree ill with me. You will not think well of its nature, I fancy, when I tell you they cautioned me pretty earnestly to take care of my candle, for fear of setting the air alight and blowing us all up."

They did not see all this for nothing. Tips were by no means unknown or unnecessary, and the money advanced by the trustful landlord was exhausted by the time they got back to Cockermouth. However, he again advanced a small sum with which they made their way to Keswick. There they met with Lord Surry and Mr. Stephenson, a banker, to both of whom Sir George Nares was well known, and who readily supplied them with the funds necessary for their journey, and the discharge of their debt to the kindly landlord.

From Keswick they went to Penrith, and brought their tour to a close with a visit to Mrs. Lambton at

Biddick Hall, Durham, a place which Mr. Nares subsequently visited more than once.

At the close of this year (1784) Mr. Nares wrote an epic poem in four cantos, called "The Balloonaid," which was much noticed at the time, and translated into French for the amusement of the Dauphin. Balloons had been invented in the previous year by the Sieur Montgolfier, and were a common subject of conversation. Mr. Nares was present on November 30th, when Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies made an ascent from Grosvenor Square with the view of crossing the Straits of Dover. A ludicrous circumstance in connection with this suggested the poem in question, as mentioned in the following note which is prefixed to the MSS. in my possession.

"Monsr. Blanchard had promised Dr. Jefferies that he should accompany him in his balloon across the Straits of Dover. Previous to their extraordinary expedition they met at Dover Castle, where the doctor being one evening refus'd admittance, he collected some sailors from the town and violently attack'd the gates, under the impression that Monsr. Blanchard meant to break his word and go without him. This ridiculous enterprise being mentioned in company as a new subject for epic verse, these lines were hastily put together as an attempt."

As this poem contains nearly a thousand lines I forbear to print it. The following, however, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* at the close of

the following year (1785) is also on the subject of balloons :—

EIGHTY-FIVE *retiring*, *Enter* EIGHTY-SIX.

EIGHTY-SIX.

“Good eighty-five, one moment prithee stay!
I'm eighty-six, your Brother, New Year's Day!

EIGHTY-FIVE.

What's that to me? I cannot stay; remember
I am the thirty-first of old December!
Besides, it's owing all to you that I
Am thus obliged to go, retire, and die!
It is, upon my soul, beyond all reason
To snub one's life off in this jolly season.
Am I, who've sweated all the dog days through,
To lose my Christmas Beef, and Pudding too?
I, who have toiled through all the year, to die
Just as we get to Brandy and minc'd pie?
Could I have thought that this would be my fate,
Hang me if ever I'd have lived so late!
I would have put some lightning to my head
And fashionably thundered myself dead
When Sirius gave his fiery bolts to pelt,
Hung in the Zodiac, or Orion's belt,
Of Acheron's blackwaters drunk a cup,
Or in an earthquake swallow'd myself up!
Instead of which through twelve long months I've run,
And circled regularly round the sun!
Suck shivering milk in January's lap,
And fed on February's mud for pap.
The storms of March, insipid April showers,
And pest'ring Maia with her pretty flowers,
The dust of June, the dog days of July,
August's dull talk of oats, and wheat, and rye,
September shooting, and October ale,
November's gloom, thick fogs, and cutting gale,
All these I've borne. Yet now the villains grudge
A merry Christmas, and I'm forced to budge.
O New Year's Day, if I advice may give
Die now, my child, nor condescend to live.

EIGHTY-SIX.

Thank ye, December, but I wish to try
 Myself a little pudding and minc'd pie,
 If they are eatables. I feel in truth
 Some little blossoms of a liquorish tooth.
 Besides that pap you talk of, and those showers,
 Dog days, and dust, and Maia's pretty flowers,
 Wheat, rye, and oats, ale, shooting, mists and gloom,
 I'd like to see them 'ere I meet my doom :
 Just have a glimpse of this disgusting place
 And peep upon them with my double face.

EIGHTY-FIVE.

Joy to your double face, then, peep away !
 Live till you meet another New Year's Day !
 But let me tell you, ere the clock strikes one
 And my three hundred sixty-fifth day's done,
 It will be worth your while, I think, to mind
 Those little puppets that they call mankind.
 And I'll just show you, Janus, if it suits,
 How you may know 'em well from other brutes.
 Observe—

(Curtain rises and discloses the world.)

EIGHTY-SIX.

Good Heav'ns ! the World ! and where's Mankind ?
 Is that a man, there, with the tail behind,
 That chatters, prates, bows, cringes to the ground,
 Grins, and takes snuff, and mimics all around ?

EIGHTY-FIVE.

That's not a man ; but you may well mistake it.
 That is a Monkey, New Year's Day.

EIGHTY-SIX.

I take it !

But what's that dull and heavy-looking lout,
 That lets the whole world buffet it about ?
 Is that a man ?

EIGHTY-FIVE.

Let me observe—my glass—
 No ; that's not Man, I fancy, that's an Ass ;

EIGHTY-SIX.

What's that that wars so, and so rudely treats
The other brutes and animals he meets?
Is that a man?

EIGHTY-FIVE.

O dear no! Have a care.
Don't think so ill of man, sir, that's a Bear.

EIGHTY-SIX.

Then what's that thing that pokes its head about,
Gabbles, and stares, and looks so like a lout?
Is that—but pray don't think I mean abuse—
But now, is that a man?

EIGHTY-FIVE.

No, that's a Goose.

EIGHTY-SIX.

And what's that lumping thing that seems to laugh
And bellow so at everything?

EIGHTY-FIVE.

A calf.

EIGHTY-SIX.

And tell me what's that trifles, I entreat,
That hops so pretty on his hinder feet,
Curled at his ears, and full of childish tricks—
What can that be?

EIGHTY-FIVE.

A puppy, Eighty-six.

EIGHTY-SIX.

A Puppy! Well, and what's that stubborn dog,
That stands stock still, as senseless as a log,
Threats, blows, nor love, nor prayer can move the fool.
I hope that's not a man.

EIGHTY-FIVE.

No, that's a mule.

EIGHTY-SIX.

But, Heav'n have mercy! what comes here? The Moon?
Look!

EIGHTY-FIVE.

Where? God bless me, No!—an air balloon.
In a workbasket underneath that ball
Don't you see something move?

EIGHTY-SIX.

No, not at all.

EIGHTY-FIVE.

Nonsense, you must—a little kind of Flea
Waving his hat and hand about.

EIGHTY-SIX.

I see!

Under the great beast's bottom.

EIGHTY-FIVE.

Right.

EIGHTY-SIX.

I can.

Poor little thing! What is it?

EIGHTY-FIVE.

That's a Man.

EIGHTY-SIX.

A Man?

EIGHTY-FIVE.

A Man.

EIGHTY-SIX.

The Lord have mercy on us!

EIGHTY-FIVE.

Mind, have a care! 'twill burst and fall upon us.
See, see, it's torn! Gods! how the rent increases!
It falls! Down! down!—and the Man's dash'd to pieces.
There, New Year's Day, are symptoms of Mankind;
How far they leave all other beasts behind.

For do you think that any Ass would dare
 Frisk for his pleasure through the empty air?
 Do you imagine that the Goose hard by,
 If he had not two wings, would dare to fly?
 But man has got, most kindly given by Fate,
 A little nob at top he calls his pate;
 And in that Nob such whimsies, and strange schemes,
 Such wild ideas, and visionary dreams,
 That during all your Yearalty on Earth
 His compound oddities may make you mirth.
 For to compleat him, in another part
 Besides this Nob he has a thing call'd heart;
 A very upright thing, as I've been told,
 When Time was young, and New Year's Days of gold.
 But human hearts have seldom travelled straight,
 Since their first parents passed the fiery gate.
 In Brother One there lived a Mr. Adam,
 And he, poor man, was ruined by a Madam,
 By whose mismanagement there hobbled in,
 A wicked, but a merry Jade, call'd Sin.
 She manages the heart, Caprice the pate,
 And jointly human actions regulate.
 Thus as you run your annual orbit through
 These puppets will exhibit to your view
 Feats that no other animals delight in,
 Intrigues, Cotillions, Scrutinies, and Fighting,
 Dress, Gaming, Poetry, Electioneering,
 Bowing and Flattering, Coquetting, Leering,
 Corruption, Honour, Poverty and Pride,
 Ambition, Lust, Love, Duels, Suicide,
 Music and Praying, Bloodshed, Murder, Thieving,
 Preaching, Blaspheming, Swearing, Laughing, Grieving,
 Freedom and Slavery, Obedience, Treason,
 Folly and Vice, Philosophy and Reason!
 Twelve months of each a specimen will give;
 So if you like this human chaos, live!
 At the twelfth hour your Zodiac race pursue,
 I leave the world to darkness—and to you.
 To Sin, Vice, Folly—Hark! I hear my knell,
 My Almanack existence ends—Farewell!

(Exit 1785 as the clock strikes twelve.)

These lines were hurriedly written at what may be called an interlude in Mr. Nares' early life, when he was waiting in hopes of election to a Fellowship, and had nothing very definitely in view to work for. They are obviously not carefully revised, and are hardly to be judged by the standards of the present day as evidence of his capabilities. They show, however, a vein of humour and not unkindly satire, as well as the view very commonly taken of the new invention of balloons. And indeed it was long before it served any very practical purpose, though we are at last beginning to realise the possibility of its further development and more general utility. The following mock advertisement, which I have found among Dr. Nares' papers, is dated 1783, and beneath its satire there lay more truth than the writer probably suspected.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Jeremy Fizz Gigg begs leave to inform the public (the younger part of both sexes more especially) who are pining under the controul of Maiden Aunts, Rigid Guardians, or Fond Parents, that he has just completed a large assortment of Air Balloons, constructed on the best principles, and that he undertakes to convey any person, or persons, that may have occasion from any part of His Majesty's Dominions to Gretna Green, in much less time than the journey has hitherto taken. His Balloon will be suited to the requirements of two persons, but, if required, he has little cars to hook on for the conveyance of Chaperons, Bridesmaids, &c., &c.

Balloons let for other purposes at the lowest rates.

Colonists transported. Regiments conveyed to distant garrisons. Schools blown home for the holidays. Clergymen worked round their various parishes on Sundays. Lawyers wafted round their circuits. Bishops puff'd through their

dioceses. Strolling Companies, Gipsies and Bankrupts removed with speed and care.

N.B.—No Turnpikes.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good !

This advertisement seems to have formed one of a set of paragraphs written in the form of a newspaper for the amusement of a private party. At this period of his life, when he was without any immediate prospect of entering a profession, Mr. Nares' natural humour and social instincts had full play, though at the same time deeper and more serious subjects engaged much of his thought, and he did not neglect to feed his appetite for knowledge by wide and diligent reading.

CHAPTER VI

A few Humorous Compositions.

THE character of Edward Nares presents a mixture of opposite dispositions, which served to act as useful counterpoises, tending to restrain them from running to excess in any one direction. His humour was balanced by a certain serious sobriety and sincerity, while his love of society was kept in check by a diffidence which he could never entirely shake off :—

“This feeling,” he writes, “has certainly been detrimental to my interests, though connected with principles of which I trust I have no cause to be ashamed. It has certainly deterred me from obtruding myself into any society, either of my superiors or inferiors. I have, in general, not only waited to be invited, but have withstood many earnest solicitations. At one period of my life, indeed, I may say without vanity, my company was much sought after. I had the honour of being thought amusing, but it was not every company I could amuse. It required a congeniality of Feeling and Sentiment in my asso-

ciates that was not everywhere to be found ; and thus it has happened that when I have been expected to afford entertainment I have been invincibly dull, from some accidental discouragement that no effort could shake off. I once heard my case described exactly by a celebrated wit. He said he found it often very unpleasant to be ' a man of expectations ' ; that is, to be expected under all circumstances to have the same flow of spirits and the same command of conversation.

" I remember once going to pass a few days at the country house of a naval friend with whom I had been in the habit of passing many most happy and cheerful hours. It happened that in reply to their invitation I had written a ludicrous answer which had excited much mirth. Unluckily I had no sooner entered the house than my friend introduced me to his Father, whom I had never met before, who had been for many weeks deprived of the use of his hands and feet by a severe attack of gout. Having laughed at my letter he expected to laugh much more at myself, so that when I was first presented he declared himself delighted to see me, for he expected, spite of the gout, to be compell'd to laugh every time I open'd my mouth. Had he at the instant sewn it up, he could not more effectually have put it out of my power to afford him any entertainment. I felt perfectly dumb to all the purposes of wit and humour as long as I staid in the house, and would willingly have taken his gout upon me to have been excus'd opening my mouth at all."

The rest of this chapter I will devote to specimens of Edward Nares' early humour, which have been preserved among his papers. The first of these was addressed to his father at the age of twelve, on being desired to correct himself of sucking his tongue.

TO THE HONBLE. MR. JUSTICE NARES.

SIR,

I sat myself down to obey your command,
 But a subject so odd—when I took pen in hand,
 Which way to begin, put me quite to a stand.
 I studied and thought till I puzzled my brain,
 And sadly I feared my attempt would be vain;
 Till in one lucky moment it came in my head,
 There was an old excellent maxim which said,
 "If the tongue prove offensive, 'tis far the best way
 To pluck it first out, and then cast it away."
 But, in answer to this, I immediately thought
 'Twould be hard to act thus for so trifling a fault,
 As 'tis a known maxim consistent with sense,
 To proportion the punishment to the offence.
 Though unused to dispute, my tongue pray'd to be heard,
 And not be condemned without speaking a word.
 The proposal it made I conceived to be just,
 So I promised to hear all its arguments first.
 The favour thus granted, the silence was broke,
 And with humble submission it modestly spoke:—

" 'Tis very hard
 To be debarr'd
 The things we first are taught.
 When in the Lap
 You gave me Pap,
 Was sucking then a fault?

'Tis very strange
 Things should so change
 That what was right when young,
 As we grow old
 We should be told
 The same is very wrong.

But if 'tis fit
 I should submit
 My answer shall be brief.
 I will obey
 Whate'er you say,
 And keep within your teeth."

The following characters are humorously drawn, and are given here in a slightly abbreviated form, omitting a few less obvious features.

A HAIRDRESSER.

One who, though subject to the commands of Insignificants, is not without some distinctions, for he often keeps *Lords in Waiting*, and has many *a man's head at his disposal*. One part of his character is but indifferent, he has been known to propagate *many a false tail* behind a man's back.

A COOK.

One of your good folks that have but nine commandments, an instrument of her master to break the Sabbath, who makes his maidservant work on the Seventh Day to feast himself and the stranger that is within his gates. She appears to be a great enemy to wrangling, for she has been known to *stop the mouths* of the most clamorous disputants. She is of such a merciless disposition that few things come in her way but are sure of *a good dressing*, yet is she at the same time diligent to feed the hungry, and relieve the sick. One part of her character is strangely inconsistent: she will often silence impertinence, yet at the same time fill men's mouths with *sauce*, and forbid their *holding their Jaw*.

A SEXTON.

The King of Spades who often wins by the fall of honours. Queens, knaves, and plebeians drop before him. He lodges many passengers on their route to eternity. His lodgings, it is true, are small, yet nobody was ever *heard to complain* of their accommodation. His conduct is so mysterious that, though he helps men forward towards the realms of light, yet he leaves them in the dark.

A TAILOR.

One who clothes men and strips them at the same time ; takes the gold out of their pockets to trim their coats with, and lines his own pockets at their expense. He has professional symptoms of a bad disposition, for he makes many *breaches* among his neighbours, yet in general his actions are *seemly* enough. Though a great encourager of extravagance, yet he has some good rules of frugality and prudence, for he can instruct any one to "*cut their coat according to their cloth.*" His long *bill* denotes him to be a species of *Snipe*, but his friends for shortness generally call him *Snip*. One would think him a public landlord, for many men bring their *rents* to him. Though no great traveller he has been often known to *double the Cape*, and though only the ninth part of a man himself, yet he has *cuff'd* some of the greatest men in the kingdom.

A GARDENER.

One of great power that has *time* under his command, and can produce *Hearts' Ease* for any man. He has the management of the *Mint*, and can raise the *Stocks* when he pleases. He has innumerable *golden cups* that he never drinks out of, and *Docks* that no ships ever enter ; here, indeed, he seems a magician, for it is certain that if any ships presume to trespass he can *spring a Leek* without any communication with them. It cannot be denied that he has a good deal of *London Pride*, but it is universally allowed that he often has a large stock of *Honesty*.

A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

One who ought to have a good conscience, for all his *dealings* are *colourable*. He is a great mimic, but one of rare qualities. He will *imitate* all sorts of *persons*, but with so little malice that he generally represents them better than they really are. This would lead us to think him a flatterer, yet we shall find he has *drawn* many a man *from conceit and love of his own person*. He is accounted a great physiognomist, and has a singular fancy for making *faces*. His business is to furnish posterity with certificates that they had Grandfathers and Grandmothers. One would think he had a view to entering Parliament, for he is always *Canvassing*, yet he is so averse to bribery that he

receives money from those he canvasses. He shows no military genius, for a dinner-bell has been known to make him *fly from his colours*; yet there is little doubt but upon occasions he might *draw* a sword with good effect.

Epitaph on a Barrister's horse named "Pleader," who had travelled twenty-four Northern Circuits. This was written at the request of his eldest brother, Mr. John Nares, and sent to him on circuit.

Here lies a *Pleader* who ne'er *urged a Plea*,
 A circuiter who never *took a fee*;
 From Court to Court to serve his friends he'd go,
 And though a *mute*, a firm support bestow;
 Through thick and thin, he'd surely keep his way,
 Carry his Client safe, and win the day.
Press'd ever so by *Law*, his course was strait,
 He never *sank* or *fell* beneath its *weight*;
Call'd to the Bar, he rose, as though designed
 To leave all other *Barristers* behind,
 While such assistance fav'ring fortune gave
 He'd every *Motion* he could wish to have.
 Figure he wanted not, unless it were
 Figures of speech, and these were not his care.
 His client's cause he rested not on length
 Or Fame of speech and diction, but on *Strength*.
 But he that strikes alike at all, Grim Death,
 Has check'd his course, alas! and stopp'd his breath.
 Our case it is, here to assert his Fame
 Report his merits, and Record his Name,
 To tell the world a *Pleader* lies below,
 Who by *false steps*, or *tricks* ne'er made a foe.

LINES WRITTEN ON A LADY'S FAN.

Fashioned by the hand of Art
 Airs of coldness to impart
 Breathe not on Maria's heart
 For fear it should offend her.

For it's inclin'd and form'd I know
With the warmth of Love to glow,
And chilling airs should never blow
On a heart so tender.

The foregoing have been inserted here not as possessing any great intrinsic merit. They were written mostly on the spur of the moment, and the writer was fully aware of their blemishes, but he seldom could bring himself to alter or correct what he had once written. They afford some illustration of the social and humorous side of his character, and may possibly amuse some readers. In case any of them should be interested in Edward Nares' appearance, here is a ludicrous picture of himself from a humorous ballad written in 1785:—

This Ned a pretty stripling was
Of twenty years or more,
A very pretty stripling 'pos,
As I've just said before.

And least you shou'd him not have seen,
But wish to be acquainted,
I'll draw his picture, as't has been
By Joshua Reynolds painted.

He's drawn about some four foot two
And neither more nor less ;
From whence he was no giant, you
May peradventure guess!

A little squab, fat, funny fellow,
No monstrous Fee-Faw-Fum ;
More like to pretty Punchinello,
Or Master Tommy Thumb."

CHAPTER VII

A Trip to Flanders—A Capuchin Vicar—A Point of Regimental Honour—Rt. Hon. J. Barré, M.P.—Visit to a Carthusian Monastery—Military Mass at St. Omer.

IN the same year as his portrait in our last chapter was sketched, Edward Nares, after going the spring and summer circuits with his father, took, quite unexpectedly, a short trip on the Continent.

“Having, on the 24th of September, received a letter from my brother, Captain Nares, inviting me to meet him at Odiham, I went thither according to appointment. He asked me to accompany him for a few days to Flanders, and, after acquainting my father with my intentions, we set forward with such expedition that, after breakfasting at home on the 25th, I never sat down to a regular meal, or went to bed, till after I had been to the theatre at Calais, on the 27th. On this occasion I was much fatigued, and, having retired to rest before my brother, nothing could exceed my astonishment at being awakened out of my first sleep by three armed men at my bedside, inquiring in French who I

was, whence I came, whither I was going, and what my business might be in France. They were officers of the police, who, according to the old régime, were obliged to make these inquiries as early as possible of all strangers and travellers. What account I gave of myself I know not, for at the sudden waking in a strange place I was much confused ; but their behaviour was civil, though their figures were so alarming, and I was soon rid of their company.

“This was not my first surprise. The moment we disembarked on the pier at Calais we seemed in a new world. Nothing could be greater than the contrast between an English and a French town. Monks were to be seen in all the streets, in the habits of their orders, with their feet bare, or in sandals ; nor were nuns an uncommon sight. The women also were dressed very differently from the English fashion, and men were to be seen early in the streets, with their hair elaborately curl'd and powder'd, full dress coats and swords, and the press'd hat, or *chapeau de bras*, under the arm. The carriages, carts, horses, and even the dogs, were different. It was the first time that either my brother or I had been in France, and though he had been in Nova Scotia and other parts of America, among the Esquimaux and Indians, he frankly declar'd that, considering its near neighbourhood to England, he was much more struck with the difference of manners, customs, etc., than he had been on first seeing American Indians.

"I do not say the comparison was altogether in favour of England ; it would be illiberal and unjust to say so ; yet we certainly felt a strong preference towards our native country.

"During our short stay on the Continent we visited several monasteries. The *vicaire* of the Capuchin Convent at Calais return'd our visit, breakfasted, and din'd with us.

"He was a pleasant and communicative man. By what rules he conducted himself in the monastery I cannot pretend to say, but our mode of living seemed in no manner objectionable to him, nor was he by any means rigidly abstemious. A waiter of the hotel was inclined to be pleasant upon his countrymen by making signs to us when the barefooted friar ate and drank of the good things we put before him, but, finding no encouragement of his rudeness on our part, he soon desisted. The *vicaire* once turned the conversation upon the subject of Transubstantiation, and I confess I was much entertained to hear an English captain argue the point in *Latin* with a Capuchin friar. My brother began in French, of which he was a complete master, but, finding the monk constantly referring to the Vulgate, and disposed to take up the Latin, my brother adopted it too, and I think he had much the best of the argument. Nothing could have been manag'd more liberally or temperately on both sides.

"Another dispute we got into at Calais had not at first so mild an aspect. At Desseiu's Hotel

we met two English naval officers, with whom my brother happened to be well acquainted—Captain Oakes and Captain Williams. After dining together, my brother and Captain Oakes went to the theatre, Captain Williams and myself intending to follow them. Before, however, we had started the door of our room was suddenly opened, and a number of French officers, in uniform, entered, with their swords sheathed in their hands. We rose to receive them, offered them chairs, and began to converse with them. Some time elaps'd before Captain Oakes and my brother return'd; but, as soon as they did so, one of the officers—a major—observ'd that, as there were now four Englishmen present, it would be best that all but four of the French officers should retire, and we were then made to understand that a challenge had pass'd.

“It was customary, we were told, that, if any officer in the French service receiv'd an affront, all the rest of the regiment should resent it. It appeared that some affront having been given to my brother, he had threaten'd to chastise the officer who had offended him. I knew nothing of the original dispute, but I soon discover'd that I was expected to enter the lists with an officer of Dragoons about six feet high and broad in proportion: such a person having been expressly selected as my antagonist when four remain'd on each side.

“Captain Oakes at once address'd the person who had given the original offence in terms

of such severe reproach that he really had nothing to say for himself. He declar'd he was ready to fight any of the other officers, and willing to allow his friend to do so, but as to the person who gave the offence, he describ'd it as so gross that he neither deserv'd to have honourable satisfaction from any English officer nor to be defended by any French ones.

“While Captain Oakes was thus engag'd my brother was discussing a different point with a young French officer. They had both agreed to fight, but differ'd about the weapons, and, oddly enough, each insisted on using what he was least accustomed to. My brother, to accommodate the Frenchman, would fight with swords, and the Frenchman, to accommodate my brother, would fight with pistols. This point they debated for some time with all possible civility. Captain Williams and I, who were not involved in the original quarrel, had only to listen with patience and await the issue. Fortunately, after a time, either Captain Oakes' language or some other incident dispos'd the French officers to acknowledge it to be merely a misunderstanding—*un mal entendu*—and, after many bows and apologies, they retired.

“We were told afterwards by a facetious waiter that we were not to consider the affair settled, and he tried to persuade us that some opportunity would be taken of insulting us on the road, such as opening the doors of our carriage and walking through it in contempt. We were not dispos'd to

believe him ; nevertheless, to put a good face upon matters we determin'd to postpone our departure till after the Parade, and to put in an appearance there before the whole garrison. Instead of receiving any incivility, we were treated with marked politeness. The Commandant sent to us and offer'd that the troops should perform any evolutions we chose to see. As we were anxious not to delay our journey we declin'd this offer, and, after thanking him, took our leave. This Commandant was the Duc de Rochambeau, who had distinguish'd himself in the American War. Upon this occasion, in addition to the Orders of the St. Esprit and St. Louis, he wore the ribbon of the American Order of Cincinnatus, which, to the best of my recollection, was white with brown edges. Had we staid he had invited us to dine at his house, and he seem'd dispos'd to show us every possible attention.

“ My brother and I proceeded soon after this on our journey through Lille, where we join'd the party of the Rt. Hon. Isaac Barré, M.P. for Calne, and Clerk of the Pells—a celebrated man at that time. We met him returning from Aix la Chapelle, where he had gone to drink the waters with a faint hope of recovering his sight, of which he had been for some time unhappily depriv'd. It was interesting to see with how much fortitude he bore this calamity. He was exceedingly entertaining, and, being well acquainted with the Continent, he contributed much to our pleasure.

“ On our return from Lille, just at the entrance

of the town of St. Omer, the carriage in which Mr. Barré was travelling was completely overturn'd. My brother and myself ran to his assistance as soon as we could, but upon knocking at the window, and inquiring if he was hurt, he answer'd laughingly that he was quite at a loss to tell what had happen'd to him, but he seem'd to be doing all he could to kill his companion, for he was confident he was kneeling on his stomach. His companion was a clergyman named Perry, a tall and corpulent man, who was certainly in the very situation which Mr. Barré had describ'd. When we had succeeded in extricating them, I offered my arm to Mr. Barré that I might lead him out of the crowd, and he propos'd that we should at once walk on to the hotel. I was oblig'd to tell him that I was a stranger to the place, and knew not a step of the way. This however, was no difficulty to Mr. Barré, for without the least hesitation he proceeded to St. Omer, and after many turnings not only safely conducted me to the inn, but actually ascended the staircase, went into a room of his own choosing, and rang the bell to inquire for the hostess. It was scarcely possible to conceive that I was with a blind man. When the hostess appeared he greeted her as an old acquaintance, and told her he was particularly glad to *see* her, and that she look'd well. He observ'd to me afterwards that he said such things on purpose, for on becoming blind, he found so many common expressions must be given up, if he were to

accommodate his language to his circumstances, that he resolv'd to take no pains to do so, but to talk as if his sight remain'd to him.

“That good natur'd minister, Lord North, was living at this time, and labouring under the same great misfortune. Mr. Barré and he had been often opposed to each other in the House of Commons, when Lord North heard that he had also become blind; on which his lordship observ'd that though Mr. Barré and he had long been opponents, he could safely say that there were no two men in the kingdom who would be more happy to see each other. Mr. Barré asked me if I had heard this remark of Lord North's, with which he seem'd much amus'd.

“At Lille we receiv'd, during our short stay, many civilities from the officers of the garrison, which at that time consisted of 12,000 men. We attended the Parade every day, and were much struck with the appearance of the troops.

“At St. Omer we visited a Carthusian monastery. The monks were cloth'd in white habits. The account they gave of their life was, that they spoke but seldom, and went out only once a week. For one-fourth part of the day they worked in the fields or the garden, one-fourth part they studied, one-fourth part they pray'd, and the other fourth part was devoted to sleep. They went to bed at eight in the evening, rose at eleven to pray, went to bed again at two, and rose at five. No female was allow'd to enter the monastery. We

saw them at dinner and at prayers. At the former each monk had a few roasted mussels, two eggs, two bak'd apples, one parsnip, and some cheese and butter. We understood they were allow'd a pint of wine a day.

"On the Sunday we attended a grand Military Mass at St. Omer. It was a very fine sight. I was somewhat surprised at the appearance of the Commandant, which was very different from that of an English General. He walk'd up the cathedral in pattens, his hands in a muff, and having rings in his ears. Notwithstanding, however, his effeminate appearance, we were told he was a very distinguish'd officer.

"On the 10th of October I return'd to England alone, and at no small hazard. I was oblig'd to go in an open boat to a packet at a distance, and the sea ran so high that we were nearly lost. I was very anxious to be at home by a particular day, or I should not have run such a risk. I was sixteen hours in the packet, and we twice ran on the Goodwin Sands."

CHAPTER VIII

Visit to Versailles, 1788—Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at dinner—The French King's difficulties—Chantilly

NEARLY two years elapsed before Edward Nares again crossed the Channel to visit France. In the course of 1786 Mr. Justice Nares died under circumstances already narrated, and in 1787 Edward stood for a Fellowship at Merton, but without success.

In the spring of the following year, 1788, he set out to make a tour of the Continent with his intimate friend Mr. Clitherow of Boston House, who was then a Fellow of All Souls'. Before, however, he had been a month from home his health gave way, and greatly to his disappointment he was obliged to return to England. The journey gave him one memorable experience which subsequent events rendered the more noteworthy. They spent the 27th of April at Versailles, attending the King's Mass, the Queen's Mass, and the Court which was held afterwards; and they had the opportunity of seeing on that one day, in all the splendour of the "Old Régime," four successive

kings of France—Louis XVI., Louis XVII., Louis XVIII., and Charles X. But of all this I will transcribe his own account :—

“ We embark'd at Brighthelmstone on the 19th of April, and after a tedious but not unpleasant passage landed at Dieppe early on the morning of the 21st. We did not stay long in that dirty town, but proceeded to Rouen, and thence by the banks of the Seine to Paris. I was much struck with the beauty of the country, the views of the Seine were lovely, and the approach to Paris from St. Germain's very striking.

“ We arriv'd at Paris at a very critical time,—at the very eve of the Revolution. Things were beginning to be in a ferment, and both the Court and the Country seem'd to expect an explosion. In February of the preceding year the King had summon'd the assembly of the *Notables*. To this body M. de Calonne, then Minister, first made known the enormous deficit which he was unable to meet in the ordinary way of Loans and Taxes. A plan of Reform was presented to the *Notables*, who, as a public body, were expected to enforce such decrees as the King's Minister thought proper to submit to them. On this occasion the *Notables* prov'd refractory. The discovery of the deficit put the Nation in a ferment, and the Parliament of Paris also began to resist the Royal Edicts.

“ Just as we arriv'd at Paris, the Parliament had refus'd to register two of the King's Edicts for raising Taxes, and had insisted on his con-

vening the States General, which had not been summoned since 1614. It was, however, thought expedient to check the insolence of the Parliament, and orders were issued for the arrest of two of its members M. d'Espresmesnil, and M. Goelard. This was strongly resented and the King was address'd in very unusual terms. No one seem'd to doubt the good intentions of the King himself, but his Court was profligate, and his Ministers embarrass'd. The plans of reform that were laid before him, met with His Majesty's full approbation, but he could not foresee how much more the Nation would demand.

"On April 26th we attended the Parliament where M. d'Espresmesnil was particularly pointed out to us as a conspicuous man, and a very few days afterwards he was sent to prison, and the Duc d'Orleans was banish'd. This was, I believe, the first measure of force on the part of the Government, and was the actual starting point of the Revolution."

On the day following their visit to the Parliament the two friends went to Versailles, and saw several Court functions.

"It was, I believe, the very last day on which their Majesties, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette din'd together in public. We saw much of them during the day, but at dinner were plac'd close to them for some time. The Queen was certainly a most Majestic figure with handsome features,

and graceful manners. She did not appear quite at her ease, for which, I apprehend, there was too much reason. She had a plaited napkin plac'd before her, and ate nothing. We were much question'd when we came out on this point, so that I conclude her not eating was regarded as some indication of the state and temper of her mind. Little could I suppose when I saw her in so much splendor, and surrounded by so many great and officious attendants, that I was looking on a person doom'd so soon to suffer on a scaffold, and to be treated worse than common malefactors. If she was really chargeable with the faults imputed to her, it should be recollected that she sat on a Throne surrounded, if ever Throne was, with profligate ministers, servile Courtiers, and the most abject Flatterers. These things should surely be taken into consideration. I know nothing that can extenuate the cruelty and barbarity of her persecutors. Whatever was the real character of her life and reign, her fall was dignified.

“The King's appearance interested me greatly. His profile was handsome, his countenance was mild and benevolent, and had, in my judgement, more marks of sincerity in it than fell to the lot of the French in general at that time. I saw him in a situation which even habit could scarcely render comfortable to a man of sense, and he appear'd himself to regard it as such. He made a hasty meal, spoke but little, and seem'd heartily glad when the ceremony was

ended. Numerous dishes were placed successively on the Table, most of which he merely tasted. No one but the Queen sat at the same Table. The rest of the Royal Family were plac'd on seats to the left of their Majesties. The King's two brothers, Monsieur,* and the Comte d'Artois were present, as well as his most amiable and lamented sister the Princess Elizabeth.

“ On retiring from the King's presence we were conducted to the apartments of his younger son the Duc de Normandie (afterwards Louis XVII.), the Dauphin being too ill to receive us. The young Prince, who was but three years old, was standing on a carpet in the middle of the room. His hair was powder'd, and he was decorated with the order of the St. Esprit. He was a pleasant looking child. On our entrance he advanc'd towards us, show'd us the toy he was playing with, and, having said a few words, drew back again. Some of the Royal Family and Ladies of the Court were present. I well remember saying, as we quitted the room,— ‘ Poor little fellow ! how little does he know what misfortunes he may have to encounter ! ’ Yet though I anticipated troubles, I had no idea they would be so terrible as those which actually befel the family. Bitterly did I weep when I first read the account of the confinement of these unhappy people, and the execution of the King, in that most affecting pamphlet which was publish'd by M. Clery the King's valet, and a fellow prisoner

* Afterwards Louis XVIII.

in the Temple. Imagination could not have invented a deeper Tragedy ! ”

We can well imagine how vividly what is here described came back to Mr. Nares when, some years later, he wrote an additional volume, covering this period, to Professor Tytler's elements of History. Sincere, however, as was his sympathy with the Royal Family, and strong as was his indignation at the cruel excesses of the Revolutionists, he was not insensible of the need of a large measure of Reform.

“I wrote a ludicrous and ironical account of this trip to Paris in which I describ'd some of the inconveniences we suffer'd, and the bad impressions which the abuses of the old Government left upon my mind. I saw Paris just after I had read the *Tableau de Paris* written by the celebrated *M. Mercier*, and I must confess I did not think his picture of things too highly coloured. But such horrible events have occur'd in the course of the Revolution ; such base revenge has been taken of the Bourbons, and members of the antient Government ; and such gross dereliction of profess'd principles has mark'd the conduct of the revolutionists, that I should be sorry to be thought to sympathize with those who have done so much mischief, and so justly offended all wise and sober men. At the time I visited the French metropolis, the bulk of the people seem'd to me thoughtless and unfeeling,

and the profligacy of the Court, and abuses of Government flagrant ; and as a reformation began to be talk'd of, I thought it needful enough. I did not foresee that it would involve the ruin of the Royal Family, and so much misery as subsequent events caused.

“While we were at Paris we visited many interesting buildings, but the weather being hot, and the mode of living disagreeing with me, I was not able to enjoy the sight-seeing ; and was oblig'd, much to my regret, to decline many invitations.

“I was, however, very unwilling to relinquish the prospect of visiting Switzerland and Italy, and, therefore, I made an effort to proceed. I went only as far as Fontainebleau the first day, and the next I got on to Montargis, but there I felt so unwell that we judg'd it best to return as expeditiously as we could to England. I scarcely ever felt more disappointment ; not on my own account merely but because I carried back with me my friend Mr. Clitherow, who attended me indeed with the most anxious solicitude. I had with me also at that time a Swiss servant, who was eager to show me the beauties of his own country, as well as to see his friends and relatives.

“From Montargis we return'd immediately to Paris, where I was again detained three days by illness. On the fourth day we set off again, stopping for the night at Chantilly. Here also I was seized with very unpleasant symptoms,

which obliged me to send to Paris for a Physician, and as I could not proceed further we took lodgings, the Inn being noisy and uncomfortable.

“We remain’d at Chantilly rather more than a week, and when I felt a little better I us’d to walk about the grounds of the Prince de Condé, whose magnificent seat was immediately opposite the lodgings. The Prince seem’d to be much belov’d and respected by the people in the neighbourhood. On the 15th of May I was able to leave Chantilly and proceed to Boulogne, from whence a passage of seven hours brought us safe to Dover on the 18th.”

Thus ended an excursion which, though much to his disappointment greatly curtailed, was by no means devoid of a special interest.

CHAPTER IX

Elected Fellow of Merton—The King's illness (1788)—Varied studies—Death of Dr. H. Barton

NO sooner did Mr. Nares return to Oxford after his trip to France, than he was requested to offer himself again as a candidate for the Fellowship at Merton. The election took place on August 2, 1788, and resulted unanimously in his favour. Fellowships were not in those days filled by examination, and there were no honour schools to form a standard of eligibility; so that the standing and reputation of the candidates were the main considerations. Mr. Nares being at the time confined to his bed by illness was unable to exercise any personal influence, and every form that was usually observed by candidates had, in his case, to be dispensed with. The result was, therefore, a source of peculiar satisfaction, and no man was ever more gratified at obtaining a fellowship at that ancient and distinguished College, the Warden of which at that time was Dr. Henry Barton.

“In October of this year His Majesty was seized with a severe fit of illness, and the general anxiety

expressed for his recovery was deep and widespread. The popular hymn 'God save the King' was repeatedly called for, and sung with such rapture at all public gatherings that scarce anything else was suffer'd to proceed. Private Balls and Parties were for some time abandon'd, and the crowds that attended daily at St. James's to make enquiries were immense. As one who cordially shar'd the general sentiment of anxiety I cannot forbear to notice this important event. The suspicions of the public first led to the idea that His Majesty was dead. When these were dissipated, there seem'd to be little or no hope of his ever again resuming the direction of affairs ; so that when it pleas'd God to restore the King to health the general burst of joy was beyond all that can be conceiv'd. I was present at the general illuminations in London on the 11th of March, and can imagine nothing more interesting. From the highest to the lowest every individual seem'd to feel it a subject of the greatest personal joy and satisfaction."

But to return to our more immediate subject. In July, 1789, Edward Nares proceeded to his M.A. degree, for so long as he had any intention of standing for a Merton Fellowship, he was precluded from taking it, Bachelors of Arts only being eligible. He had also been debarr'd by the same reason from taking Holy Orders, and his enforc'd lack of a profession made him less inclined to embrace one. He was, therefore, dispos'd to postpone still further

what had hitherto only been deferr'd from necessity, and was not ordained till 1792.

Meanwhile he still divided his time between society and study. He continued to be fond of reading, and eager to acquire knowledge, but his studies were somewhat promiscuous and desultory. He entered his name as an attendant upon almost every public lecturer at Oxford, and applied himself with some diligence to the study of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, and Anatomy. He was on terms of intimacy with several lecturers, especially with Dr. Thompson, who lectured upon Anatomy and Mineralogy, and Dr. Beddoes, Lecturer in Chemistry. Curiously enough, however, Divinity and History, which were to occupy so great a place in his later life, were left to private reading, and he seems to have attended no lectures on these subjects.

“ In July, 1790, Dr. Henry Barton, the Warden of Merton died. He was a very singular character. He was an excellent scholar, and had a great store of wit and humour, but his mode of living was very peculiar. In regard to all personal indulgences his parsimony was excessive, scarcely allowing himself such articles of dress as were suitable to his position. He hoarded much money which was found in his books, drawers, and many small boxes at the time of his death, and I was myself present at the finding of some of these hoards. Many stories were current in the University of his miserly habits, and for what I know most of them were true. One thing I can

testify as a matter of undeniable certainty. Being one of the King's Chaplains, when it was his turn to preach at the Chapel Royal, he would go to London in the Stage. When, however, he arriv'd in Town he would not afford the expense of a Porter to carry his things, but, with a Bag in one hand and his Portmanteau on his shoulder, would gravely proceed to his Apartments in S. James's St., even in the middle of the day.

"I have, however, heard his own account of matters, and it is but fair to relate it. He us'd to say, it was not *covetousness*, but a *habit of saving*. When his father first brought him to College (such was his story), he put into his hand, with tears in his eyes, Twenty Pounds, begging him to make it last as long as he could, for that he had not anywhere so large a sum at command for the support of his Mother, Brother, and Sister. This, he said, made such an impression upon his mind that he had ever since been in the *habit of saving*. That this was true, I have the more reason to believe because there were also stories current of some most refin'd acts of generosity on his part. He would sometimes relieve young men of embarrassing debts merely to save them from the insolence of their creditors, and the displeasure of their parents; and he did this so secretly that some were saved from ruin without any knowledge of the source of their relief.

"On one occasion his lodgings were broken into, and he was robb'd of £600 in money. The next morning he went out for a walk as usual,

and called upon his friend Dr. Cust, a Canon of Christ Church. He sat with him some time without mentioning his loss. At last another friend came in, who knew the circumstance, and at once began to condole with him thereon. 'What loss have you had, Mr. Warden?' enquired Dr. Cust. On hearing the story, Dr. Cust could not help expressing his surprise that the Warden had said nothing about it; but his only reply was—'Couldst thee have help'd me to it again, if I had?' Afterwards, when the man who had robb'd him was taken up and sent to Newgate, he sent a servant from Oxford to see that he was well taken care of, and advanc'd money to procure him indulgences. Upon his friends' remonstrating with him, he told them that the thief was *an old acquaintance*, that he had once been in his service, and therefore he wish'd him not to suffer like a *common Jail-Bird*.

"Such were some of his singularities, exhibiting the two extremes of parsimony, and generosity. The last transaction was certainly unwise, but may be set down to an extreme kindness of heart, and simplicity of conduct which led him to feel for the most worthless, and to depart from the way of the world by cherishing no resentment of wrongs. Peace be to his Ashes! He was much my friend both before and after I became a member of his College."

CHAPTER X

The new Warden of Merton—Mr. Nares appointed ‘ ‘ Principal ’
—Disciplinary difficulties—Patronage

DR. BARTON'S successor in the Wardenship was Dr. Scrope Berdmore, who had long been acquainted with Mr. Nares, and whose influence had been largely exerted on his behalf on the occasion of his election as a Fellow.

“As he projected many alterations in the discipline of the college he wish'd me to take some responsible position ; and as I approv'd in the main of the changes he proposed to make, and was willing to support him in them, I suffer'd myself to be appointed *Principal*. This office included much of the superintendence of the undergraduates. I was in most respects ill-qualified for this office, yet in some respects I was suitable for it. So far as conformity to settl'd and fixed rules was requir'd, I was in heart and soul a *disciplinarian*. I had always myself conformed at school and at college. There appear'd to me to be a degree of *rudeness* and *vulgarity* in not con-

forming, and though I do not pretend to say I never transgress'd, yet my general inclination was to be orderly and regular.

“ So far, therefore, I felt qualified to be both an example and a superintendent. At the same time I did not feel a grain of severity in my disposition, and was fearful of any extreme cases. The Warden and I, however, set out on one principle, which in the end I never found to fail. We were perfectly agreed that in general young men are good-natured, and, if treated like gentlemen, in most, if not in all, cases perfectly tractable. We, therefore, proceeded upon this plan. Every new rule and restraint, every curtailment of liberty or indulgences, we fairly submitted to the young men themselves, explaining our motives and our purposes. It was really gratifying to see how ready they were to comply with every new rule we thought necessary. Not a murmur or complaint ever reach'd my ear from the young men themselves. They were so attentive and obliging that I could freely have thank'd them for their conformity; and during the four years I continued Principal, I can with the utmost veracity declare that I never had occasion to inflict the most trifling punishment *but once*, and that was a general one, in order to discover a conceal'd transgressor. In that case I merely had to appeal to 'his honour to come forward and avow what he had done, that no unjust stigma might fall on the rest of the college. I hope I need scarce say the culprit was immediately discover'd.

“ When I say that no murmur or complaint was ever made by the young men themselves, I speak the truth, but murmurs and complaints certainly reach'd us from other sources—from sources, indeed, from which we should have had thanks. These came from parents and relations, of the unreasonableness of whose remonstrances I shall relate one or two instances.

“ It had previously been customary when any relations or friends of the undergraduates came to Oxford, to permit them, upon proper application to the authorities of the college, to entertain their visitors in their own rooms. It was easy to calculate that a dinner so provided for a large company, with the expense of wine, etc., could not well come to less than £8 or £10. For one who *could* afford such entertainments, hundreds probably could *not*. They were undoubtedly occasions of needless extravagance and profusion ; for Oxford was a place to which strangers were easily invited, and it was a very excusable piece of vanity in a young man fresh from school, to entertain his friends as sumptuously as he could. This temptation we determin'd to do away, and to prohibit all private dinners. We allow'd them to take a few friends to dine in the Hall, and to make some addition to the commons, but if many friends came, we thought it fairer that they should entertain their young acquaintance than he them.

“ Among other remonstrants, I was visited by the father of one of the undergraduates who had come with his wife, daughters, and other friends,

expressly to see his son. He complain'd in rather angry terms that I should think of preventing his son from entertaining his own family, or should think it necessary to restrain expenses for which *he* in the end must be responsible. It was privately known to me that this gentleman had a hard matter to provide for his numerous family, and was almost unable to meet the expenses of a common University education. I judg'd, therefore, it would surely be easy to convince *him* that we were acting greatly to his advantage. For without such restraint, any young man of small means might soon be ruin'd, but with it all were brought upon an equality, and those who could not afford to be profuse in their hospitality might live at college as respectably as those who could. My arguments were of no avail. He compelled me to be peremptory in my refusal, and he left me, I doubt not, in anger, and possibly represented me to his friends as an obstinate and rigid man. In my conscience, however, I felt that I was acting by him as a friend, and doing what I could to save him and his son from inevitable embarrassments.

“I mention this case because I am confident that such interpositions are common, and that parents are often more unreasonable and less tractable than their children. I am confident that many honest endeavours to instruct and improve the rising generation have been hinder'd of their effects by the indiscreet interference of parents and relations.

“The office of Principal of the Postmasters (for so it is styl'd) has some patronage attach'd to it. The term Postmaster (apparently a corruption of portionisti) is applied to certain exhibitioners of Merton College, fourteen in number, whose original endowment, increas'd by later benefactions, bears date 1380 A.D. Of these fourteen postmasters, nine are appointed by the nine senior Fellows of the college, and three by the Principal, as vacancies occur. The remaining two, being founded by a Fellow of Eton, are appointed by the Provost of Eton, and the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, respectively.

“It is astonishing how civil the world is inclin'd to be to those who have anything to give away. The trifling patronage attach'd to my office, together with my vote for fellowships, procur'd me the honour of numerous attentions from lords and dukes, bishops and archbishops, and even princes of the blood who had sons, or nephews, or relations, or friends, or dependants to serve. When one *ceaseth to have anything to give away* it is as though ‘iniquity abounded’; ‘*the love of many*’ will, spite of all one can do, ‘wax cold.’ I say, ‘of many’; I would not be understood to mean of *all*. From those whom I have been able to serve I have generally experienc'd friendship and gratitude, but I have often been tempted to smile at the temporary importance which the possession of a little patronage confers.

“I do not say this by way of complaint. My feelings inclined me so to act as to return *past*

favours, instead of looking to *future* ones, and I served no one under the hope of any return. But it would be more creditable to the world in general if no instances occur'd of that fickleness and inconsistency which renders men humble at one time and high at others, condescending as suitors, but distant as persons oblig'd."

Mr. Nares held the office of Principal until August, 1793, when he was elected sub-Warden of Merton, being appointed also Bursar of the college in 1794. These offices he continued to hold till he vacated his fellowship on his marriage with Lady Charlotte Spencer in 1797.

Among his intimate friends at Merton was the Rev. E. Griffiths, an eccentric character who retain'd his fellowship to a very advanced age, and was commonly known as "Mo" Griffiths. He kept up a constant correspondence with Mr. Nares throughout his life, and the very last letter written by the Professor was addressed to him. Like Dr. Barton, he was one of the King's Chaplains, and I have many of his MSS. sermons "preached at Windsor before their Majesties."

What has been quoted is sufficient evidence of Mr. Nares' conscientious efforts to restrain needless extravagance, and possibly there are more parents who would sympathise with his efforts now, than there were then. The registers of the library at Merton, as well as that of the Bodleian, bear their silent testimony to his diligence in study. The few glimpses which are preserv'd of his social life during this period we must defer to our next chapters.

CHAPTER XI

A Trip to the English Lakes—The King and Queen at Weymouth—French Refugees at Dover—Execution of Louis XVI.—Installation of the Duke of Portland at Oxford—Mr. John Strange

EDWARD NARES' period of residence as a Fellow of Merton, and the few years which followed it were probably the happiest period of his life. Not only was his work congenial to him, and his position one of a certain dignity and influence, but he had access to excellent libraries, and opportunities of studying various subjects of science and philosophy in which he was keenly interested.

Doubtless he enjoyed also the society of kindred spirits familiar with classical literature, and kept his natural wit sharp in the bright conversation of the common room. But his social intercourse was not confined to his College, or his University.

His four sisters were living in a house at Begbrook, between Oxford and Woodstock, and had a large circle of acquaintances in the country, while his own friends in the neighbourhood were very numerous. During a great part of this time he was

also a frequent guest at Blenheim, of which, however, more anon.

His long vacations were usually spent in travelling, and his own accounts of some of these summer tours will now be given :—

“ In August, 1791, I made a second journey to the Lakes with one of my sisters, who accompanied me in an open carriage. We took Derbyshire on our way, visiting Matlock, and the Peak at Castleton. We also extended our journey into Scotland to Glasgow, and Loch Lomond, passing across to Edinburgh on our way home. In Yorkshire we visited Studley, Fountains Abbey, and Hackfell, the falls of the River Stow at Aysgarth, and all that wild romantic country between Askrig and Sedbeigh.

“ We pass’d sufficient time at these places to see most of what was worth seeing, and the weather, though somewhat showery, was in the main favourable.

“ The mineralogy of the various districts, however, claimed the greatest share of my attention, and I noted in my journal all that appear’d curious in the strata and geological features of the country we pass’d through. I climb’d rocks and mountains in search of extinct volcanoes (a favourite pursuit of the day) and in collecting specimens of different ores, etc. Numerous were the boxes I despatch’d to various places, loaded with the heavy, bulky, and costly products of Derbyshire, Cumberland, and Scotland. I collected

also specimens of rare plants, all of which I communicated on my return to those who were curious in such matters at the University. On some of the minerals which I brought back, my friend Dr. Beddoes thought it worth while to deliver public lectures, in order to settle a point then much debated, as to what extent fire had operated in the formation of our continents.

“ In the summer of the following year (1792), I pass'd some weeks at Lymington with my sister, and from thence made an excursion by water to Weymouth. This we did at considerable risk, for having but a small pleasure boat, and being unaware of the high seas we were likely to encounter off St. Alban's Head, we got into great difficulties and were nearly sunk.

“ I should not mention this excursion, but that it afforded me an opportunity of seeing some sights which may not again occur. Their Majesties were staying in Weymouth at the time, and as we were well known to Sir Harry Burrard, who commanded one of the frigates in attendance on the King, we had an opportunity of sailing in company with their Majesties on one of their aquatic excursions. It was a peculiarly interesting sight. There were three frigates in company, the Royal Party being on board the *Juno*. The other frigates having, in the course of the day, separated from the *Juno*, were by signal order'd to bear down and salute the King. The two frigates immediately tack'd, and having a good breeze, were soon alongside

the *Juno*. Under a steady sail, they pass'd her so close that His Majesty, standing on the deck of the *Juno*, was able to converse with the captains of the other frigates, the band in the meantime playing "God Save the King," and the men in the shrouds cheering lustily. At the close of the day the wind rose considerably, and it was judg'd hazardous to pass from the ships to the shore in boats. But His Majesty was not to be restrain'd from landing, as he expected to receive despatches. The two royal barges, therefore, alone return'd from the frigates, and it was impossible to watch their passage through the water without interest. The sea ran so high that they were only visible at intervals, and we could not but be anxious for the safety of a monarch on whom at that time the hopes of all good men were fixed, and on the preservation of whose life the happiness and tranquillity of Britain seem'd so greatly to depend.

"Having been gratified with the sight of our good King on the water, I must confess I was still more struck with what I saw on land—I mean the decorum and propriety of his public worship. He walk'd on the Sunday to the Parish Church, not without attendants, but with as few as possible, and occupying a common pew in the nave unadorn'd and undistinguish'd. I love to record this. It may appear little to some, but it seems great to me."

The French Revolution at this time drove many priests and others who refus'd to take the oath of

fidelity to the new régime, to seek refuge in England. They arrived at Dover in deep distress, and there in the month of September Mr. Nares spent a few days.

“I saw,” he writes, “many dismal scenes, but was much comforted by the great kindness and humanity with which they were receiv’d. The weather was unfortunately bad, and the passage extremely hazardous for open boats. Such, however, was the rigor of the decree against the priesthood, that all the non-jurors were compell’d to emigrate without delay. They arriv’d in circumstances of extreme peril and alarm, some of them doom’d, as the event has prov’d, never to recover their rights and possessions, or to revisit their native land. They were so crowded together in the boats, and so drench’d with the spray, that their appearance at first was enough to fill one with horror; but it was remarkable how soon they were able to shift for themselves, and to make light of their troubles. No sooner, indeed, had they set foot on shore than they seem’d to forget the miseries of their situation, and to be occupied, with more interest than could be expected, in viewing the town of Dover, and the novelties around them.

“Some, no doubt, were actuated by a sense of resignation to the Will of God, for they were exiles upon principle, but still I saw much to convince me that real sensibility is not a prominent feature in a Frenchman’s character.

“ I was introduced at a ball to a young man of rank who had been compell'd to emigrate, leaving all the rest of his family at Paris. His manners were particularly pleasing, and to all appearance he was so amiable that I was not surpris'd to find everybody eager to make his acquaintance. In the course of conversation, I asked him whether he had received any letters or heard any news from Paris. He replied in the negative, and then, shrugging his shoulders and assuming a look of the deepest concern, he observ'd that he was most anxious for letters, as he left his mother, his sisters, and other relatives in custody, and for all he knew they might have all been guillotin'd, an operation which he indicated by a motion of his hand to his neck. That he felt his distresses for the moment I would not dispute ; but I kept my eye on him during the rest of the evening, and I saw no Englishman in the ball-room that equal'd him in gaiety and vivacity.

“ However, if the French *émigrés* have anyhow been able to bear their losses and sufferings with more composure than might have been expected, it is a happy event, for their troubles have been extremely great.

“ The beginning of the year 1793 was stain'd with the foul crime of the execution of Louis XVI. at Paris. I was in London at the time, and was a witness of the general indignation it excited. His Majesty not only immediately postpon'd a Court which was to have been holden on the day the news arriv'd, but the populace insisted on the

theatres being shut, and every person above the lowest order appear'd in mourning for some days."

In the following July, the installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor took place at Oxford. His Grace had been appointed to this high office on the death of Lord North a short time before. Mr. Nares was instrumental in getting the name of his uncle, Mr. John Strange, included in the list of recipients of Honorary D.C.L. degrees on this occasion, a list which included many persons of high rank and distinction. Mr. Strange well deserv'd the honour. He had been for many years His Majesty's Minister at Venice, and was also a very eminent scholar. He was an active member of the Society of Antiquaries, to which he contributed many interesting papers, and he belonged also to a great many foreign Philosophical Societies. He was further a profound naturalist, and a great lover of books. His library indeed amounted to no less than 80,000 volumes, a catalogue of which was printed in two 8vo volumes under the title of "*Bibliotheca Strangeiana*." Many young artists, especially the *Aberliss*, received much encouragement from his patronage and the introductions he was able to give them, for his position at Venice brought him in contact with many persons of wealth and position. His long residence abroad kept him out of touch with English society, and on his return to England, most of his old friends being dead, his chief acquaintance, besides H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, was among foreign diplomatists. He was offered the red ribbon, and a pension ; the

first he declined, as distinctions were useless to him, and the last he neglected to secure, his income amply sufficing him. Edward Nares, whom he appointed his executor, saw more of him than did others of his family, owing to their common love of books. There are but few references to him in his nephew's reminiscences, but the following is not without interest :—

“ I remember dining with him on the day he had his first audience of the King after his return from Venice. He told me that His Majesty enter'd more fully into the peculiar circumstances of his situation as so long an absentee, than any other person he had met. He describ'd to him the change of manners, tastes, and amusements that had taken place in England during his absence, and surpris'd him greatly by complimenting him on his continued love for Handel's music, telling him the *exact number* of pieces he (the King) had sent for from Italy during his residence in Venice. His Majesty also told him some Venetian news, and actually sent him to the Venetian Ambassador to know if he had heard it ; which indeed he had not, though it turn'd out to be quite true.”

Mr. John Strange married, in 1753, Sarah, daughter of Davidge Gould, Esq., of Sharpham Park, Somerset, and sister of Sir Henry Gould, one of the judges of the Common Pleas. He was left a widower in 1783, and died in Portland Place in

1799. His wife was buried in the family vault at Leyton, in Essex, and I presume Mr. John Strange's remains were placed there also. As he left no family his property was divided among the numerous descendants of his five sisters. I have two pictures that were painted for him, and several letters addressed to him by persons of rank, or of scientific and artistic merit. Among them are some from Dr. Jeremy Miller, Dean of Exeter, and Secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquaries (1774), and a series of letters on the Irish Basalts with pencil illustrations, by the Earl of Bristol, who was also Bishop of Derry.

In thus justifying at some length the inclusion of Mr. Strange, a Cambridge man by the by, among the recipients of Oxford Honorary Degrees, we get a glimpse of a congenial companion and a wise friend who could not but be inspiring and helpful to the subject of these reminiscences.

CHAPTER XII

The Expedition to Martinique—The Landing of Lord Howe after
“the action of the 1st of June”—Death of Miss A. Nares

ALTHOUGH we have not touched as yet upon an interesting portion of Mr. Nares' social life, which began in 1789 and continued throughout the following years, it seems best to continue to deal with other portions first, in order that the account of his intimacy with the Marlborough family may not be mixed up with more commonplace matters. I proceed therefore to 1794, a year of success for British arms, and a good deal of consequent excitement.

Early in this year Captain Nares, Edward's second brother, was engaged with his regiment, the 70th, in the expedition under Sir C. Grey and Sir John Jervis, which resulted in the capture of Martinique. When the expedition arrived off the island Sir C. Grey observed a battery which commanded the spot where he intended to land his force. It was reported to Edward later, for the fact is, with characteristic modesty, not recorded in his own diary, that Captain Nares volunteered to storm this, and a body of men

being prepared to support him, the attempt was successful. According to Captain Nares' diary Major Bailey of the 9th regiment deserved at least an equal share of the honour. Sir C. Grey thanked Captain Nares before the whole army for his brave effort, and gave him a valuable civil appointment when the island was taken, but he did not live to enjoy it many weeks, falling a victim to the yellow fever. His last will concluded thus : "I beg the said Edward Nares to be a guardian to my child, he being the man on earth I most revere."

He left one son, who was in due course admitted to the R.M.C. at Marlow, where he became on terms of intimacy with H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence's eldest son, afterwards Earl of Munster. He did not live to enjoy his commission, dying whilst at Marlow of dropsy.

Captain Nares' diary records the part taken in the operations before Fort Royal by Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, our gracious King's grandfather, to whom the command of Fort Bourbon was assigned upon its surrender.

Edward Nares had, curiously, a remote share in this expedition, for he was on a visit to Sir John Jervis shortly before he set sail, and assisted him in preparing his set of signals.

"In June, 1794, being on a visit to my brother-in-law, Captain Preston, at Anglesey, near Portsmouth, who had also taken part in the operations at Martinique, I had the opportunity of witnessing a very interesting sight—the arrival of the

grand fleet, and the landing of Lord Howe after the memorable action in the Channel on the 1st of June. Most of our ships were dismasted, and the French prizes they had in tow were nearly wreck'd. I was on board several of the ships, both English and French, before the shocking marks of the carnage were obliterated. The damage done was immense. On the 14th the wounded of both nations were landed, and while I was at dinner with two officers, fifteen waggons full of wounded Frenchmen pass'd under the windows of the very room we were occupying. Their cries and groans were dreadful, and even affected those who were more used to such scenes than myself. It is with pleasure that I can say that every precaution was us'd to lessen the distress of the sufferers. The streets were laid with straw, the waggons mov'd as slowly as possible, and, as the day was very hot, people sat in the waggons to fan those who lay there in pain ; nor did I perceive the least difference in the attentions paid to the wounded of the two nations.

“The landing of Lord Howe was a most exhilarating sight. He was received with vociferous cheers the instant he set foot on shore. He seem'd fatigued and not in good health, and it was with difficulty that he walk'd to the Governor's house. Throughout his course the people press'd upon him, covering him with wreaths of laurel, and with ribbons, on which latter were various legends wrought in gold, such as ‘Howe for ever,’ ‘Rule Britannia,’ ‘The Glorious First of June,’ &c.

“In the ensuing week the King and Queen came to Portsmouth, and visited the fleet. I had opportunities of seeing them often on the water. One evening as they were coasting along the Isle of Wight in the *Aquilow* the vessel grounded, and their Majesties, who were accompanied by Lord Howe and the Earl of Chatham, returned to Portsmouth in their barges. As soon as this was made known by signal to the fleet at Spithead, a boat with an officer and squad of Marines was despatch'd from every ship to attend the Royal party. I was at this time taking an evening walk at Anglesey, and the Royal barges were very conspicuous coming from the island. I was not near enough to see them pass through the fleet, but I was told the effect was very striking, a royal salute being fir'd from every ship, and the men cheering from the yards.

“The next day the King and Queen, with the same party, went from Portsmouth to Southampton in the *Aquilow* and *Niger* frigates. I was with the Corporation of Southampton when they receiv'd the Royal Family at the water-side, and was much struck with their reception. Though Lord Howe was in attendance, and at the moment almost the idol of the people, yet till the King's carriage drove away nothing was heard but ‘God save the King.’ The moment His Majesty was gone, they call'd for Lord Howe, and the cheering was incessant till he set sail again for Portsmouth. I never witness'd more genuine expressions of public feeling. The King,

to the best of my belief, has ever deserv'd such honours, both as a monarch and a man, and the compliment to Lord Howe was the more pleasing, because people had shown some disapproval of his being plac'd in command, and the event was a decisive proof that nothing was wanting for a display of his skill, courage, and patriotism, but such an opportunity has fortunately occur'd."

In the following year a great sorrow fell upon Edward Nares in the death of his third sister (Anne), to whom he was greatly attached, at Bristol in the thirty-first year of her age. Of this he writes as follows :—

"A purer soul, I believe, never pass'd from earth! I cannot recall one incident in her whole life that betray'd any weakness in principle or disposition. She had a manly understanding, much improv'd by education and reading. Her temper was unexceptionable, reserv'd to strangers, but never morose. To those with whom she was intimate she was always cheerful and communicative. We were so nearly of an age, and had pass'd our happy years of childhood so entirely together, that the most cordial attachment subsisted between us. Had I been asked what earthly loss would be most trying to my feelings I know not that I could have named any other than this. But all such events will be explain'd to us hereafter. God only knows what is best for

us ! Her life was pure, her death was peaceful. I pass'd some time in the room after she was laid in her coffin, and pray'd over her. It was an unspeakable satisfaction to my troubl'd mind. She lies buried in the family vault at Eversley."



THE MARLBOROUGH FAMILY (c. 1778).

(After Sir Joshua Reynolds, from an engraving by C. Turner.)

CHAPTER XIII

The Marlborough Family—Private Theatricals at Blenheim

AS has been already hinted, one part of Mr. Nares' social life has not yet been touched upon, as in some respects it was somewhat distinct from the rest. For this we must go back to the year 1789, in the course of which Lord Henry Spencer, then a nobleman at Christ Church, with whom he was well acquainted, made a special request to him to take part in some private theatricals at Blenheim. At first Mr. Nares modestly declined this honour as courteously as he could, but it was vain for him to do so. He received from the Duke and Duchess repeated invitations, urged with such civility and compliments that he could not persist in declining them. The members of the family at this time, with two exceptions,* are probably somewhat familiar to many readers, from Sir Joshua Reynolds' grand picture of the Marlborough family, painted in 1779. Besides this large picture, Sir Joshua painted about the same time two smaller pictures, of which

* Lord Francis Almeric Spencer (afterwards the first Baron Churchill) and Lady Amelia Sophia Spencer.

many engravings are extant, one entitled "The Mask," containing portraits of the Ladies Charlotte and Anne Spencer, the other, entitled "The Fortune Teller," of Lord Henry and Lady Charlotte Spencer.

This was a highly accomplished family, well educated, and united in bonds of common interests and mutual affection. The Duke's sister's—Lady Diana Beauclerc—name is still well known in art circles for her illustrations of Dryden's fables, and many others of the family have proved themselves persons of high principle and cultivated talents. Of those in Sir Joshua's picture the Marquis of Blandford was an excellent musician and botanist, while Lord Henry developed great diplomatic talent. I have by me still many of the exercise-books filled by Lady Charlotte Spencer in her childhood, which bear witness to the care bestowed upon the education of the young ladies, and the wide range of subjects, history, philosophy, &c., which it embraced. Lady Charlotte Spencer was a person of great taste and skill, also, in drawing, music, and other elegant accomplishments, and there is no reason to suppose her sisters were less so. From all this it may be inferred that the Duke and Duchess were fond and affectionate parents, with a full realisation of their responsibilities, and sound sense in discharging them. They entertained many guests at Blenheim and their other seats, but went little into general society, having a very large circle of relations and friends among the aristocracy.

"Those who have been at Blenheim since can

have no idea how princely the whole establishment was at that time, and yet how little the family mix'd with the world at large. Highly connected as both the Duke and the Duchess* were, the company they receiv'd at home was, of course, for the most part of the first rank ; and they never went from Blenheim, but to other houses belonging to the Duke, viz. : Marlborough House in London, the same in Brighton (afterwards part of the Pavilion), and Sion Hill near Brentford."

In 1789 the home circle was unbroken. It consisted of Lady Caroline Spencer, who in 1792 married Viscount Clifden ; Lady Elizabeth, married, in 1790, to her cousin, Mr. John Spencer ; the Marquess of Blandford, then aged twenty-three ; Lady Charlotte Spencer, aged twenty ; Lord Henry, aged nineteen ; Lady Anne, aged sixteen, married, 1796, Mr. Cropley Ashley, afterwards sixth Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Francis Almeric, aged ten ; and Lady Amelia Sophia, aged four. Among the visitors who frequently took part in the theatricals, in addition to the five eldest of the family already mentioned, were the Duke's brother, Lord Charles Spencer, and his son, Mr. John Spencer, Lord William Russell, brother of the Duchess, Miss Peshall, a daughter of Sir John Peshall, the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, the Hon. Thomas Parker, and the Hon. R. B. Jenkinson, afterwards second Earl of Liverpool, and Prime Minister for many years.

* Her Grace was the only daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford.

It may easily be supposed that to a man of Edward Nares' temperament the introduction to such a company was somewhat of an ordeal, though mitigated greatly by the courtesy and kindness which he received from the whole household. The rehearsals especially were irksome to him. He found it exceedingly difficult to assume a character without "the properties" of the part, and among strangers who were more experienced actors, and felt at home. When, however, he got upon the stage, to his utter surprise, much of his embarrassment entirely vanished. He was able to throw himself so thoroughly into the character he was representing, that he even had to guard against over-acting it. When he had once formed his idea of the character allotted him, he took no pains to study any particular gestures, but left them to the inspiration of the moment. The other performers were occasionally somewhat puzzled by his unexpected action. Thus once when taking the part of Graders in "Who's the Dupe?" he suddenly put himself into such a grotesque attitude that Lord Charles Spencer, who was on the stage at the time, ran laughing behind the scenes instead of taking up his cue. Fortunately Mr. Nares was able to keep the audience amused till Lord Charles came back, and the incident only increased their merriment.

The theatre in the palace was fitted up to hold between two hundred and three hundred persons, and two boxes lined with scarlet cloth were arranged for the family by the side of the stage.

“It may easily be suppos’d that we had only good-natur’d audiences to witness our performances, that we play’d light pieces, and made no attempt at tragedy. The theatricals offer’d opportunities of entertaining their neighbours, of which the Duke and Duchess gladly availed themselves. Each performance was given on four successive nights. On the first of these the members of the Corporations of Oxford, Woodstock, and Witney were invited with their wives and families. The second night was devoted to guests from the University, for the third night the Duchess sent her particular invitations to the county and neighbourhood, with the exception of those whom the performers chose to reserve to the last night, which was generally reckon’d the most select, when the audience consisted entirely of those who had tickets from the performers themselves.

“The newspapers of the day gave us credit for being capital actors ; but I am persuaded none of us pretended to be so ; it would have been absurd and preposterous. As comic actors we were satisfied to make people laugh, and whatever our want of histrionic talent, it was fully compensated by the elegance of the theatre and scenery, the splendour of the dresses, and the good management of the whole.”

Here is a newspaper notice, dated August 29, 1789, of Mr. Nares’ first appearance on the Blenheim stage :—

"Blenheim Theatre opened on Friday last with the same Brilliancy of Attraction which has long characterized this seat of real Elegance and genuine Taste.

"General Conway's Comedy of 'False Appearances,' and Mrs. Cowley's 'Who's the Dupe?' had the distinguished Honour of being represented in a Stile of Excellence that must have been extremely flattering to their respective Authors had they been present.

"The abilities of the noble Corps of Performers who tread the Blenheim Stage have long been ascertained and admired. Mr. Nares, Son of the late Judge, was the only new Recruit, and proved a very valuable Acquisition. His Abbé could not be surpassed."

"FALSE APPEARANCES."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Baron	MR. SPENCER.
Marquis	LORD HENRY SPENCER.
Governor...	LORD CHARLES SPENCER.
Abbé	MR. NARES.

WOMEN.

Countess	LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER.
Lucile	LADY CAROLINE SPENCER.
Celia	MISS PESHALL.
Lizette	MRS. SAVAGE.

That such complimentary remarks as these were duly discounted by the performers has already been noticed. Of the commendation bestowed upon

himself Mr. Nares remarks, "Some who acted with me better deserved the compliment. Fine acting we none of us pretended to."

At the end of the following November a second performance took place, the Marquis of Blandford taking Lord Henry's place in "False Appearances," and General Burgoyne's farce, "Maid of the Oaks," being substituted for "Who's the Dupe?" The caste for this was :—

MEN.

Mr. Oldworth...	LORD CHARLES SPENCER.
Old Groveby	HON. THOMAS PARKER.
Sir Harry Groveby	MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.
Mr. Dupeley	MR. SPENCER.

WOMEN.

Lady Bab Landon	LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER
Maria	LADY CAROLINE SPENCER.

The fourth night of this series of performances the actors were surprised to see, when the curtain rose, the authors of the two pieces—Field Marshal Conway and General Burgoyne—sitting side by side immediately in front of the stage. They had come from Lord Harcourt's, where they were staying for a few days.

"It was reported to us that they express'd themselves well pleas'd. It might be so, but they could hardly be expected to say otherwise. My own responsibility on this occasion was the greater, from the circumstance that the comedy was in fact a translation from the French, to which

General Conway had himself added the part of the Abbé which I acted. As to my own performance, it was so extoll'd in the newspaper that had I been capable of being deluded by such exaggerations I might have fancied myself a Roscius."

A third performance was arranged to take place in December, at which their Majesties and the Royal Family had expressed a wish to be present, but at the last moment they were prevented from attending. The pieces selected for this occasion were "The Deaf Lover," and "Cross Purposes," the caste being :—

"THE DEAF LOVER."

Mr. Meadows	LORD HENRY SPENCER.
Young Wrongward	HON. T. PARKER.
Old Wrongward	THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.
Canteer	LORD CHARLES SPENCER.
William	MR. NARES.
John	MR. SPENCER.
Sophia... ..	LADY E. SPENCER.
Betsy Blossom	MISS PESHALL.

"CROSS PURPOSES."

Mr. Grub	LORD H. SPENCER.
Consol	THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.
Francis Bevil	HON. T. PARKER.
Henry Bevil	LORD CHARLES SPENCER.
George Bevil	MR. SPENCER.
Robin	MR. NARES.
Chapeau	HON. T. PARKER.
Mrs. Grub	MISS PESHALL.
Emily	LADY E. SPENCER.
Housemaid	LADY C. SPENCER.

The assistance of some of the household was invoked for two or three minor parts, which do not appear in the programmes.

On this occasion Mr. Nares wrote an additional scene to the farce, and he also composed the following verses, which were sung as a glee at the conclusion of the performance :—

From the busy stage retiring
Now our mask'd disguise is o'er,
Mimic scenes no more admiring,
Smiles of truth may we implore.

No cold critics here intrude,
No proud judges prone to blame,
Here no censors harsh and rude
Check our blameless hopes of fame.

Whilst the stage of life we range
Sure from trouble to be free,
Harmless is th' attempt to change
Gloomy hours for mirth and glee.

From this time the theatre was closed. The marriage of Lady Elizabeth with her cousin in March, 1790, broke up the party, and the amusement was laid aside. Lady Caroline married Viscount Clifden in 1792, and Lord Henry went abroad in the Diplomatic service. It may be here noted that a scene from "False Delicacy" was painted by J. Roberts, in 1788, with Lady Charlotte Spencer as Miss Rivers, and Lord Charles Spencer as Colonel Rivers.

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Fitzherbert), and her sister Lady Clifden as to the arrangements for the wedding, and subsequent Court functions, which appear to be of some interest, and which, since Lady Charlotte Spencer soon afterwards became his wife, may not unnaturally find a place in his reminiscences. The other bridesmaids were Lady Mary Osborne,* Lady Caroline Villiers,† and Lady Charlotte Legge,‡ and they were kept on the tenterhooks of expectation for more than three months, owing to the difficulty of conveying the Princess to England, which arose chiefly from the war with France and the presence of the French fleet in the Channel. The day of the wedding was only fixed a few days before the ceremony, having had previously to be postponed twice, and there seems some warrant for a sentence in one of Miss Pigot's letters (March 28, 1795): "It does seem a strange business altogether, and as if some fatality attended the whole of it." On December 9, 1794, Lady Clifden wrote that she heard from Lady Holderness that Captain Payne was to set sail the next day for the Princess. Evidently this arrangement, if it was ever made, was not carried out, for ten days later (December 20th) she wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—Before I received yours of yesterday, I intended writing to you to-day, as I heard yesterday from Mr.

* Afterwards Countess of Chichester.

† Afterwards Duchess of Argyll.

‡ Afterwards Countess of Feversham.

Spencer, whom I thought good authority, that Lady Jersey, &c., certainly set off next Monday, They are to sail from Harwich, but on their return are to land at Gravesend. Lady Jersey takes over her hairdresser, as the Prince, I am told, wishes not to see the Princess till she is dressed in the English fashion. A gown of hers was sent over for Mrs. Beauvais to see her size, and the P. was so shocked at the length of the waist that he ran a thread himself at the top and bottom to mark how much it was to be shortened, and left it just one inch long.

“I hear the wedding is to be on the evening of the day she lands, in St. James’s Chapel, and as it could not hold all the Peers and Peeresses who might wish to go, none are to be admitted but those belonging to the three households, the K.’s, the P.’s, and the D. of Y.’s. The next day there is to be a Drawing Room at St. James’s, and a Ball at night, like the Birthdays, after which, I am told, the P. says he shall take the Princess out of town to get acquainted with her. How true all this is I don’t know.”

Lady Clifden’s sources of information were such that the probability of error in her information is very slight, though it is only fair to her ladyship to insert her saving clause. The arrangements of which she wrote were, however, first delayed by unfavourable winds, and then altered. Miss Pigot, writing from Jermyn Street, December 26th, says :—

“The town is all in commotion to-day about the French fleet, and it is suppos’d Lord Howe will be ordered to sea again immediately. Our West Indian fleet are not yet sailed. Captain Payne is still, I believe, wind-bound. I had the honor of a visit from H.R.H.* on Wednesday. The fine folks † who are to attend her to England were just set out, but are to stay at Sittingbourn till the wind is fair. He thinks if they sail soon they may be back for the wedding about the 11th. I am sorry to say he looks wretchedly thin and ill, and seems very low, and terribly worried and plagued about all sorts of things. He left town that evening, and don’t return till Tuesday next to attend the King to the House of Lords. Nothing could equal his kindness and attention to me, and the very handsome manner he expressed himself to me in his approbation of my conduct to both parties.

“I hope I shall see you when you come to town, though I have my fears about it, as Mrs. Fitzherbert seems to think it will be more proper for her to go out of town during the hurry of the wedding, and I certainly shall not let her go alone.

“I fear you are half buried in snow, it is really so cold I am half starved. I have not stir’d from my fireside these two days.

“My kindest love to the dear Duke and Duchess, your sisters, and Lord Francis.”

* The Prince of Wales.

† Besides Lady Jersey, Lord Claremont, Mrs. Aston, and Mr. St. Leger were sent to attend the Princess.

Evidently a few days later, though the letter is only dated "Friday, half-past five," Miss Pigot has to tell Lady Charlotte that—

"... the wedding is put off for the present, and the Princess gone back to Brunswick. The ladies returned from Rochester to town, and Lord Howe has desired to have Captain Payne with the fleet, and also the assistance of his frigates. Poor Lord Howe is, I fear, not very fit for such an expedition at this time of year, and at his age, but he could no longer resist solicitations, and probably he will not be out there more than a fortnight or three weeks, so that Captain Payne will be back in very good time to fetch the Princess. From the late miserable news of the state of things in Holland it will be some time, probably, before they can settle how it is possible to get her safe over, and a long round she will most likely have to make."

The winter of 1794–1795 was remarkable for a serious epidemic of what we still call "influenza," and a large number of Mr. Nares' and Lady Charlotte's friends, including Lady Clifden, were laid up with it. I therefore quote Miss Pigot's account of the epidemic, as well as what she has to say of the Prince and his *fiancée*.

"Feb. 25th, 1795.

"MY DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,—My head has been so heavy and stupid from this horrid influenza which oppresses every one so much, that

I really have not had courage to write a line to any one. The faculty say it is a species of the Plague, and hardly any one has escaped. My house was for one week a perfect hospital, and I had not a servant able to do anything for me, and Mrs. Fitzherbert had six of hers in bed at the same time. James's powders and a strong dose or two of physic are the remedies prescribed. Mr. Yonge and Mr. Walker have been almost dead with the numbers of people they have had to attend from nine o'clock in the morning till twelve at night. I still cough a little, but it has not left that langour and weakness on me that it has with people in general, who are obliged to take a great deal of bark for it. I am sure you will be sorry to hear poor Lady Claremont is extremely ill with it—indeed, I fear dangerously. I was with her yesterday, and never saw any one so changed in a few days in my life.

“I have very little news, I fear, to send you, nor can I give you any account of the Princess, as I hear no talk of her coming as yet, but it is said the ladies are not to be sent again for her, and that the yachts are not to go, only frigates. Commodore Payne is gone, I believe, this very day, if the wind is fair, on a *secret* expedition, which, I believe, is to convoy the transports that are going out for our troops, who, thank God, are at last all to come home, except the cavalry. I think he should contrive to smuggle the Princess over under the protection of the army.

“I have not seen the Prince this age. He sent

me word on Friday he was coming to me, and so I would not go out. But something prevented him, and he never arrived. He has been very much plagued with an inflammation in his face and gums, which has made him very low, but he is now pretty well again.

"Mrs. Fitz had an immense assembly last Monday and a very fine one, and has another next Monday. She had the Duke of Gloucester and his son, the Duke of Clarence, the Duchess of Cumberland and all the fine people in London. She ask't the Duchess of Beaufort and family, but they were so ill with the influenza they could not come."

The following letter, though only dated "Friday," was evidently written a few days after that just quoted :—

"MY DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,—I would not write to you till I could ascertain that Commodore Payne was actually sailed, which I find he did on Monday morning, and I fancy there is little doubt but he had received his orders to bring over the Princess. The King has sent to Mrs. Harcourt to beg of her to come over with her, and to be accommodated in the best manner she can, on the *Jupiter* frigate with H.R.H. No one can say how soon she will be here, it is supposed, however, in about three weeks or less. It appears an odd manœuvre altogether, but as if it were the King's determination that a certain lady * should

* Lady Jersey.

not go again for her ; and she, I hear, says that really her health would not enable her to undertake it.

“Everybody here is in the greatest consternation about all this sad misunderstanding in Ireland. The delegates from there are expected over every hour, and it is to be hoped their mission will be successful, though I believe it is certain Lord Fitzwilliam is recalled, but his friends have surrounded the Castle, and are absolutely keeping him there by force. I fear it will occasion sad tumults.”

The expectation of the Princess arriving so soon was disappointed, for in a letter of 28th March we read :—

“The arrival of the Princess is again become uncertain. Commodore Payne’s voyage has been such a dangerous one that he seems to think it impossible he can return the same way with such a charge. He lost his cables, and it was the surprise of every one he and his squadron ever reached Cruxhaven in safety. There is still much ice in the Elbe, and the shoals are so bad that it is particularly dangerous navigation. The roads are also so very bad from Hanover to Cruxhaven, that he had not heard one word from Lord Malmesbury tho’ he had been there five days, and the messenger he had sent was not returned when he wrote, which was the 20th. Whether they will send him fresh orders from hence, or what

he will do is all an uncertainty. But I should imagine, unless they hear in a few days she has set sail for England, she will be stopt till after Easter, as the King wishes above all to avoid her arriving in Passion Week, not knowing what to do with her, as neither the marriage or any of the fine fêtes can take place till that is over. It does seem a strange business altogether, and as if some fatality attended the whole of it."

No further delay seems to have taken place, for on April 2nd Lady Clifden wrote to her sister :—

"I have just heard that a packet arrived yesterday which sailed at the same time the Princess did, and has brought the news of her being on board. Mrs. Taitt* says Lady Townshend's cloathes are not yet ordered to be finished, but she understands that some of the ladies are to go for the Princess, and that, should she land to-day, the wedding is to be on Monday next, and the evening Drawing Room, but the Morning Drawing Room and the Ball the Thursday following, and the bridesmaid's dresses are to be worn only on those two days."

As the wedding took place on the 8th of April, the bridesmaids and others who took part in the ceremony had but short notice in which to make their final arrangements. However, all was arranged in time, and it seems that everything went smoothly

* A well-known milliner.

at the marriage, and the functions immediately connected with it.

Mr. Nares was much at Blenheim during the period of uncertainty covered by these letters, and was doubtless keenly interested in the honour done to Lady Charlotte by the choice of her as one of the Bridesmaids at the Royal wedding, though probably neither of them could have expected that much happiness would result from it. The Prince was neither popular nor respected among the people generally, and even the King's popularity was, at this time, much less than it had been previously. It is, however, quite beyond the purpose of these memoirs to enter into Court intrigues, and other matters with which neither Mr. Nares nor his noble friends had any personal concern. We will, therefore, content ourselves with having recalled some of poor Princess Caroline's difficulties in reaching England, which, however vexatious, were not so serious as those with which she had to contend afterwards. When we consider that she was brought into a strange country, surrounded almost entirely by strangers, and living, in an atmosphere of intrigue, with a husband who never loved her, we can hardly help feeling that, whatever her faults may have been, she was certainly much to be pitied.



THE FORTUNE TELLER.

(After Sir Joshua Reynolds, from an engraving by J. Jones. Portraits of Lord Henry and Lady Charlotte Spencer.)

CHAPTER XV

Death of Lord H. Spencer—The Abbé Gaultier's Geographical Games and subsequent Nightmares

NOT long after the Prince's wedding a great sorrow fell upon the family at Blenheim in the death from fever, at Berlin, of Lord Henry Spencer, the Duke of Marlborough's second son. He had passed through Eton and Christ Church with great distinction, his most intimate friend during his college days being George Canning, afterwards Prime Minister.

“He was a young man of singular talents and attainments, perfectly unaffected, of the most placid temper, and of the most amiable and engaging manners.”

Though only twenty-five years of age at the time of his death, Lord Henry had been employed in embassies of importance to Holland, Sweden, and Prussia, and was at the same time M.P. for Woodstock. The Embassy at Berlin was one of great importance at that time from the disturbed state of the Continent owing to the French Revolution and the way in which the Prussian Army had been engaged in 1792.

Mr. Nares, in the brief extract given above, spoke of Lord Henry from his personal knowledge of him, but he had testimony to his ability from an ambassador of high standing, of which he gives the following account :—

“ While I was at Blenheim the year after Lord Henry’s death (1796) Lord Pembroke and Lord Malmesbury came there on a visit. When they arriv’d the Duke was absent from the house, and the Duchess sent me to receive them. In the course of conversation Lord Malmesbury ask’d if I could shew him any good picture of Lord Henry, observing that he did not like to speak of him to the Duke for fear of distressing him. On my showing him Lord Henry’s picture, he express’d his attachment to his memory in the strongest terms, and told me, with a remarkable emphasis, that he was a surprizing young man, and his death most inopportune for the concerns of Europe ; that his influence over many of the monarchs on the Continent was so great, and his judgment so sound, that he was confident that, had he liv’d, many of the errors which had been committed by the continental powers would have been effectively obviated. This testimony was the more valuable as Lord Malmesbury was a celebrated diplomatist, having represented our Court at Madrid, St. Petersburg, and the Hague, and been allowed to bear the Prussian eagle in his arms, with the motto of the House of Nassau, for his services during the commotions in Holland.

At the time of his visit to Blenheim he was just return'd from an embassy to Paris, whither he had been sent to endeavour to negociate a peace with the French Directory.

"No family ever sustain'd a severer loss than the death of this young man was to *his* family, by all of whom he was greatly belov'd.

- Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
Nulli flebilior quam mihi."

Among the people whom Mr. Nares met at Blenheim was the Abbé Gaultier, who in 1795 published a curious book of Geographical Games, among which was one invented by Lady Charlotte Spencer. The games were played with counters on skeleton maps, the idea being to make the study of geography a pastime rather than a task. The book was dedicated to Lady Amelia Spencer, then ten years old.

Mr. Nares, who was devoted to children, often used to play the Abbé's game with her youthful ladyship, the Duke and Duchess being frequently spectators. He also wrote several amusing trifles for the child's amusement, of which the following is a sample :—

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY AMELIA SOPHIA SPENCER,
THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE VERY GRAVE AND REVEREND
LE DOCTEUR SNARES.*

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner has for some time been afflicted with an intolerable, abominable, insupportable, insufferable disease, complaint, malady, or disorder call'd, denominated, and styl'd

* The name by which the Abbé Gaultier used to address the writer; the title being merely complimentary.

by the learned in Theology, the Tee-double-Oh-tee-aitch ache, which said disorder, complaint, malady, or disease having violently assaulted certain bony protuberances that, after an amphitheatrical form, surround the inner cavity of his Reverence's mouth, has for many wearisome nights totally depriv'd the said grave and Reverend Doctor of sleep, comfort, and patience by twinges, twangs, jerks, throbs, shoots, and other most excruciating and tormenting visitations. That, in the course of the last night past, to add to the grievances already stated, your said Petitioner was assaulted by divers terrible visions and dreams, both simple and compound, whensoever any slight interval of pain gave him hope of slumber and repose: That from the peculiar turn and nature of such dreams and visions, your Ladyship's humble Petitioner cannot but entertain the strongest suspicions that they are chiefly occasion'd by the tormenting courses of Geography, which your above-mentioned Ladyship has lately compell'd the said grave and solemn Doctor to undergo, a statement of which he begs to annex for your Ladyship's better judgment in the case:

MEM. I. That at twenty-five minutes and a quarter before one o'clock in the morning your said Petitioner, having shut up his eyes, and turn'd gently on his left damask cheek, in hopes of getting a few seconds of comfortable slumber, did suddenly, to his great annoyance and distress, unexpectedly plunge over head and ears into the *Lake Ladoga*, in Russia, where he was on the point not only of being drown'd in the waters of the said Lake, but of being also choak'd by a great quantity of all sorts of fish going down his throat, had he not happily wak'd as he was in the act of swallowing two Pikes, and a Sturgeon, and found himself in the Green Bed at Blenheim.

MEM. II. That after a severe fit of trembling, and after twenty-five fresh twangs of toothache, at twenty minutes past one the said Doctor, having snuggl'd himself under the sheets to take a second nap, appear'd by some unaccountable feat of transformation, to be chang'd into the *River Dnieper*, by which means he went gurgling all through the Ukvain and little Tartary, and was just going to fall out of his own mouth into the Black Sea at Akracow had he not happily wak'd at the moment, and found himself in the Green Bed at Blenheim.

MEM. III. That after having recover'd from being the River Dnieper, the imaginary dampness of which had brought on another twinge of his grievous malady, the said Doctor, after adjusting his nightcap, which had got awry when he was tumbling into the Black Sea, had once more very nearly fallen into a gentle slumber, when he was transported suddenly to *Spain*, where, before he could say 'Jack Robinson,' he got condemn'd by the Judges of the Inquisition to be roasted alive in the Grand Square at Madrid, being all the time basted with melted butter, which sentence would infallibly have been carried out, had not the Doctor by great good luck, wak'd as they were spitting him, and found himself in the Green Bed at Blenheim.

MEM. IV. That after his escape from the Inquisition, the horrors of which had nearly quak'd and quiver'd him to death, he had scarce clos'd his eyes a fourth time to sleep, before he was knock'd down by a red hot stone from the crater of *Mount Vesuvius*, and was just perishing in a torrent of liquid lava, which had set fire to his shirt and nightcap, when fortunately a shower of ashes set him a-sneezing, by which means he woke and found himself unconsum'd in the Green Bed at Blenheim.

MEM. V. That after sneezing for a quarter of an hour, and walking twenty times round the room to recover from the scorching he had got at Vesuvius, during which he tumbl'd over a folding fender, the said Doctor had scarce got into bed again, when he was transported to *Greece*, where, finding the famous horse Pegasus ready saddl'd and bridl'd at the foot of Mount Parnassus, he was going to ride up to the top to call on Apollo and the nine Muses, when he was suddenly struck with a thunderbolt in consequence of his rash attempt, and receiving a great kick from Pegasus as he tumbl'd, would undoubtedly have lost his life had he not in rolling down Parnassus, luckily roll'd out of the Green Bed at Blenheim which, to his great joy, awaken'd him.

MEM. VI. To the above statement of simple cases, to which the Doctor concludes your Ladyship will agree the Geographical terrors of the preceding evening must have dispos'd your unhappy Petitioner, the said Petitioner has further to state three Compound Cases, to wit:—

1stly. That having taken a mouthful of *Friar's Balsam* by the advice and recommendation of the Right Hon. Lady

Georgiana Charlotte Spencer, the said unfortunate Doctor became transform'd into a mendicant monk, and pass'd great part of the night in wandering barefoot through the states of *Italy*, subsisting on charitable contributions.

2ndly. That the humane and benevolent Miss Pigot having suggested an application of *laudanum* to the part, the said Doctor had no sooner follow'd her directions than he found himself overcome by opium in the Market Place of *Constantinople*, where he was within an ace of being bastinadoed for making fun of a Janissary.

But 3rdly, to crown all his disasters, as if there was a conspiracy to mock and make sport of the said unhappy Doctor, the above-mention'd benevolent lady having further advis'd the use of laurel leaves, and your said humble Petitioner having been sadly terrified by your Ladyship scolding him for his ignorance relative to a renown'd village in Swabia, the smell of laurels made him dream that he was no less a person than John, Duke of Marlborough, in which high character he passed some time on a war-horse richly caparison'd, and surrounded by all the great generals of the time. That in this situation your Petitioner was just beginning to take comfort for the pains he had endur'd, when his war-horse happening to kick, he entirely lost his seat, and waking as he went over the animal's head, found himself, to his everlasting mortification, only little Doctor Snares in the Green Bed at Blenheim.

Upon the statement of these cases your Ladyship's humble Petitioner presumes to pray that you will be pleas'd to consider his delicate and diminutive frame of body, which, without the usual reparations of sleep, must, by the common wear and tear of life, soon dwindle into nothing at all, a state and condition he would not wish to find himself in ; and your Petitioner further presumes to submit it to your Ladyship's wisdom and goodness, whether instead of terrifying him on future evenings with Geographical Lectures it would not be more becoming your Ladyship's humanity, to compose your said Petitioner's worn and weary spirits with the tender airs of "Lullaby" or "Hush-a-by-baby."

And your Petitioner will ever pray.

This brings before my mind a pretty domestic

picture of the Duke and Duchess with the rest of their family, and perhaps a guest or two, watching their youngest child amusing herself for an hour or so before the dinner time, while the little Oxford don unbends with delight to the child's game and gleeful prattle. It is just one of those little touches of nature which "make the whole world kin."

CHAPTER XVI

Ordained—Charge of St. Peter's in the East—The *British Critic*

DURING the first three years of Mr. Nares' acquaintance with the Duke of Marlborough he was a layman. In June, 1792, however, he took Holy Orders, being ordained deacon by the Bishop (Smallwell) of Oxford, and priest on the 30th December following, the Bishop consenting to this in order to facilitate his acceptance of preferment which he was led to expect from the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal. His father had always designed him for the ministry, chiefly from a very early choice of the profession on his own part. At one time of his life his uncle, Mr. Strange, had held out to him some inducements to qualify for a diplomatic appointment, and this, together with his candidature for a Merton Fellowship, caused him to postpone taking any definite step till later in his life than usual. There were no doubts or scruples to hinder him, and he had been

“ . . . always bred up with such reverence for

religion, and such a fixed disposition to bring no discredit on the Church by any irregular conduct, that though I might seem, when I engag'd in it, to be too much given to the world it was not so in reality."

In fact beneath the surface of vivacity and love of society there was a deep under-current in Edward Nares' character of devout feeling, and conscientious discharge of duty. His life in society was little more than the necessary relaxation from diligent reading, and from the work attached to his college office of Principal which has already been mentioned.

In November, 1793, he was appointed by his College to the Curacy of St. Peter's in the East, Oxford, a preferment tenable with his Fellowship. Having now the cure of souls he devoted himself to his sacred charge, and to theological reading. He made it a matter of conscience never to allow any slovenliness in the performance of Divine service, and determined, from the first moment of his appointment, to write all his own sermons.

"I might have preach'd much better sermons than those of my own composing, but by following this plan I could adapt my reading to my work, and my discourses to the circumstances of the day, which were critical enough at the time of my appointment. I was frequently at Blenheim, and often serv'd my Church from thence, having the use of one of the Duke's carriages for the purpose."

At this critical period, when revolutionary principles had been carried to excess on the Continent, and were covertly cherished by some people even in England, there was no literary review of any standing conducted by Churchmen. Those that existed were in the hands of Nonconformists of various denominations, and not friendly to the British Constitution in Church and State. The consequence was that, through a very natural bias, the works of those who were friendly to the Church of England received scanty and often unfriendly notice. A proposal for the publication of a review, which, while giving an account of every publication, should be under the editorship of a loyal Churchman, was received with much favour, and many promises of support. Thus encouraged the *British Critic* made its appearance under the editorship of the Rev. Robert Nares.

Edward Nares was naturally invited by his cousin to contribute to the new review, and willingly consented to do so. His most important work for the *British Critic* was a translation of M. de Luc's letters on geology* to Professor Blumenbach.† He had been engaged on this for some time by special request, and executed this somewhat difficult work to the author's entire satisfaction, a warm friendship subsisting between them during the rest of M. de Luc's life. He continued to write for this publication for many years, and no doubt found it a

* Two letters from M. de Luc on this subject will be found in Chapter XXXII.

† A celebrated ethnologist, appointed Professor of Physiology and Anatomy at Gottingen, 1778. Physician to the King, 1816.

congenial and helpful occupation, keeping him in touch with the current of thought among the more cultured and scientific people of the day.*

So in theological reading, literary work, college duties, parochial concerns, visits to Blenheim and elsewhere, he spent a few of his best years pleasantly and profitably.

* A list of these Articles is given in Appendix B.

CHAPTER XVII

Marriage to Lady Charlotte Spencer—Visit to Shobdon Court—
Appointed Rector of Biddenden

THE close intimacy to which, as we have seen, Mr. Nares was admitted with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and their family, resulted very naturally in a mutual attachment between him and Lady Charlotte Spencer, their Graces' third daughter. They were both under the impression that her parents were aware of the turn matters had taken, and were disposed to further their wishes. In this, however, they found themselves mistaken, for, when approached on the subject, the Duke and Duchess refused their consent to the marriage, though the young people were still allowed to correspond with each other. Unfortunately Mr. Nares, finding that his circumstances and conduct were being misrepresented by the officiousness of some people eager to ingratiate themselves at Blenheim, wrote a somewhat hasty letter to the Duke, under a very natural feeling of irritation, which greatly offended his Grace and precluded almost all hope of gaining his consent.

After a few months, however, seeing that their daughter's mind was fully made up, they withdrew all active opposition, and allowed the marriage to take place quietly at Henley-on-Thames, though none of the bride's relations were present. On April 16, 1797, Mr. Nares' widowed sister, Mrs. Treacher, went in her carriage to Blenheim to fetch Lady Charlotte, and the ceremony was performed the same day by Dr. Landon, the Provost of Worcester College. On the next day Lady Charlotte received a letter from the Duke's steward stating that his Grace had ordered him to pay her £400 a year. After a time she was invited to visit Blenheim, but, as her husband was not included in the invitation, she declined it, and never entered her old home again. The greater number of her relations, however, were ready to extend a warm welcome to them both, which Mr. Nares, for his part, after speaking of both sides being misrepresented in many newspaper paragraphs, adds :—

“ I can safely affirm that, though I have felt sorely hurt at the ill opinion which the Duke and Duchess have ever since appear'd to entertain of me, I have never ceas'd to resent all imputations cast upon them, nor ever ceas'd to feel the greatest desire to testify my respect for them in every possible way.”

So in this, as in many other cases, misrepresentations and misunderstandings caused a needless breach in a hitherto united family, and seriously

affected the prospects of young people wholly innocent of any wilful disrespect to those who had the right to claim it. But on this it cannot be necessary to dwell at further length.

Dr. Landon offered his friend the loan of his parsonage at Croft, near Leominster, for their honeymoon, which he gladly accepted. Far different were Lady Charlotte's surroundings in this quiet country parsonage to those to which she had been accustomed, yet nothing seemed to inconvenience or depress her. Her music and drawing, of both of which she was fond, and in each of which she was proficient, prevented her finding life at all dull, and the very novelty of the simple life had a special charm.

“The state of retirement in which we lived so happily and comfortably for the first weeks after our marriage was not suffered to last long. Accident had thrown us, without previous knowledge, into the neighbourhood, not only of many of the nobility, but of some very nearly related to the Marlborough family. In the very next parish was the seat of Lord Bateman,* first cousin to the Duke; and not much farther off liv'd the Earl and Countess of Essex, the Earl's father having been first cousin to the Duchess. Both families were at that time in London, but they no sooner heard where we were, than we received the kindest message from them, desiring that we

* The second viscount, an Irish title, which became extinct at his death, in 1802. A barony was conferred on his grandson in 1837.

would make any use we chose of their houses, and assuring us of their anxiety to welcome us when they return'd. The Earl and Countess of Oxford, on their road from town, sent to entreat us to make Eywood our home, and we had a like invitation from Mr. Harley, his lordship's uncle, who liv'd still nearer to us. Lady Diana Beauclerc, the Duke of Marlborough's eldest sister, invited us to her house at Richmond; Lord Robert Spencer, the Duke's youngest brother, press'd us in the strongest terms to come to him in Sussex. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire* invited us to Chatsworth, and the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh to Dalkeith. It may easily be suppos'd that it gave Lady C. no small pleasure to find so many of her relations willing to receive us *both*.

“Early in June Lord and Lady Bateman return'd to Shobdon Court, and we found it impossible to resist their pressing invitations to remove to their house. Till that could be accomplished, Lady Bateman paid us almost daily visits, and, entirely out of respect to Lady C. (as we found out afterwards), always came in her coach-and-six, though four of the horses had to be taken off before she could drive up to the door. So little of ostentation was there in it that, when we knew her better, we learnt that she was too timid to like to take the six horses, and Lord Bateman never us'd them. For the visitors, however, they

* The Duchess was a daughter of Earl Spencer, and a cousin of the Duke of Marlborough.

were often employ'd, and, having to call one day on Lord Oxford, I was much surpriz'd to find I was expected to go all alone in the chariot-and-six, and did so, to the great amusement of Lady Oxford, who met me at the door.

"As soon as we had moved to Shobdon Court it was, to all intents and purposes, made a home to us. We had an excellent suite of apartments assign'd to us, and were at liberty to do just as we pleas'd. A great part of every day we were able to keep as much to ourselves as we had done in our snug retirement at Croft. It was impossible for parents to have been kinder to us than were Lord and Lady Bateman, and, the house being full of portraits of the Spencers, it wore a homelike aspect to Lady Charlotte.

"For the rest of the summer of 1797 we were almost constantly at Shobdon, where we had an opportunity of seeing most of the families in the neighbourhood. Lord Bateman's establishment was large, his hospitality and bounty great, and, being lord-lieutenant of the county, he kept daily a public table to which everybody was welcome, and it was always a chance who might dine there.

"His mode of life reminded one of the ancient barons of feudal times. He was extremely charitable and benevolent. Most of the villages around belong'd to him, and he was continually making additions to the houses or gardens for the greater comfort of his tenantry. Though rough in his manners, he was by no means proud, and

there was not a house on his estate into which he was not accustom'd to enter with the ease and familiarity of a friend. On particular days of the year, especially during Christmastide, the very poorest of his neighbours were entertain'd in his great hall ; and he often spoke to me of the pleasure it gave him to see his *fine* servants waiting upon them. All the women who attended had a shilling to carry home, and every child they brought with them sixpence. He had balls, also, for his servants and tenantry, and was much offended if any company in his house refus'd to go and see them dance.

“The parish church was entirely rebuilt at his expense, and all the parish business was transacted at his house.

“As he was unaccustomed to drink wine, he seldom sat long after dinner, but, leaving the company, would often go to the stables ; for, he told me, it was his pleasure to open his house to every respectable neighbour, and, as some of them came without servants, he was afraid, if his fine grooms should neglect their horses, they would never come again. He, therefore, frequently walk'd through his stables in the evening to see that his guests' horses were properly cared for.

“He us'd to say he made a point of going every year to London for a short time, for fear he should feel too great by living always among his tenantry and dependants ; and he thought every great man should be oblig'd to walk the

streets of London occasionally, on purpose to be put out of his way and jostl'd off the pavement.

“Though he was familiar to an unusual degree with the poor, he was by no means a democrat, and had a personal respect for the king that could not be exceeded. The revolutionary proceedings in France offended him greatly, nor could he altogether restrain his temper, when any of his neighbours were present who were known to favour them. He thought that democracy was essentially pride; that it proceeded not from any real regard for the lower classes of society, but from envy of the higher. And, indeed, generally speaking, I do not know that the poor ever reap'd, or were likely to reap, any advantage from the democratic propaganda of those days. They only found people busy to inform them of their misfortunes and depression, but by no means eager to elevate or relieve them, unless in the way of tumult or revolution. Lord B. us'd to threaten to turn his popularity against them, and I was once present when a noble lord and three or four county gentlemen, who had taken a very active part against the Government, and were accustom'd to talk very freely, were challeng'd by his lordship to try how far their principles had gain'd them the hearts of the people. He propos'd to them to raise a mob, and see if he could not, in a very short time, draw every one away from them. *They* should proclaim *their* principles, and *he* should declare *his*. I believe his lordship would, to a certainty, have

succeeded, for not one of the others, though they were persons of great wealth and importance, was in any manner popular, or belov'd by the poor.

"Lady Bateman had all the benevolence, charity, and condescension of her husband, but shewed more discrimination. She was, indeed, a perfect Christian in the conduct of her life, of the sweetest and most regular temper, and constantly doing good in some way or other. Austere to none, she recognized that the good and the bad were to be assisted in different ways, trying to encourage the virtuous and reclaim the wicked. Though apparently of a very different disposition in some respects to her husband, she always behav'd with such good sense and discretion, that I have often heard him speak of her as one would speak of an angel."

"Towards the end of August, having occasion to go into Hampshire we took a small house at Southampton for two months. Here, also, we found a neighbourhood abundant in civilities and attentions. We were visited by Lord and Lady Mendip, Lord Somerton (Archbishop of Cashel), the Dowager Lady Clifden, the Duchess of Bolton, and Lord and Lady Palmerston, all of whom invited us to their several residences. During the greater part of our stay, however, we, as well as our servants, were too unwell to accept any of these kind invitations, and we were glad to get back to Shobdon before the winter began.

"Though I am persuaded we might have made

Shobdon our home as long as Lord Bateman liv'd, yet being far advanc'd in years he kindly endeavour'd to procure us a house of our own. With this object he made an application to the Archbishop of Canterbury in terms so highly complimentary to myself that I well remember getting Lady Charlotte to write to the 'Archbishop to apologize for the warmth of his expressions. I had certainly no business to do so, but I have ever been diffident of appearing troublesome and importunate, and I felt that the Archbishop might think my pretensions more questionable than Lord B. was willing to represent them. However, his reply to Lord Bateman was all that could be desir'd, and very soon afterwards as we were sitting at supper a letter was brought to Lady Charlotte from his Grace, in which he express'd himself happy to be able to offer me the living of Biddenden, in Kent. Nothing could exceed the joy express'd by Lord and Lady Bateman on receipt of this letter.

"On the 17th of January, 1798, I went to London in order to wait upon the Archbishop for 'institution.' His Grace receiv'd me most kindly, expressing concern that Biddenden was not in all respects such a residence as he wish'd to find for me, and rather advised me not to take immediate possession, as in a few months a more suitable benefice might be at his disposal.

"We left Shobdon on the 1st of March for a house at Catisfield, in Hampshire, which I engag'd to rent for five months, where a daughter

was born to us on the 22nd of May. She was baptiz'd there by Dr. Landon, the names given being Elizabeth Martha, the first after Lady Bateman, and the second after Lady St. Vincent, my mother's cousin, who were the sponsors, together with my mother's only brother, Mr. Strange."

At Catisfield, Mr. and Lady Charlotte Nares were, as elsewhere, visited by all the neighbourhood ; they were a second time invited to Lord Robert Spencer's, and the Duke of Richmond asked them to Goodwood. Both these invitations, however, they declined, being little disposed at the time to enter much into society.

Mr. Nares went to Biddenden on the 25th of April, and was inducted on the 28th. He "read himself in" on the following day, and after giving directions as to the work necessary at the Rectory returned to Catisfield on the 1st of May. He remained there with Lady Charlotte till the 22nd of August, when they took up their residence at Biddenden, which, as it turned out, was Mr. Nares' home for the next forty-three years.

CHAPTER XVIII

Biddenden—"Εἰς θίος ἐν Μείρης—Death of Lady C. Nares—
Lines composed at that time

BIDDENDEN, though a fairly valuable living, was in many respects far from a suitable residence for such people as Mr. Nares and his wife, being a secluded place, difficult of access, and affording no congenial society in the immediate neighbourhood. It was especially a great trial to Mr. Nares to be out of reach of good libraries and people of literary tastes, while his bucolic parishioners often proved a great strain on his sensitive nature.

The Parish of Biddenden was a large one, fifteen miles in circumference, lying about half way between the small market towns of Tenterden and Cranbrook. At one time it had been a centre of the woollen manufacture, introduced by the Flemings in the reign of Edward III., but, at the time when Mr. Nares went there, it was a purely agricultural parish, with several well-to-do farmers, but only one family—that of Captain Pattenson—of culture and refinement.

The church was a good specimen of a Kentish church in the early English style of architecture, consisting of a chancel, nave, north and south aisles, with a fine western tower. It contained a handsome monument by Schiemaker, in memory of Admiral Sir John Norris, who died in 1749. The fittings were such as were common at that time—high pews and “Three Decker”—and the music was led by a village orchestra. The choir was to a great extent dependent on the parish clerk, who gave out the psalms and anthems, and was occasionally known to vary the announcements by stating, “I having a bad cold, there won’t be no anthem this afternoon.”

Education was provided by a small grammar school, with an endowment of £20 per annum.

The great excitements of the year were the cattle and horse fairs on April 5th and November 8th, and the distribution of Biddenden cakes, which tended to a sad desecration of Easter Sunday, when the public-houses were crowded with people from the adjacent towns and villages, and the day spent in rude festivity. Of this peculiar annual custom Mr. Hasted gives the following account :—

“Twenty acres of land, called the Bread and Cheese land, lying in five pieces, were given by persons unknown, the yearly rents to be distributed among the poor of this parish. This is yearly done on Easter Sunday in the afternoon, in six hundred cakes, each of which have the figures of two women impressed on them, and are given to all such as attend the church ; and

two hundred and seventy loaves, weighing three pounds and a half a piece, to which latter is added one pound and a half of cheese, are given to the parishioners only, at the same time.

“There is a vulgar tradition in these parts that the figures on the cakes represent the donors of the gift, being two women, twins, who were joined together in their bodies and lived together so, till they were between twenty and thirty years of age. But this seems without foundation.”

The following lines are quoted from Hone's “Every Day Book” :—

“The moon on the East oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone;
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Shewed the twin sisters and many a saint,
Whose images on the glass were dyed,
Mysterious maidens side by side.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane
And threw on the pavement a mystic stain.”

In the summer time Biddenden, in the midst of the pretty scenery of the weald of Kent, was pleasant enough, in spite of its seclusion ; but in winter the clay soil rendered it so damp and dirty that at times it was almost impossible to stir out of the house. The roads, also, were so bad when Mr. Nares first went there, that they were practically useless for carriage traffic. A few years later, however, he writes :—

“Such improvements have taken place in the

roads about Biddenden that in time to come it will probably be scarcely credible that on the 27th day of March, 1807, with four horses to my carriage, I have not been able to get within three miles of my house, and the road through the village from my own gate has been perfectly dangerous late in the spring."

The new rector's reception was far from encouraging. The question of his intention respecting the tithes was apparently the chief object in the minds of his parishioners, and his attitude in this matter did not command their approval. Under the impression that he was not likely to remain there long, he thought he might save his successor the odium of a new valuation by having one made on his own behalf, which at once aroused great indignation.

"Threats were thrown out that many would desert the church. Many would plough no more, but avail themselves of the modus upon grass. Many would make me take my tithes in kind, and would make me *wipe my waggon wheels* before they enter'd their fields. I bore it all with patience, but deeply lamented the angry manner in which they were dispos'd to receive their new rector. I met them publicly but once. I then told them my full sentiments. I explain'd to them that I knew nothing myself about it; that I had employ'd a surveyor, and had made a demand *below* his estimate; that I did it not for

myself personally, but to ascertain the proper amount of the rector's claims, and wish'd to give them all the opportunity of making a reasonable composition. That it was my wish to settle matters amicably, but that if I heard a word more of threats I would go to extremities. This address seem'd to have the desir'd effect. I had little more trouble with them."

It appears that Mr. Nares soon gained the regard and respect of his flock, in spite of this and of his frequent enforced absence from the parish. His studious habits and frequent calls to other places make it almost impossible that he could have been, according to our modern notions, exactly a model parish priest; but in those days such complicated organizations and high ideals as we are accustomed to were for the most part unknown, and we may be confident that he discharged his pastoral duties, as he realized them, with sympathy and conscientiousness. Writing in 1809 his record is as follows :—

"I do not know that I have any enemy among my parishioners, either High or Low, rich or poor, Churchmen or Dissenters. I write, preach, and argue against the latter, but with such fair allowances, so little rancour, and so careful a regard to truth and moderation, that they all speak of me with respect. Many occasionally attend the church, and not a few have come entirely over to us. I reside constantly during the summer, and generally during the winter also.

I preach two sermons every Sunday, and never omit to notice whatever I think may be turn'd to the advantage of my flock ; nor are they backward to listen to me. I have been able, by mere exhortation and advice, to increase the number of communicants from three to at least one hundred, who attend at the Altar eight times in the year. Before I was known no parish could be more averse to the payment of Tythes, but upon a recent proposal to raise them £100 per annum, I heard not one dissentient voice, and many told me they would gladly have given more."

In 1812 the parishioners again voluntarily offered to raise the valuation of the tithes, and the rector received his dues on the increased income, which was 50 per cent. above the previous valuation, "without a single murmur or complaint."

Biddenden had the advantage of a grammar school with a small endowment, but Mr. Nares was very anxious that more should be done for the instruction of the youth of his parish, and deeply lamented certain difficulties, personal and local, which stood in his way. About this time, however, he found a willing helper in the person of Mr. William Tylden Pattenson, the son of the only gentleman living in the parish, and with his co-operation, organised, at his own cost, a Sunday school on Dr. Bell's system, which succeeded so well as to give him good hope that it would lead to the establishment of some more general system of instruction for the children of the parish.

I have several of his MSS. sermons, in which devout thought and religious duty are expounded in simple language suitable to such a congregation as Biddenden probably provided. He delighted to walk about the lanes and footpaths, generally reading as he went, and was a welcome visitor to the aged and the sick.

“Our removal to Biddenden was, as far as regards society, like one to the deserts of Arabia. But in a very short time Lady Charlotte resum'd her usual cheerfulness. Her resources were many, her nursery most interesting to her, and her family and friends kept up a constant correspondence with her. She soon began to be quite fond of the place, and could not bear to be told, as continually happen'd, that we must soon be remov'd. In winter we went to Tunbridge Wells or Brighton, but even in those places company was no object to her, there was not a family of distinction that did not visit us; but her greatest delight was to be at home. There she was always happy, and invariably cheerful.

“On the 18th of July, 1799, a son was born to us, who died in infancy, and on the 30th of July in the year ensuing, a second daughter. During the previous winter Lady Charlotte suffered from spasmodic rheumatism, which her medical advisers both in Brighton and London seem'd unable to relieve. She suffer'd sadly, but if ever suffering were borne without murmuring or complaining assuredly they were so in her case.”

During part of this time of suffering Lady Charlotte was taking an active share in the preparation of a work which her husband was writing on the Plurality of Worlds, which was published in the summer of 1801. The object of this work was to disprove the truth of the following statement in Payne's "Age of Reason" :—

"The system of a Plurality of Worlds renders the Christian System of faith at once little and ridiculous. . . . The two beliefs cannot be held together in the same mind ; and he who thinks he believes both, has thought but little of either."

Mr. Nares' object was, therefore, to examine how far the notion of a Plurality of Worlds was consistent with the language of Holy Scripture.

"Nobody but Lady Charlotte," he writes, "knew what I was about ; her ill-health confin'd her much to the house, and I hardly ever left her. As I had chosen a subject connected as much with philosophy as theology, it fell into her course of reading to contribute to my researches, and throughout the whole work her assistance was highly valuable. I could point out some passages and a few entire notes that owe all their value to her suggestion. She had prepar'd a frontispiece very applicable to the subject, which she had sketched beautifully, but the expense of engraving it would have been too great. As it was, the book cost me no less than £170, of which,

after deducting commissions and the cost of advertising, I never recover'd more than £18. And yet I think I may safely say the book deserv'd a better sale."

This experience is, I fear, a very common one with authors of theological works, and, indeed, of any which are not of a distinctly popular style. The book in question was at first published anonymously, but, in response to many inquiries, a new title-page bearing the author's name was inserted after a few copies had been sold. It was favourably reviewed, but contained too many notes, and too much Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to be very generally read. Mr. A. Maxwell, in his work on the same subject (published 1819) alludes much to Mr. Nares' work, of which he says, *inter alia* :—

"It contains much curious information. With the system of the Author I do not coincide, but the subject is learnedly and skilfully handled."

The book is also referred to in Mr. Copland's work on the "Existence of other Worlds, Peopled with Living and Intelligent Beings," as well as in Bishop Gleig's edition of Stackhouse's Bible (p. 23).

Another object of Lady Charlotte's attention was the training of her children, young though they were. The eldest, though only three years of age, had learnt to read so well as to surprise everybody. She was one of those too few mothers who recog-

nise the importance of forming habits of obedience and self-control from the very earliest stages of a child's conscious life. But of this more anon.

Soon after the publication of his book Mr. Nares was advised to try what Bath could do for Lady Charlotte.

“We went there early in November, 1801. Her sister, Lady Anne Ashley, was there at the time with her family, and engag'd for us the very next house to the one they occupied themselves. This was a great relief to me, as a most sisterly affection subsisted between them, and she was too weak to receive other company, having for some months been unable to move without assistance. I never quitted her, of course, but had a hard struggle so to repress my feelings as to conceal the despair I had of her recovery. The Duke and Duchess had express'd a hope that they might see her at Marlborough House on her return to London, but it was not to be. In a few weeks her distressing sufferings were over, and at seven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of January, 1802, she breath'd her last, having hold of my hand.

“Thus ended the short life of as good, as amiable, and virtuous a woman as, I think, ever existed. Her attainments were manifold, her understanding sound and strong, her temper so serene that I do not recollect a single instance of its being ruffl'd, and above all, her religious feelings were deep and ardent.

“It was singularly fortunate for me that my friend Mr. Greenhill had arriv’d in Bath but a few days before. Upon notice being sent to him, he came instantly to the house, or I know not what would have become of me, my grief being so acute.

“Soon after my dear wife had pass’d away, an express arriv’d from Blenheim with word that the Duke much wish’d her to be buried in the family vault at Ardley, by the side of her brother, Lord Henry, whose body had been brought from Berlin. His Grace sent persons to make all proper arrangements, and undertook to defray all expenses, even to the mourning for my servants.

“On Monday, the 25th, the dismal procession set out for Oxfordshire. Those who have feeling hearts will know what I suffer’d when I had to reply to the enquiries of my eldest child after her Mama, while all the bells in the city of Bath were tolling in my ears !

“The misfortunes that had befallen me excited, I was told afterwards, a considerable sensation at Bath. I was inform’d that anonymous letters were sent from thence to the Duke and Duchess, not written in the most respectful terms. If this was really the case I deeply lament it, and can only feel myself the more bound to acknowledge that I receiv’d from every branch of the family, their Graces not excepted, all the consolation I could expect. The letters I receiv’d in reply to those which Mr. Greenhill wrote for me, as well as to the few I was able to write myself, were

most considerate and obliging. The letter from her eldest brother, Lord Blandford, began as follows :—

“ ‘ The unremitted attention which you have paid to my poor sister during her melancholy illness, calls for my warmest acknowledgments, and I heartily give them.’ ”

“ Lady Blandford wrote to me as kindly, and both expressed an earnest solicitude about my children. I had similar letters from Lady Diana Beauclerc and the Countess Dowager of Pembroke (sisters of the Duke), from Lady Elizabeth Spencer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many others. I must not omit our kind friends Lord and Lady Bateman, who were greatly grieved at my loss.”

The following touching lines, some years later printed in “ *Thinks-I-to-Myself*,” were the outpourings of a stricken heart in this hour of sorrow :—

How without rule are the decrees of God !
 How He chastises ! How He spares the rod !
 Scarce does it ever seem that Right prevails ;
 How oft Guilt flourishes, and Virtue fails !
 What must I think of this severe decree,
 Which, through the Will of God, now humbles me ?
 Am I to think Him kind who could destroy
 The fondest hope I had of lasting joy ?
 Am I to think Him merciful who knew
 The pangs I felt, and yet His aid withdrew ?
 Am I to think Him good who could ordain
 To Innocence and Worth disease and pain ?

Am I to think Him wise who could withdraw
 The fairest pattern that the world e'er saw?
 The best example of the purest life,
 The fondest mother and the chastest wife?
 The mildest mistress and the warmest friend?
 Could bring such Virtues to an early end?
 Him who could re-illumine the languid eye,
 And have deferr'd at will the parting sigh?
 Have turn'd aside the threat'ning dust of death,
 Have help'd the feeble pulse, the short'ning breath?
 Am I to think Him gracious, good, and kind,
 Who saw the bitter anguish of my mind,
 And yet, unmov'd alike by pray'r or tear,
 Tore from my bosom all I held most dear?

Yes! Good He is! and on this Faith I live;
 He knows the scene's unfinish'd! *He* can give,
 In some superior world of peace and bliss,
 A compensation for the pains of this.
 Perhaps the sorrows that we here endure
 May make the joy of Heaven more secure;
 To part so soon, perhaps, whate'er the pain,
 May make it happier to meet again;
 Perhaps the very stroke that caus'd my grief,
 May have seem'd kind to her, and brought relief.
 I'm left to suffer what I scarce can bear!
 She is in shelter, and beyond all care!
 She left her children innocent and free,
 I have to guide them through life's stormy sea!
 She left me safe; and—for I hid my woe—
 She saw me look at ease, and thought me so.
 But had she known my smiles were all pretence,
 Scarce Heav'n's high summons could have call'd her hence.
 Almost, had she but seen my aching heart
 She would have yielded Heaven not to part!
 To comfort me she would have shunn'd no pain!
 To comfort me she would return again;
 But that she knows, perhaps, my bitter doom;
 Sees in my present pangs a bliss to come;
 Sees, for the chasten'd God reserves the best,
 And for the heavier laden, sweeter Rest.

CHAPTER XIX

Method of training children—Death of Lord Bateman—Visit to London—Presented at Court—Marriage to Miss C. Adams

IMMEDIATELY after the funeral Mr. Nares went with his two children to his brother's house in London, and after a few days' stay there proceeded to Brighton, not having the heart to return at once to Biddenden. Every effort was made by the Spencer family and other friends to lessen the change which Lady Charlotte's death had made in her husband's life, and he received many kind attentions, while Mr. Ashley endeavoured to find for him a sphere of labour more suitable to him, both in a literary and social way, than the secluded Kentish village. His efforts, however, were without result. How great the change was, we may see from the following passage in the reminiscences :—

“ What I felt is indescribable. Not that others have not sustain'd trials as severe, but there were many peculiar circumstances that increas'd the melancholy of my situation at that moment.

“The retirement in which we had generally liv’d render’d the company of each other more essential to us both. The circumstances of our marriage by separating us from some friends, had serv’d to render us the more necessary to each other, and to detach us from the world. Her ill-health had withdrawn her from all company except such as could occasionally visit her at home, and had induc’d me also to forego other engagements. Our occupations, though severally and distinctly amusing to ourselves, were of interest to both of us. She had acquir’d knowledge enough to participate in my studies, and her great skill in music, drawing, and other elegant entertainments, were a constant source of pleasure and amusement to me. But her attention to myself and the children, and her correct knowledge of my disposition render’d her loss the most severe of all.

“Her mode of educating the children, *even while they were infants*, always appeared to me eminently consistent with sound sense, so generally violated in that most important of all undertakings. I have great reason to think her sentiments on this head were not borrow’d, but upon reading since the beginning of Rousseau’s ‘*Emile*,’ I could not help being struck with the similarity of his opinions with hers upon this subject. I felt that her system was one not to be deviated from in any instance ; I knew it was one which might easily be counteracted by others, and for this reason requir’d my incessant personal atten-

tion. I, therefore, never suffer'd myself to be many hours from them, was always present at their meals, and carefully enforc'd every regulation which had been so wisely establish'd, and which experience seem'd daily to encourage me to continue. All severity was totally excluded, but by a steady attention to regularity, and an avoidance of any casual indulgence, it is incredible what a command I obtain'd over them, without being under the necessity of any unpleasant restraint. They had not an idea of any satisfaction to be obtain'd out of their daily habits. Many wish'd to imitate me, but where previous habits had been form'd, or constant personal supervision could not be exercised imitation was impossible. Meanwhile I felt myself the sole possessor of the secret, and could not help being jealous of any suggestion, however friendly, that seem'd to encroach upon the line mark'd out for me. I was expos'd, however, to many severe trials, through want of assistance, and the utter impossibility of getting servants to comprehend and carry out my system. I could not leave home with any comfort, nor stay there without many heart-rending memories. While Lady Charlotte liv'd no domestic arrangement was ever suffer'd to interfere with my time and occupations. Neither children or servants were ever allow'd to be any trouble to me. Now they were both become objects of the most serious anxiety, at a time when my mind requir'd relief and consolation."

Another sorrow quickly fell on Mr. Nares by the sudden death, in his carriage, of his kind friend Lord Bateman, at the age of eighty-three. This occur'd on the 2nd of March, 1802.

In the following month Mr. Ashley wrote urging Mr. Nares to bring his eldest child to town for a short time, as the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and many others, wish'd to see her. Lady Bateman also expressed a wish to see him in London. Irsome though it was to him to make such an effort, he felt that for his child's sake he ought to do so. On the 27th of April, therefore, he took her to Lady Anne Ashley's house in Grosvenor Square, taking up his own quarters at an hotel in the neighbourhood, for he did not feel equal to entering much into society.

“Many cards of great people were left at the hotel for me, some of them accompanied with invitations to dinner. The latter I invariably declin'd, nor can I describe the effort it cost me merely to return the many visits I receiv'd.

“During this visit many of the family notic'd my little girl, who also went out of town to pass a night at Lord Clifden's. Lady Bateman and Lady Bolingbroke were also particularly kind to her. Notwithstanding all these attentions I felt an uneasiness not to be describ'd. I felt sure my poor child could not enjoy these civilities, and, therefore, shorten'd my stay in London as much as possible, and took an early opportunity of leaving town for Brighton, preparatory to our

return to Biddenden, where we arriv'd in the month of June. I found the change even more depressing than I had expected. Besides the loss of a constant companion, always cheerful, and having a large circle of correspondents, every post made me more sensible of the dulness of the place.

"I was determin'd, however, to relax nothing of my care for my children, though their age and sex made me diffident of being able to manage for them as I wish'd to do. I had not a soul near me to advise with and could daily see numberless things forgotten or neglected which I had not the power to remedy. Friends who had foreseen these difficulties had strongly advis'd me to place them in the charge of some competent and responsible person, but I had promis'd their mother never to let them pass out of my care, and I had resolv'd to fulfil this to the letter. I continued to teach my eldest child to read and write with good success. I scarce ever left them, and never for more than one night at a time. I had trusty servants, but not of understanding or discretion to be left to themselves in a business so near my heart. In short, my anxiety was extreme.

"In the course of the summer Mr. Ashley wrote me word from Weymouth that Lady Anne having been invited to drink tea there with the Royal Family, the King and Queen and some of the Princesses ask'd her many questions about me and my children, and the Queen particularly express'd a hope that the Archbishop would be

a friend to me, to which the King appear'd most heartily to assent. Upon my mentioning this in my letters to Lady Bateman she encourag'd me to publish a volume of sermons, and to ask the Queen's permission to dedicate them to Her Majesty. She offer'd, also, to make the application for me through Lady Caroline Damer and Lord Harcourt, which was accordingly done, and the Queen was pleas'd to signify her assent in most gracious and complimentary terms. I therefore speedily prepar'd the volume, quicker, indeed, than I ought to have done."

This was the last kindness Lady Bateman was able to show Mr. Nares, for on the 20th of December following she died at her house at Chiswick. Her nephew, Lord Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset, wrote at once to give him the melancholy information, which was, as may be supposed, a great grief to him.

Having dedicated his volume of village sermons to the Queen, it was necessary for him to present it personally at St. James's.

"In this Mr. Ashley again stood my friend and offer'd to accompany me. It was requisite that I should first be presented to the King. For this purpose I went to town early in 1803, and on the 16th of March attended His Majesty's Levée. It happen'd to be the day on which addresses from every part of the kingdom were being presented to His Majesty to congratulate him on his escape

from the designs of Despard and his gang, who had laid a plot to assassinate him on his way to the House of Lords. The Court was consequently excessively crowded, and when it came to my turn, the lord-in-waiting so totally misread my name as to make it one of *Twenty Syllables*, so that the King did not know who I was; and though Mr. Ashley went up to the King and gave it more distinctly, yet by that time His Majesty had another person to attend to, and could only intimate by a very gracious inclination of his head that he recognised me.

“On the 24th of March I again attended at St. James’s and had the honour of delivering my book into Her Majesty’s own hands. Both Mr. Ashley and Lady Anne Ashley accompanied me to the Drawing Room. The Queen receiv’d me most graciously, told me she had heard much of my preaching, and enquir’d most kindly after my daughters. The crowd upon this occasion was so great that I had no opportunity of being spoken to by the King, who, when I was presented to Her Majesty, was in another part of the room. Though I had a due apprehension of the forms of the Court, I confess it was a matter of surprize to me how it could be possible for the Queen so rapidly to converse with such a succession and *diversity* of persons, and yet find something to say appropriate to each. When I was presented the two persons on my right and left were Lady Sarah Fane, a most beautiful young woman and a great heiress, and Andreossi, Bonaparte’s

Minister, and yet I had the opportunity of hearing that she spoke to them, as to myself, with a mark'd discrimination of their persons, connections, and characters. She was also under the necessity of speaking two languages, and yet it was all done with perfect ease and the greatest affability.

“I am afraid I was guilty of an indecorum in not going again to Court, which is always customary after being presented ; but having return'd into the country again, and one of my children being unwell at the time I ought to have gone, I omitted to attend the next Drawing Room. It was judged proper, however, by Mr. Ashley that a regular apology should be made to Their Majesties, which through his means was accordingly done. I had not flatter'd myself that there was any possibility of my absence being notic'd, or that my person would be recogniz'd if I appeared there again.”

In his quiet country home the care of his children were not the only responsibility which weighed heavily upon him. He was deficient in many qualities necessary for the successful management of a household, as to which he says :—

“The trouble of domestic management is burdensome and disagreeable to me to a degree which might be misunderstood by those who do not know how painful it is for me to manage anything or anybody but myself—and that badly.

Sir Walter Scott observes in his diary, 'I have a shyness of disposition which looks like pride, but is not, which makes me awkward in speaking to my household domestics.' He could not have better describ'd my own case. I was once much amus'd by a remark of one of my servants, who, deservedly claiming credit from his mistress for a strict honesty of purpose in discharge of his duties, very solemnly assur'd her that he did what he had to do as thoroughly *as if he had a sharp master.*"

Those who knew Mr. Nares and the circumstances in which he was placed, not excepting Lady Charlotte's relations, anticipated and even hoped that he would marry again. They were therefore rather relieved than surprised when they heard that there was a prospect of his doing so. It is not necessary to dwell at any length upon the circumstances of this second attachment, which, if wanting in the glow of affection and the congeniality of tastes which marked his first marriage, was one which ran a calm and unruffled course, and promoted the mutual happiness of both. He was married on June 30, 1803, at Cranbrook, to Miss Cordelia Adams, second daughter of Thomas Adams, Esq., of Swift's Place. Miss Adams was of an even and gentle disposition, and she proved, in every way, an excellent and devoted wife.

"In the autumn of this year my younger little girl, who had been ill during the winter at

Brighton but had since appeared to be recovering, began again to decline ; and notwithstanding the best advice I could procure for her in London, and use of the warm sea-bath, on the 22nd of December, 1803, she died at Biddenden, and is buried in the south aisle of the church there. To the very last moment I could not help thinking that some remedy might be found, but it pleased God to order otherwise."

CHAPTER XX

Bampton Lecturer—Letter to Rev. F. Stone—Oxford Sermons
—Remarks on the Unitarian Version of the New Testament

ON April 17, 1804, Mr. Nares was chosen by the Heads of Colleges to be Bampton Lecturer for the following year. He accepted the post with some reluctance, but all his remonstrances were overruled by his friends at Oxford. Here is his own account of the matter :—

“I would many times have given all I was worth to relinquish the appointment. I had never during my residence in Oxford ventur’d to appear in the University pulpit. When my imagination conjur’d up before my eyes all the doctors, both the proctors, and all the heads of colleges and halls, together with the various professors and other members of the University, my spirits became depressed to a degree that was really painful. I had no difficulty in the choice of a subject. I had long determin’d to take some opportunity of combating the most plausible objections of modern infidels to our holy religion, and as my studies had

been pretty various, I propos'd to go extensively into the subject, and to classify the different kinds of objections. This led me to arrange them under the several heads of History, Criticism, Ethics, Physics, and Metaphysics. The main difficulty in my way certainly was the extreme retirement in which I liv'd. I had no access whatever in the Weald of Kent to other libraries than my own, nor had I any help from living intercourse with literary neighbours. I was necessarily often check'd by the want of books, entirely out of my reach, some of which, to do my subject common justice, I was oblig'd to buy, at an expense very unsuitable to the state of my finances. After I had spent over £30 on books which I did not wish to keep, there were still some which it was absolutely necessary that I should see. I therefore determin'd to go to London for two months, before appearing in the pulpit at Oxford, to consult some rare Oriental and foreign books. I went there with my family, which now included a son, born April 10th, 1804, hiring an indifferent but expensive house; but on my journey I caught cold, which brought on such an alarming illness that I was confin'd to my bed, and the physician who attended me seem'd to consider me in no small danger.

“At all events, I was totally prevented making that use of my stay in London which was my sole motive in going there, and I was compell'd to go to Oxford unprepar'd for completing my course, and so little ready that actually when I

preach'd my first sermon at St. Mary's my second was not written or begun. No soul knew anything of this but myself; and I was oblig'd to manage as I could.

"I preach'd my first sermon on the 10th of March. The church was rather crowded, the galleries being full of young men, with a large number of Masters of Arts in the area below, and many noblemen. There were present, also, two bishops and most of the professors. When the effort came to be made, I was more unembarrass'd than I could possibly have expected. My sermon took up exactly fifty minutes, during which time nothing could be more gratifying than the fix'd attention of the whole audience, and the assent they seem'd visibly to give to all that I advanced. Luckily my voice seemed fully capable of reaching the extreme parts of the church without any great exertion. On coming down from the pulpit I received many compliments, and the Vice-Chancellor himself followed me home to my lodgings to tell me, with all the pleasure of a person really interested, that everybody had been much delighted.

"I could not help thinking in my own mind that my credit would be very short liv'd. I was sensible not only that I was unprovided with sermons for the next three Sundays, but that my illness in London had so derang'd my plan that I could not proceed with it till I had consulted many books in the public libraries.

"In the meanwhile the hospitality of my friends was likely to be as fatal to my studies at

Oxford as my illness had been in London. Already we had receiv'd invitations to spend every day from home, nor could I see my way to command time enough to make up for lost opportunities. I determin'd, therefore, to defer entering upon my main plan during that term, and to make out the three next sermons as I could. The second and third were accordingly written under these circumstances—not, indeed, substantially either a digression or interpolation, but out of the order previously intended—and my original arrangement was only resum'd at the fourth, when I enter'd upon the metaphysical objections. I did not certainly mount the pulpit on these occasions with so much confidence as at the first, yet I continued to receive much encouragement, and was gratified by the mark'd attention of the congregation, and even some increase of numbers. After the preaching of my fourth sermon a vacation occur'd, during which I had time to avail myself of my proximity to the Bodleian."

The volume of sermons produced under these untoward circumstances forms a striking evidence of Mr. Nares' ability, and is a strong testimony to the advantage he derived from his wide reading and accumulated store of knowledge. These Bampton Lectures were well spoken of in many reviews, and were noticed by Professor Magee in his work on the Atonement. They were also placed on the list of books recommended by the Bishop of London to his candidates for ordination. Though, however,

the whole edition was disposed of, the author never received back "so much as a fortieth part of the expenses of publication." As the printing alone cost more than the lecturer's stipend, and the office had involved—

- (1) The purchase of many books not otherwise needed ;
- (2) Four expensive journeys of upwards of one hundred miles each ;
- (3) The hire of a house in London, and of lodgings in Oxford ; and
- (4) The provision of a curate at Biddenden ;

it is plain that as Bampton Lecturer Mr. Nares' pecuniary *loss* was very considerable.

Letters poured in from all quarters, couched generally in eulogistic terms, among which none gave Mr. Nares more satisfaction than one of no less than thirty-one pages from the Swiss Philosopher, M. de Luc, who also refers to the Lectures in his *Treatise on Geology*, published in 1809. This particular letter contained many valuable suggestions for incorporation in a second edition of the Bampton Lectures, which, for financial reasons, was never undertaken.

Mr. Nares had not long returned from Oxford when the Archbishop (Moore) of Canterbury died, and was succeeded by Dr. Charles Manners Sutton. The new Archbishop, though personally unacquainted with the rector of Biddenden, called on him to preach at his primary Visitation at Ashford, June 13, 1806. On this occasion he was introduced to

His Grace by his old tutor, Dr. Randolph, then Bishop of Oxford, and his sermon, which was much commended by the Archbishop, was printed by desire of the clergy.

In the following year a sermon was preached at the Visitation of the Archdeacon of Essex at Danbury by the Rev. Francis Stone, Rector of Cold Norton, which created some sensation by its attacks on the Creeds and Articles of the Church. When Mr. Nares' attention was called to it, he found that it recommended as a valuable critical work, a book which he had previously reviewed unfavourably in the *British Critic*. He therefore published a letter addressed to Mr. Stone in which he answered the points raised in his sermon seriatim, as clearly and concisely as was possible. This answer was very favourably reviewed, and the Archbishop, as well as the Bishop of London, expressed approval of it in unqualified terms. The matter terminated very seriously for Mr. Stone, who was deprived of his preferment by a regular process in law, the Bishop of London himself pronouncing sentence.

“An odd circumstance arose out of this, which surprized me a good deal at the time. At the Archdeacon's Visitation at Danbury, in the year following that in which Mr. Stone deliver'd his extraordinary sermon, a gentleman was appointed to preach who naturally suppos'd he would be expected to allude to it. This, therefore, he did, and apparently so much to the satisfaction of his audience that he was requested to print his sermon.

With singular modesty he sent his manuscript to me, imploring me to give him my honest advice, observing that he had from the first, through a sense of his own incompetency to do justice to the subject, deeply regretted that it should have *accidentally* come to his turn to preach next to Mr. Stone. I could not understand the term *accidental* as applied to such appointments. It was not till many years afterwards that I happened to hear that the Archdeacon of Essex selected his preachers in alphabetical order, which let me into the whole secret, the first three letters of Mr. Stone's name being Sto, and those of my over-diffident correspondent Stu."

In 1807 Mr. Nares was chosen to preach one of two sermons before the University on the duty of translating the Holy Scriptures into the current languages of the East. These sermons were promoted by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, some time Vice-Provost of Fort William in Bengal, who at his own cost provided an honorarium of thirty guineas for each preacher. The sermons were noticed favourably by several leading reviews, but were attacked by Major Scott Waring, M.P., in a pamphlet published in the following year. To this Mr. Nares prepared a reply, but before publishing it, he sent it to Major Waring. This gentleman was so satisfied with it, that he begged the writer to send it to the *Literary Panorama*, that he might by the same channel acknowledge his error, which he did very handsomely.

Shortly after this Mr. Nares was appointed a select preacher at Oxford for the years 1808 and 1809, but found himself obliged to relinquish the position on account of living at so great a distance from the University.

In the course of the year 1809 a fresh version of the New Testament was published at the cost of a fund instituted for the express purpose of promoting Unitarianism. Mr. Nares, on examining it, and the notes appended to it, was so struck with its inaccuracy in certain passages, that he felt impelled to publish some remarks upon it. After some difficulty he induced Messrs. Cadell & Davies to undertake the cost of publication, and it appeared in 1810. It attracted much attention on all sides, and like many other of Edward Nares' works was frequently attributed to his cousin Robert, Archdeacon of Stafford. Of this he gives the following curious instance :—

“I had been requested to give a copy of my ‘Remarks’ to the Edinburgh Library, which, of course, I did not hesitate to do. For this, however, the Archdeacon receiv’d all the thanks, not only by post, but, upon visiting Edinburgh afterwards, in person ; nor could he, as he told me himself, without much difficulty convince them that he was neither the giver nor the author of the book.”

In this connection a work may be mentioned, as evidence of Edward Nares' notoriety, entitled “The trial of the Unitarians for a libel on the Christian

Religion," published anonymously in 1830. The defendants in this trial are represented by John Priestley, Theophilus Lindsey, and Henry Belsham; while among the witnesses called against them Bishop Horsley and Edward Nares are prominent, the examination of the latter occupying several pages.

CHAPTER XXI

“Thinks I to Myself”—Letter from C. Dibdin—A comic ballad
by Dibdin, sung by Grimaldi

THE preparation of the “Remarks” mentioned in the last chapter had been a task involving much labour. The author had collated, word by word, several editions of the Greek Testament, and examined carefully no less than one hundred and fifty thousand various readings noticed by Griesbach. The book enhanced his reputation among scholars, and, as we have seen, attracted a good deal of attention, but its circulation was very limited, only 250 copies being sold.

While this critical work was passing through the press its author was induced to commit to the same printer a work of a light and amusing character, which was written with ease in about ten days, and of which 4,350 copies were sold in eight months, at 10s. 6d. each. This was called, “Thinks I to Myself,” and was published in 1811. It was not originally intended for publication, but a friend, casually looking over the MSS., advised the author to offer it to the trade. He took it to several pub-

lishers, most of whom returned it at once, as not even worth looking at. He then showed it to the printer who was issuing the “Remarks on the Improved Version,” who found time, not indeed to read, but to look into it, and from the little he saw he encouraged the author to print it at his own cost, which he consented to do. It proved a phenomenal success. Though very little was done to advertise it, yet, even before it had been noticed in any reviews, a second edition had to be put in hand. The Royal Family took several copies, and Lord Morton even mentioned it in terms of high approbation at a banquet given by the President of the Royal Society. Three months after its first appearance his publisher wrote that the orders for it exceeded anything previously known in the trade, that he was so pressed with orders as to be obliged to make his men work on Sundays, and that everybody was inquiring who the author might be, for it was published anonymously. Mr. Nares shrank from being publicly associated with so trivial a work, and feared that, if his name became known, his reputation for more solid and serious work would suffer. He soon found that his apprehensions were groundless, for bishops, judges, and other men of learning were as eager to read the book as any other people.

The disdain with which the publishers had treated it in the first instance really proved of great benefit to the author. He would then have thought £100 a great price to receive for it, whereas in nine months his net profit amounted to £760,

and must have reached £1,000 before he parted with the copyright. By the middle of 1812 nine editions—they were only 750 copies each—had been disposed of, and it was reprinted as late as 1836.

Mr. Charles Dibdin, Jr., who at the time was proprietor of Sadler's Wells Theatre, wrote to Mr. Nares, offering him a free pass, available at any performance, with any friends he chose to bring, and, after giving him credit for having made the public laugh without the slightest offence against decorum, he expressed a wish to be instructed how to do the same in the management of his stage. Such feelings in the proprietor of such a theatre at that time deserve to be recorded. Mr. Dibdin frequently wrote to Mr. Nares after this, and the following characteristic letter shows the respect he entertained for him. Mr. Dibdin was too busy a man to devote much time to correspondence, and his letters were evidently written in haste.

“ SADLER'S WELLS,

“ *July 3, 1813.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I received from Mr. Gilbert your polite present, very handsomely bound, for which I thank you. I had the seventh edition bound before. The best compliment that could be paid you is the nine—ninth edition—which is an answer sufficient to all reviewers, &c. I wish I had anything to send you in return worth your acceptance. I have published several times, but the works are all out of print, and I have

merely one copy of one or two of them only for my own library, and the last work was published, or rather printed, so incorrectly that I bought the copyright back again. It is my intention, if I have time to put them together, to issue forth from the press this winter several rhymes and prose scraps on many subjects. I send you a book of the songs in the entertainments I have produced at the Wells this season. My songs are generally published that way by myself, and by the music sellers to notes, so that I have seldom any print of them in a vol., but in detached pieces ; but I shall, if I think they'll sell, make a collection of the best of them.

“I am at present hard at work upon an opera for Covent Garden, which, unless it succeeds, the *world* will never know for mine. I am on another piece, also, for the Wells, so you may imagine my brain is tolerably well employed.

“I think you have introduced Mr. Grimaldi's picture very well, as it has not the character I feared it would have. Do you mean to do anything else ? You seemed averse to it when I last mentioned it, but success will sometimes spur us on, and, as *you* write from good principles, you might aid the wish of all sensible people in putting nonsense out of countenance ; for certainly, when people found they could get men of sense to write novels occasionally, they would not be so anxious for stuff written by fools, with no other reflection than how they would sell.

"I had promised myself once or twice the pleasure of seeing you, but really business (and I have as much to do as I can find time for) has prevented me ; but I hope—we all hope, and are often disappointed—still to have an opportunity before the close of the year.

"The glorious news of Lord Wellington's great victory in Spain* is just published. All London will be illumined. It is a great thing for the cause of the Allies, and will, I should think, give them an additional cause for concluding that Bonaparte is not the invincible he has hitherto been thought ; and it may prevent their giving way to any pusillanimous concessions for the purchase of dishonourable peace. It must, I imagine, act as a diversion in favour of the Allies, because, as Lord Wellington is in the main road to France, and the foe not likely to escape him, it is not improbable but that he may enter France, and Bonaparte be obliged to send some of the troops from Germany to check him, which will weaken him there, and give an advantage to the Allies. I am, however, a bad politician, and perhaps you will laugh at my *quidnunc*-like calculations.

"I was this morning thinking to what a calenture† criticism has increased. I take a weekly

* Vittoria, 21st June, 1813 ; so that it appears to have taken twelve or thirteen days for news to reach England from the seat of war.

† "Calenture," a disease peculiar to sailors, inducing delusions.

paper, in which a man who calls himself "Onesimus" seems to be going thro' a regular series of criticisms on the clergy, setting forth how one preaches and another prays, &c., much in the way they criticise actors. This, I think, is bringing religion low enough. This clergyman don't get into the pulpit the right way; that don't get out of it the right way; this one isn't sufficiently evangelical; another not sufficiently ethical, and so on. Is this to the advantage of the cause? Is it not sending block-heads (which half mankind are, or, at least, half the people one meets with) to church to watch the manner of their preacher, instead of his matter, and to lose the latter in attending to the former? There really is an impudence in the press of this age that does the country more disservice in disorganising the people than all the democratic leaders can do, I think; and I'm afraid it is sowing the seeds of a commotion that our children or grandchildren will feel the dire effects of. When I was a boy the press was a little impudent, but tolerably fair. When any person violated public decorum they got hold of him or her, and the papers exhibited them; with a reserve, however, only using the initial, Mr. P., or Mrs. B., or X, or Y, or Z. Then they got on to the full name, but confined themselves to facts. Now they turn facts into falsehoods, and so we get on.

"But I have been getting on at a strange desultory rate, and perhaps I had better get off. You will find, in the book I send, some bellman-like

verses, written as fast nearly as I write this, and for people who speak them like bellmen, from which you must allow I had no stimulus to take much pains. I trust you won't laugh at them, or rather *me*, for as stupid a dog as they will make me appear. I have touched in our broad way (for the understanding of hucksters, milkmen, &c.) on a subject I observed yesterday you have introduced in one of your Prefaces or Appendices, but this moment I forget which, viz., the lower orders of people educating their children above their rank in life, an evil from which many miseries arise to society in general. I find, according to the vulgar phrase, 'laying it on thick,' the best way of hammering my meaning into the heads of my gallery and pit; and hearing potboys, dustmen, carters, &c., &c., sing one of Grimaldi's ditties on the subject of the song may have some effect on the parents of the little dressed-up dolls in three-farthing shops, who come from boarding schools as useless as their governess's rod in the holidays—'Hold, hold, enough!'

"My best wishes accept for your health and happiness, in which my wife joins, and believe me to be

"Yours very sincerely,

"C. DIBDIN, Jr."

The writer of the above hurried and characteristic letter was so pleased with some parts of "Thinks I to Myself," that he wrote the following song with

reference to it, which was sung at Sadler's Wells by Grimaldi during Whitsun week, 1812. Having just read of the circumstances under which these effusions were dashed off, the rough and ready style of the composition will not cause surprise.

"THINKS I TO MYSELF, THINKS I."

A COMIC CHARACTERISTIC BALLAD

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
This is a comical age we find,
Our neighbours' faults all of us spy
But to our own faults are blind;
So poor Mrs. Muz, alas!
Who censur'd for ever Miss Mottle
For looking so oft in the glass,
Forgot that she look'd in the bottle.

(Spoken.) "Mrs. Muz, you don't seem well; what's the matter?"

(Imitating a drunken woman.) "Oh, sir, I'm troubled with a *consumption* of the *spirits*."—"Yes, I see you labour under a *consumption* of the *spirits*."—"Yes, sir, it often comes upon me."—"I daresay it does."—"Yes, sir, and do you know the world is wicked enough to say that—oh! oh!" (*crying*).

Oh, if that's the case—

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
No wonder she's blind with a drop in her eye.

There's *Truck*, the shopkeeper, cries,
How *Bullock*, the butcher, swears!
And forgets what a parcel of lies
He tells to sell his own wares.
Says *Dough*, " *Salmon's* fish isn't sweet."
The coalman remarks with pleasure,
" *Dough's* bread's very seldom weight,"
While *Dough* says "his coals are bad measure."

(*Spoken.*) "Was you ever at the *Buz and Mum* club, at the *Wig and Watch Box*? That's the place for neighbour's fare." (*All the conversation in different voices*) "Chair, chair," the President's toast, "*Confusion to backbiting, gentlemen.*"—"Bravo! where's neighbour *Snip* this evening?"—"That's a good-natured fellow, but monstrously given to *cabbage.*"—"Yes, give him an inch he'll take an ell, and no man beats him at fine drawing a bill." (Here Mr. *Snip* enters.) "Ah! brother *Snip*, your worship was the last man in our mouths."—"You do me a great deal of honour, gentlemen."—"Oh yes, we always does our friends justice."—"Brother *Barnacle*, are you going?"—"Must, must; good-night."—"Goodbye, my hearty fellow."—"Is he gone?"—"Yes."—"That *Barnacle's* a queer fellow. I say, *Snip*, did you twig his wife last Sunday, with *Razor*, the cutler?"—"Hush! *Razor's* at the top of the table."—"Oh, if that's the case, I'm mum, but I'll be shot if the last boy's nose belongs to the spectacle maker, for all that."—"I sees through that joke, Brother *Bright.*"—"Aye, you're a deep one, he! he! he!"—"The toast stands, gentlemen: '*Confusion to backbiters.*'"

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
It's all neighbour's fare, and rubs off when it's dry.

Professions, like puffs, are wind,
Words butter no parsnips, O!
I'm glad you've come, means, you'll oft find,
I shall be very glad when you go.
Miss *Prim* she calls on Miss *Prue*,
Who's transported with rapture to meet her;
But the moment her back is in view,
Cries, "There's no getting rid of that creter."

(*Spoken in different voices.*) "Bless me, who's coming? That eternal gossip, Mrs. *Whifmegig*, and her nasty pug dog. Provoking! My dear Mrs. *Whifmegig*, I'm so glad to see you."—"My dear Mrs. *Nibbs* you do me infinite honour."—"Pompey, get off the white sofa, with your dirty feet!"—"Oh, the dear creter, let him amuse himself (*aside*) I wish he was in the duck pond."—"I hope you mean to stay to dinner? Nay, you shall, I insist upon it."—"If you must know, I came on purpose."—(*Aside*) "Thought so, one can never have a nice tit-bit but she's sure to poke in her nose. Betty, don't dress the ortolons till supper."

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat!!! “Dang the door, it is alive, I think.—“*Is your master at home?*”—“Measter do say he be not at home, sir.”—“*Why, blockhead, if he says so he must be at home, and I hear him at the top of the stairs.*”—“Thunder and turf! Can’t you be after believing the man? I tell you I’m gone out these two hours.”

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
Ti diddle de dum, ti diddle de di.

This song, as we say, “caught on” at once, and Mr. Nares often heard it played upon the hand organs in the streets, and sung by people at night as they strolled home; and thus, in spite of, perhaps because of, their literary defects, these Grimaldi ditties fulfilled the main object of their writer, “hammering” some wholesome thought into the gallery and pit, and sending them out to publish his message as they sang the refrain, or shouted some of the “patter.”

The popularity of the little work was very general throughout the country, and even at Oxford a larger congregation was attracted to the University Church when the author officiated as select preacher. It also provoked many imitations—*e.g.*, “I says, says I,” “I’ll consider of it,” purporting untruly to be by the same author. These are dealt with at some length in an appendix added to the tenth edition.

CHAPTER XXII

A more detailed notice of "Thinks I to Myself"

THE phenomenal success of "Thinks I to Myself" was, I think, greatly due to its opportune appearance. It makes little if any pretension to literary art, either in its plot or its diction. It was a simple story told in a vein of humorous sarcasm, which dealt with the prevalent inconsistencies of social life and intercourse. To a generation weary of the coarse and turgid style of some of the greater novelists of the eighteenth century, yet finding the purer style of more recent writers comparatively dull, this little book appealed by its obvious simplicity and sincerity. Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," published in the same year, never equalled it in popularity, though her more prolific pen won for her a more enduring fame. "Waverley" was not published till 1814, and was an introduction to an era of fiction of higher literary merit than any which had preceded it. Had this little work been produced later its reception would, probably, have been very different.

As it happened, it seems to have taken the public

by storm before the critics had time to review it, but when they did so they did not fail to detect its weak points, though they were by no means agreed among themselves. This provoked the following comment from the author in a preface to his seventh edition :—

“That some of my readers have been disappointed I have reason to conclude from the strictures of the critics . . . almost all of whom, much to their credit, have discovered in it great symptoms of haste, carelessness, and want of arrangement, which, indeed, were they not to be detected in such a composition, I should scarcely dare to own the book at all, for I should be morally certain that it could not well be mine, so apt am I to forget all the rigid rules of art, when I merely seek to express some particular feeling. . . . The same able critics have also, it seems, found out that “*some of the poems are very indifferent.*” So they are; I know it as well as they; but they contain sentiments which I wished to propagate; and I should have heaped inconsistency upon inconsistency had I made a *Clodpole* write better.

“It pleases me much to see that some of the reviewers praise the very parts I have heard found fault with, while others find fault with the very parts I heard commended. Now it is so very natural as to be the easiest thing in the world to persuade myself that in the *first* instance the *reviewers* were *right*, and in the *last*

the *public*. And thus, though I am by constitution terribly touchy, being all nerves from head to foot, I manage to reconcile matters, and go to bed every night in good humour with one party at least. . . . The book may be exceedingly trifling, exceedingly unworthy of the notice of persons of very refined taste and judgment, but I cannot pay the world so bad a compliment as to think it would call for seven editions in so short a time if it were really so puerile, contemptible, vulgar, base, and low as the critical reviewers would represent it to be."

The author's anonymity gave rise to various conjectures, put forward more or less confidently, with which he humorously deals.

"The editors of the *British Critic* . . . seem to make sure that they have discovered me, and are pleased to tell the public that 'whoever knows the person they suppose to be the author, will be little surprised to find on paper the natural and unaffected humour which has always rendered him a favourite in the social circle.' Gentlemen, I hope you *do* know me ; I hope you *have* found me out ; I am very much obliged to you indeed, and shall be happy to see any of you to dinner, any day you please to appoint. You know where I live, of course.

"If I should pretend to *know myself*, nobody, I am confident, would give me credit ; it would be contrary to all expectation, whether ancient or

modern, Pagan or Christian. I beg leave, therefore, to declare at once, that I positively disclaim all such pretensions ; nay, I must affirm, that I do not *know* myself, if the present book, which is undoubtedly all of my own writing, be really so clever, droll, and ingenious, as some, even of the reviewers, have pronounced it to be. I am not aware that I am half so comical as some persons fancy me to be, and I am very certain that I am not half so severe as a few others, of whose strictures I have been informed, are inclined to think me.

“In the meanwhile, I have heard the book assigned to divers persons ; to some whom I know, and to some whom I do not know. In the first place, I have heard it assigned to Mr. Owen, the author of ‘The Fashionable World Displayed’ ; of *this* compliment to my genius, talents, and principles I beg that reverend and most respectable writer . . . to believe that I have secretly and silently been extremely proud.

“I have heard it given to Mr. Beresford, the author of ‘The Miseries of Human Life.’ With this gentleman I have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted, and a merrier man I know nowhere, as his *happy* display of human woes alluded to may lead any person to suppose.

“I have heard it attributed to two gentlemen of the same name. I believe I am right in adding, to Mr. *Robert* Nares, and Mr. *Edward* Nares. The former gentleman is also of my

acquaintance, and I respect him highly ; so highly, that I must candidly confess that I believe him to be, every hour of his life, more importantly engaged than in the fabrication of such trifles. Besides, he is an Archdeacon, and one would hope that the dignity of his station might well avert from him all suspicion of such an employment, though I verily believe that he is capable of laughing as opportunely, and of thinking to as much purpose, as anybody in the world. It is a matter of absolute fact, however, that he *has* been accused of being the author, and that he has publicly disavowed it in the following notification, which I read in one of the *Monthly Registers* : ‘ We can assure our facetious correspondent *Wits-end* that, as far as our information goes, “ Thinks I to Myself ” was *not* written either by a *deacon* or an Archdeacon ; he may find a hint, perhaps, in Ferrarius’ “ De Incognitis.” ’

“ Of the latter gentleman, Mr. *Edward* Nares, I have but very little to say, having (as I can most safely affirm) never had the honour of being introduced to him ; having never so much as once met him in all my life ; nor ever corresponded with him. How he came to be suspected of being the author I am wholly at a loss to say. I am acquainted with some works which bear his name, written in a style so different, that anybody, one would think, would acquit him of such levities. I have, however, great reason to believe that he is a firm friend to the Constitution both

in Church and State, as well as to the House of Brunswick; and so far we are certainly in agreement.

“I have heard it assigned to a person least of all perhaps likely to be the real author, though there is certainly no saying to what he might ever apply his very extraordinary and multifarious talents—I have been credibly informed that a wager was once laid that the book was written by *Lord Erskine*! * I relate the fact as I heard it—Lord Erskine the writer of a novel!!!! Anybody will allow that I may be proud of *this* compliment, and so I am—and *happy* into the bargain.

“Thus far as to supposed authors. It may be proper, perhaps, to add that I have positively never once heard it attributed to any of the Cabinet Council, or Bench of Bishops; to the Lord Mayor of London, or to Lucien Bonaparte.”

Some of the reviews which were most severe upon the book were known to be by no impartial critics, but in fact by polemical adversaries, who were anxious to discredit the author of “The Remarks on the Improved Version of the New Testament,” whom they supposed with good reason to have written it. These are referred to later on in the Preface from which I have quoted. It was curious that two such different works from the same pen should have appeared almost simultaneously. They were curiously alluded to in close

* Lord Chancellor 1806–1807.

connection in the *New Monthly Magazine* for May, 1814, by Mr. Frederick Bewley in a letter written from Perth. By that time the author's veil of anonymity had been pierced, and Mr. Bewley wrote not only of the "clever and sprightly fun" of the writer of the "most meritorious novel of the day," but also of "the delicacy, the moderation, and the gentleness with which he uniformly wields the pen of theological dispute."

It is not intended to make this chapter a review of a book the day of which is past and gone, but I would venture to extract two or three passages which deal with certain social questions, and which are not yet altogether out of place. One of the characters named "Twist," a vulgar *nouveau riche*, is described as exceedingly fond of betting on all sorts of events. After mentioning some of these, the writer proceeds thus :—

Of matches *against time* also, as they are called, Twist was equally fond. Now these are comparatively well enough, because, though, perhaps, in the course of every year a number of useful and innocent animals may get harassed and tormented out of their lives, yet there is no difficulty in determining who *wins* and who *loses*; but matches against ETERNITY (by which I understand all matches that *may*, on account of the cruelty, *profligacy*, or *folly* attending them be taken account of *HEREAFTER*), are certainly very silly, because, for what we can ever know in this mortal stage of our lives, the greatest *winner* may be the greatest *loser after all*. Twist himself absolutely killed two beautiful (and *favourite*!) ponies at this very work, and yet he thought he *won*; but, *thinks I to myself*, perhaps after all he *lost*, for "*the race is not always to the swift*."

I am willing, however, to hope and believe that Twist was not in his heart a *professed gambler*. . . . I have . . . more than once heard him declare that he would go far to save any *youths* from

the snares that are laid for them at the gaming table, and to prevent their taking the *first* step into that gulf of *horror* and *despair*. A professed and systematic gambler he ever regarded as a wretch too base to be entitled to the common rights and privileges of society. . . . What a pity that he could not have gone a few steps further, and seen the folly and corrupt tendency of his own mode of life, and that of most of his associates ; for *bad example* may, and often does, as effectually and as fatally take the *young* and *unwary* by surprise, as the most premeditated *design*, or the most studied *dissimulation* !

On one occasion the hero and his father went to call on the Twists. On their arrival they were received by the governess, who, on Mrs. Twist's entrance with her daughter, was directed to retire. This incident was turned to account thus :—

As we rode away from the Castle my father said all of a sudden, “Poor Miss Watson !” *Thinks I to myself*, “Why poor Miss Watson ?” We rode on ; not a word till we got near a quarter of a mile further, when my father could contain no longer. “Did you see, Bob,” says he, “how Mrs. Twist sent Miss Watson out of the room ? Surely it is wrong to degrade a governess in that manner in the eyes of her pupil. The *tutor* of any *young man of fortune or family* may become Archbishop of Canterbury, and why are the teachers of the other sex to be kept down below par, as they generally are ? . . . If hirelings of that description *must* be employed, it should at least not be forgotten what sort of hirelings they are ; they are, in fact, *hired Mothers*—*Mother's substitutes*, deputies, representatives, and I fear too often better mothers than the principals. . . . If we *must have them*, let us do them every justice they may deserve. Such are the changes and chances and revolutions of life, that it is often probable that a governess may become dependent on a person naturally and originally far below her in the order of society, not to mention again the probability of far greater mental and intellectual endowments ; how grating to such a person to be not only treated as dependent by such mothers, but as inferior to them. I confess I wish the *worthy* among *these substitutes* had but their fair chance of becoming Archbishops, and then they might have their revenge.

The few passages quoted here are not chosen as specimens of the humour of the book, but rather as illustrations of the artless way in which it was made the vehicle of the author's deep convictions. Here, then, is part of an after-dinner conversation, when Mr. Twist abruptly introduces a fresh topic :—*

"But only think," says he, "Mr. Dermont, of poor Tom Dash!"

"What of him?" says my father.

"Shot himself!"

"I had not heard a word of it."

"It *must* be *him*," says Mr. Twist; and pulling a newspaper from his pocket, "Here," he adds, "is the only public account I have seen of it—

"It is with extreme concern we hear that a gentleman very celebrated in the sporting world put an end to his existence yesterday at an inn not very distant from the metropolis."

"But," says my father, "how do you know it was him? His name is not mentioned."

"Oh, but I have it here in a *private* letter from a *friend*," says Mr. Twist, pulling one from his pocket, of such a shape and colour as I scarcely ever saw before; "it is from Sir Harry Harkaway's *hunter*, with whom I occasionally correspond. Here, at the bottom of his letter, he says, 'I suppose your honner will have heered of pure Muster Dash! What a Moll and Colly event has befallen him at Salt Hill!' Aye, that's the place, you see, exactly—an inn not very distant from the metropolis—there he shot himself, certainly."

"But why shot himself? I don't see that you have learnt that yet."

"What! Do you think he'd hang himself like a scoundrel, or go through the tedious ceremony of poisoning himself? If his existence is terminated, as I too much fear, depend upon it it was by a bullet, and by his own hand. Poor Tom! Well, it's

* This extract is slightly abbreviated, and is set out in a somewhat clearer style than in the original.

well he came to no worse end ! He was as near *hanged* once as could be.”

“But pray,” says my father, “how can you call it a *better* end than he is come to *now*, if it should be true that he has *shot himself* ? ”

“He could not possibly, my dear sir, have done a better deed ; he was completely *dished* ; the rest of his days must probably have been passed in the King’s Bench.”

“I don’t *quite* know, Twist,” rejoined my father, “what you mean by *dished*, but I should just wish to ask where you think *the rest of his days* will be passed *now* ? ”

“Oh, faith, I never thought of that ; but poor Tom, I must confess I believe, did not *much think* of passing his time anywhere but here, and when he was tired of it he made his bow and away he went.”

“And left all his brother whips to follow him, I suppose ? ”

“Follow *where* ? ”

“I don’t know, but not, I think, where they used to follow him, which was generally, I apprehend, to the *stables*.”

“Aye, often indeed they did. It would have done your heart good to see the style in which he kept his horses.”

“Well, I am glad of that for the sake of the poor horses, for, for what I know *they* might be very *sensible* and *worthy* horses, and deserve to be pampered and high fed.”

“They did, indeed,” says Mr. Twist, not at all seeing the drift of the insinuation.

“Well,” says my father, “but what do you really think Tom Dash will ever do in a *world* without *horses*, or *stables*, or *whips*, or *hounds* ? ”

“I don’t think he’ll go there.”

“Hold ! remember, Twist, he *must* go if he’s called, and he can’t shoot himself *out of the other world* as he has shot himself out of this.”

“That I can’t tell,” says Mr. Twist.

“But surely you can’t think he will have that power.”

“I tell you I don’t know ; but of this I am very certain, that he had the power to go out of this world when he chose, and he made use of it.”

“It *seems* to be just as you say, and yet I much question the truth of it.”

“How so ? Didn’t he shoot himself ? ”

"Oh, I don't deny that; but I much doubt whether he can be fairly said to have had *power* to do it. You yourself could certainly shoot me at this moment, if you chose it, but do you think the law has given you *power* to do it?"

"Oh, I *smoke* you now," says Mr. Twist, "you think *suicide* not lawful?"

"I do. Can you think otherwise?"

"To be sure; and it is but fair that as we came into this world without our own consent, we should not be compelled to stay in it if we don't like it."

"That's very good indeed," says my father. "So I suppose you think when a culprit is put upon his *trial*, because he is brought to the bar against his own consent, he may quit the court at his own discretion, and not wait for the sentence of removal?"

"I'll tell you what," says Mr. Twist, "I am no Parliament man or *speechifier*; and therefore I cannot undertake to argue the point with you; but I have at home a poem, written by one of the cleverest chaps in Christendom, where the business is proved to a nicety. If you can answer *that*, then I will be ready to confess that poor Tom Dash had better have stayed where he was."

My father begged he would send it. "It will be pleasant," said he, "to any of us to learn that we may shoot ourselves whenever we please; only till I see the poem, Twist, be assured that I won't believe we possess any such power or privilege."

My father, I really believe, felt glad to have inveigled Mr. Twist into an argument of this sort, hoping in time to be able to open his eyes a little to the extreme folly of the life led by himself and too many of his acquaintance.

The next day the poem came, directed to me, and fitly enough; for *thinks I to myself*, Mr. Twist surely fancies I shall never consent to marry his daughter unless I have free leave from God and man to quit the world at any time afterwards that I please! As was generally the case when I wanted to consider things with particular attention, I walked into the park with the poem in my pocket; when there I perused it, carefully noted my objections with a pencil, and was going to return, when, *thinks I to myself*, why not answer it in verse? I retired into a more secluded part of the park, and taking stanza by stanza went through the whole, till I had written a regular reply.

THE SUICIDE.

Averse from life, nor well resolved to die,
 Us'd but to murmur I retain my breath;
 Yet pant, enlarg'd from this cold world to try
 The hospitable though cold arms of death.

What future joys should bid me wish to live?
 What flatt'ring dreams of better days remain?
 What prospect can obscure existence give,
 A recompense for penury and pain?

Is there an hope that o'er this unton'd frame,
 Awakened health her wonted glow shall spread?
 Is there a path to pleasure, wealth, or fame,
 Which sickness, languor, and remorse can tread?

Why, therefore, should I doubt? What should I fear?
 Why for a moment longer bear my grief?
 Behold!—my great Deliverer is near,
 Immediate as I wish his prompt relief.

Oh! instance strange of free but blinded will,
 Discuss'd so much, so little understood;
 To bear the certainty of present ill,
 Before the certain chance of ill or good.

But what that chance? Why, be it what it may,
 Still 'tis a chance, and here my woes are sure.
 “Yet think, these woes are sorrows of a day,
 While those to all eternity endure!”

Think of the horrors of eternal pain;
 “Imagination startles at the name;
 Nor can impress upon the labouring brain,
 Duration endless still, and still the same.”

Well hast thou said;—nor can it be impress'd—
 Has blind credulity, that abject slave,
 Who thinks his nothingness, for ever bless'd,
 Shall hold eternal triumph o'er the grave?

When oceans cease to roll, rocks melt away,
Atlas and Ætna sink into the plain,
The glorious Sun, the elements decay,
Shall Man, Creation's flimsiest work, remain?

What shall remain of Man? His outward frame?
Soon shall that moulder to its native dust!
Or haply that unbodied subtle flame,
Which occupies and animates the bust?

Let but a finger ache, the kindred soul,
Its intimate alliance shall perceive;
Let ultimate destruction grasp the whole,
The soul immortal and unchang'd shall live.

Stop but one conduit, and the tone is lost,
But, burst each pipe, and tear up every key;
Then shall the decomposed organ's ghost
Swell the loud peal of endless harmony.

So shall that quality whose pow'rs arise
From various parts by nicest art arrang'd,
With every shock they suffer sympathise,
Yet after their destruction live unchang'd.

So much for argument, the legends vain
Of priestly craft reach not th' ingenuous mind
Let knaves invent, and folly will maintain
The wildest system that deludes mankind.

Did these exist the very hill they paint
Were then the very heav'n they desire;
'Twere hard to choose, a devil or a saint,
Eternal sing-song, or eternal fire.

Ye idle hopes of future joys, farewell!
Farewell ye groundless fears of future woe
Lo! the sole argument on which to dwell
Shall I, or shall I not, this life forego?

I know the storm that waits my destin'd head,
The trifling joys I yet may hope to reap,
The momentary pang I have to dread,
The state of undisturb'd undreaming sleep!

Then all is known,—and all is known too well,
Or to distract, or to delay my choice;—
No hopes solicit, and no fears rebel
Against my ultimate determin'd voice.

Had I suspicions that a future state
Might yet exist, as haply I have none,
'Twere worth the cost to venture on my fate,
Impell'd by curiosity alone.

Sated with life, and amply gratified
In every worldly pleasure life can give,
One sole enjoyment yet remains untried,
One only novelty—to cease to live.

Not yet reduc'd a scornful alms to crave,
Not yet of those with whom I live the sport,
No great man's pander, parasite or slave,
O death! I seek thy hospitable port!

Thou, like a virgin in her bridal sheet,
Seemest prepar'd consenting kind to lie;
The happy bridegroom I, with hasty feet,
Fly to thy arms in rapt'rous extacy!

THE ANSWER.*

Never more modulate with your sweet aid,
Ye gentle Muses, such unhallow'd strains!
"Resolv'd to die." Shall this by *Man* be said?
Thankless for pleasure, shall he bear no pains?

* This was written in 1789 in reply to the above, as to the author of which no clue is given. In my MSS. copy it is headed thus:—"The following was written in reply to the doctrine of the opposite lines, that the dangerous elegance of the Poetry might not sanction the sentiments of the writer."

To him who from the cold tomb *hopes* to rise,
 Death's icy arms full "hospitable" are;
 But who, averse from this world, murmur'ing flies,
 Thy sting, O Grave! mistakingly may dare.

Why dost thou ask, if flatt'ring hopes remain?
 If to thy "unton'd frame" health may return?
 Sure to *new* scenes of pleasure or of pain
 Some hand may burst the cerements of thy urn.

The varying seasons expectation give:
 Go to the clos'd up buds in winter's gloom,
 Ask by what recreating pow'r *they* live,
 In gay springtide *who* renovates *their* bloom?

This is experience:—but the grave's unknown
 From pain, from sickness, and from penury,
 From earthly tribulations, when thou'rt flown,
 How dost thou know Death will deliver thee?

It is no instance of a blinded will
 To shun a chance so little understood;
 Better to bear the weight of present ill,
 Than risk the certain loss of future good.

What is thy chance, then? Here thy lot is sure—
 "The days of Man are threescore years and ten."
 And seldom more;—how long they *may* endure,
 The wisest knows not, if we live again.

Why does eternity so startle you?
 Say, is it easier to comprehend
 What pow'rs this mighty system can undo,
 And everything annihilate and end?

Exert thy reason, surely that's no slave;
 Why should'st thou trust to what thou *canst not know*?
 Thy *thoughts* destroy us, reason strives to save
 And unpresuming says it *may* be so.

Should "Oceans cease to roll, Rocks melt away,
Atlas and Ætna sink into a plain,
The glorious Sun, the elements decay,"
Man, the Creator's image, may remain.

All *may* remain of Man ! His outward frame
May for the present moulder and decay ;
But yet not *lost*, if God remains the same,
He *hath* call'd *unform'd* beings into day !

"Let but a finger ache, the kindred soul
Its intimate alliance" *may* "perceive" ;
Yet cut off limbs, the mind continues whole,
Uninjur'd, unimpair'd, it yet may live !

"Stop but one conduit, and the tone is lost,"
And "burst each pipe and tear up every key" ;
Still for some new form'd frame, the "Organ's Ghost"
May yet exist ; unalter'd harmony ?

So may "that quality," whose pow'rs arise
Not from man's feeble and decaying frame,
"With every shock" it suffers "sympathize,"
"Yet after its destruction, live" the same.

May this be argument ;—"th' ingenuous mind"
Builds not on "priestly craft," or legends vain ;
Sure the sad "system" that destroys mankind,
"Knaves" have invented, "folly" doth maintain !

Is there the hell that Holy Writ declares ?
The heav'n we hope for, is it really such ?
The wretch that *shrinks* from *this* world and its cares
In such a choice, would hesitate not much.

"Shall I, or shall I not, this life forego ?"
This is the argument on which you'd dwell ;
Yet sure 'tis weak, unknowing where you go,
To bid the *chances of this* world farewell.

The will of Heav'n's conceal'd from human eye,
 How dare you say you "know the storm to come" !
 The parting pang *may be* but "momentary,"
 But may there be no *dreaming* in the tomb?

All is *not* known ;—yet sure enough is seen,
 Much to delay and counteract thy choice :
 Hopes should solicit, fears should intervene
 Against thy rash and ill-determin'd voice.

Thy curiosity will soon be o'er ;
 Why should'st thou go in danger all alone ?
 Canst thou not tarry one short moment more ?
 The term of this life's limited and known.

"Sated with life" and all its varying joys,
 Try no new scene you cannot judge of well ;
 God in His own good time will raise His voice
 If you *believe* not *heav'n*, yet *risk* not *hell* !

"No great man's pander, parasite, or slave,"
 Nor "yet of those with whom" you "live the sport"
 Nor "yet reduc'd a scornful alms to crave,"
 Why like a fugitive to death resort ?

Death's arms are hospitable, but to those
 Who have fulfill'd on earth Heav'n's high decrees ;
 The *good* in the cold grave *may* find *repose*
 And wake at last to heavenly extacies.

This chapter has already run to a greater length than I had originally intended. The obvious literary defects of this hurriedly written book were fully noticed by the critics, whose verdict seems to have had no effect in checking the demand for it. No one was more surprised at this than the author himself, and he refrained from making any alteration in the text out of respect to the judgment of

the public. He says at the close of the appendix to the later editions :—

“I do not pretend to place myself above the opinion of any man, but I must say, in this instance, I feel already *placed by the public at large* very much above such criticism as I have had occasion to notice ; and am perfectly assured, from what has passed, of these two facts, that what is *wit* to the *witty* is *not* wit to the *dull* ; what seems entirely without meaning to the slow of understanding, may abound in matter for those of quicker apprehensions.”

CHAPTER XXIII

Proctor in Convocation—Addresses to the King

TOWARDS the end of October, 1812, Mr. Nares was invited by the Archdeacon of Canterbury (Dr. H. Radcliffe) to permit himself to be proposed to the clergy for election as one of their Proctors in Convocation ; and on the 10th of November he was unanimously elected as such in conjunction with Sir John Fagg, Bart., then Rector of Chartham. Though he felt pleased at the manner in which he had been approached and supported, he was fully sensible of the powerless and undignified state to which Convocation had been reduced. He writes of this as follows :—

“It is an useless but honourable office. In former days—that is, I apprehend, about 350 years ago—the appointment was undoubtedly one of dignity and importance, the Proctors of the clergy having a seat in Parliament, and other privileges, to which I am not certain but that they have still a direct claim. At least it appears so from

Collier's 'Ecclesiastical History,' and Atterbury on the Rights of an English Convocation. The clergy appear to have dispossessed themselves of their rights in this particular, and though they sought a compensation in the privilege of voting as freeholders for county members, I am not sure that this was either a wise measure or strictly constitutional. I do not discommend their abandonment of power and publicity, but I think they did more than they had a right to do in surrendering generally privileges of so much consequence, which their successors will probably never be suffer'd to resume.

"Having occasion to go to London soon after my election, I did not omit to attend the first meeting of the Convocation at St. Paul's on the 25th of November. I had great difficulty to inform myself of the nature of the proceedings. I call'd at Lambeth, but the Archbishop was from home, and I only saw his Secretary, who pretty plainly shewed me that I must expect no aid whatever from Lambeth, but with much impropriety, as I thought, advis'd me to join the Bishop of London, or the Bishop of Salisbury, who were likely to attend. I knew them both, but the Archbishop was my Diocesan, and I felt indignant that the representative of his Clergy should be so coolly dismiss'd by his secretary, and almost recommended as a stray sheep to the care of other Bishops. I did not trouble either of their Lordships nor his Grace's Secretary any further."

Having found his way to St. Paul's at the appointed time he was no more favourably impressed.

“The whole business appear'd to me ill-arrang'd and ill-conducted ; nor did I feel at all satisfied that the Lower House of Convocation had its proper share in the transactions even of that day. The only members of the Upper House present were the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London and Salisbury. *They* appear'd in state, follow'd by a numerous body of *civilians* in their proper robes, but such of the clergy of the Lower House as were present were left to find their places as best they could ; and upon retiring to choose a prolocutor, scarcely twenty were present, most of them being entirely ignorant of the course of proceeding. The impression left upon my mind was that the Lower House was shorn of all dignity, and its members scarcely distinguish'd from the lowest attendants upon the Primate and the Bishops. Though, therefore, I continued in town beyond the time fix'd for the subsequent meetings, I neither attended at Westminster when the Prolocutor (my old friend and schoolfellow Dr. Charles Hall, Dean of Christ Church) was presented, nor did I accompany the procession when the address was presented to the Prince Regent. What struck me in the proceedings at St. Paul's, struck others also in the same light, but perhaps I was to blame for not attending the other meetings, when, for what I know, things might have been better manag'd.”

Though Mr. Nares continued to represent the clergy of the Diocese of Canterbury to the end of his life he did not frequently attend the meetings of Convocation. Being in London, however, in February, 1833, and seeing in the newspapers that Convocation was to address the King on the 22nd, he thought he might as well put in an appearance.

“I was directed first to repair to the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, where I met many of the Prelates in their robes, and heard Latin prayers read by the Archbishop. From thence we proceeded to St. James’s, where the King received us in great state, sitting on the throne, and surrounded by his ministers. After the Archbishop had read the address, I was called to the foot of the throne, and very audibly presented to kiss the King’s hand. His Majesty spoke to me, and indeed said more than I could well hear. I was not aware that only the members of the Lower House were presented on such occasions, and as I represented the clergy of the Archdiocese of Canterbury my turn came first of all.”

In 1837, on the death of King William IV., Dr. Nares was re-elected for the last time as a Proctor. Convocation at that time was much irritated at the omission to refer to its judgment certain projected changes in the ecclesiastical economy, and more particularly by the novel institution of a permanent Royal Commission, of which laymen in their official capacity were to form the majority. Feeling it his

duty to join in any attempt that might be made to protest against such a contempt of ancient rights and privileges, Dr. Nares, in spite of the weight of his seventy-five years, made a special effort to be present. At the opening of this session, various amendments calling attention to the matter were proposed in the address to the Queen, but after discussion they were all withdrawn, not from any less acute sense of the slight put upon Convocation, but in the hope that some more suitable opportunity might present itself for giving expression to the view taken of the manner in which it had been ignored.

Dr. Nares formed one of the deputation appointed to present the address to Her Majesty, but, as it seems better his account of that interesting ceremony should come in the chronological order of this narrative, I defer quoting it for the present.

CHAPTER XXIV

At Blenheim again—Regius Professor—The Prince Regent's
Levee

MR. NARES' only surviving daughter by Lady Charlotte had from the time of her mother's death been a frequent visitor at Blenheim, as well as at Lord Shaftesbury's, Lady Clifden's, and other of her relatives' houses. Mr. Nares, however, had never been included in the invitations to Blenheim, and it was with much pleasure that he received a letter in December, 1813, from Lady Francis Spencer, saying that the Duke had commissioned her to write and beg that he would not only allow his daughter to visit her grandfather, but that he would bring her to Blenheim himself.

In the sixteen years that had intervened since his first marriage, death had thinned the family circle of the Spencers. The Duchess had died in 1811, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, her second daughter, had passed away at the close of the previous year, and Lady Clifden, her eldest daughter, died a few days after Mr. Nares had paid this visit.

On Monday, December 13th, Mr. Nares left Bid-

denden with his daughter, and passing one night at Reading with Archdeacon Nares, reached Blenheim at 5.0 p.m. on the following day. They were received in a most friendly manner by Lord Francis, on behalf of the Duke, who was confined to his room by infirmity and did not dine with the family. After dinner his Grace sent for the visitors, and as he shook hands with Mr. Nares was greatly affected. By his Grace, as well as by the rest of the house party, numbering thirteen, he was heartily welcomed, and the old servants, who remembered him as a visitor there before his marriage, greeted him with an affectionate respect which touched him deeply. On the morning after his arrival the Duke sent him the keys of the private gates in the grounds, remembering how fond he had been of walking about the place, with a request that he would stay longer than the two nights at first proposed. This, however, he was unable to do, having made other engagements in Oxford and London. He spent the night of the 17th with the Warden of Merton, and renewed his acquaintance with many leading members of the University, and also called on several of the Corporation of the City. The next day he returned to London, where he was surprised to receive, immediately on his arrival, congratulations on his appointment as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He had actually passed on the road a letter from Lord Liverpool, which had been forwarded from Biddenden, offering him the post which was vacated by Dr. Beeke on his nomination to the Deanery of Bristol.

As this appointment became publicly known so soon after Mr. Nares' visit to Blenheim, it was thought by many to be due in some measure to the Duke's influence. This, however, was not the case; and it may be as well to give the exact facts. As long previously as 1795, Dr. Nowell, who was then Professor of Modern History, being seriously ill, the Vice Chancellor and others had caused communications to be sent to Mr. Pitt recommending Mr. Nares for the post in case of a vacancy occurring. Mr. Pitt's reply was considered favourable, but Dr. Nowell unexpectedly recovered. When Dr. Nowell died a few years later Mr. Nares had left Oxford, and Dr. Beeke was appointed. On the 18th of November, 1813, having heard of the promotion of Dr. Parsons, Master of Balliol, to the See of Peterborough, and of Dr. Beeke to the Deanery of Bristol, Mr. Nares wrote both to Lord Liverpool and to Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, requesting them, if it were possible, to consider his claims in some of the Oxford movements. Lord Liverpool's reply was dated the very day of Mr. Nares' arrival at Blenheim, and was, therefore, written before he could have had any knowledge of his reception there. It bears on its very face such evidence of the Prime Minister's sense of responsibility in matters of this nature as to merit being quoted at length.

“ FIFE HOUSE, 14th Dec., 1813.

“ SIR—I receiv'd about three weeks ago your letter on the subject of your situation in the

Church, and . . . was unable at that time to return any answer to it, but having since had an opportunity of considering your pretensions, and of communicating with those whom I am accustomed to consult upon occasions of this nature, I have no difficulty now in offering you the Professorship of Modern History, upon the understanding that you will read a course of lectures annually, or every alternate year, as the leading members of the University may think most advisable.

“ I feel it of some importance at the present moment that this lecture should be reviv'd, and I am confident that, with your habit of study and of writing, you can have no difficulty in accomplishing this purpose, particularly when it is considered how many excellent works have been published on the Continent in the course of the last few years, which serve as books of reference for any information which may be desired on this subject.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most obedient and humble servant,

“ LIVERPOOL.”

On this Mr. Nares remarks :—

“ I have not been able to learn exactly who those were with whom his lordship consulted, but it is somewhat remarkable that the only person really named to me as having been consulted is Dr. Cyril Jackson, the Dean of Christ Church,

whom I had by no means regarded as my friend. I am happy to find I was mistaken, because his good opinion, as a most eminent member of the University, and one of the first scholars of the age, is of the highest value and importance."

The appointment was generally well received, and Mr. Bewley, in the letter already alluded to (p. 188), commented on it in the following somewhat extravagant terms :—

"The Government has lately done itself signal honour by presenting this gentleman to the Chair of Modern History at Oxford; and, did it rest with me, he should occupy a loftier eminence in the ecclesiastical firmament, and should be acknowledged, as well from his elevation, as from the rays which he has emitted, to be a star of the first magnitude in the English Church."

After remaining a few days in town, where he called on Lord Liverpool, Mr. Vansittart, and the Speaker, who was M.P. for the University, the new Professor returned to Biddenden. Of course, he received many congratulatory letters, and, among others, one from Lord Francis Spencer expressing the Duke's satisfaction at the news of the appointment. Long residence at Biddenden had now made the place appear more attractive than it had seemed during the first few years of his incumbency, and both he and the people had got to understand

each other so well that he was able to write as follows :—

“Nothing gives me more satisfaction than to find my parishioners at Biddenden are become apprehensive that I shall soon be taken from them. For my own part I hope not ; I do not wish to quit the place entirely. It affords me (what too few can enjoy) perfect retirement among neighbours universally attach'd to me. I do not really know one person in Biddenden who does not wish me to remain where I am. The alarm excited by this unexpected promotion is singularly grateful to my feelings. But, thank God ! I need not quit them yet.

“Towards the end of February I went to London for the purpose of attending the presentation of an address from the University to the Prince Regent, but on my arrival in town found that it was suddenly postpon'd, on account of H.R.H.'s indisposition, from the 25th of February to the 7th of March. As it was thought fit that I should attend, I avail'd myself of the postponement to proceed to Oxford to take the accumulated degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity. I paid a second visit to the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, where I was most kindly receiv'd, and pass'd some days with the Warden of Merton. The Prince continuing ill, the address was further postpon'd, and, as I was myself unwell, I found it most prudent to return home, and thus lost the opportunity of being presented and kissing hands

on my appointment, which I had hop'd to do before I left London."

Dr. Nares had not to wait long for an opportunity of rectifying this omission.

"As the Regent was to hold a Levee on May the 11th, and Lord Francis Spencer had particularly offer'd to present me, I again repair'd to London. I went to the Levee from Marlborough House in the Duke's carriage, with Lord Francis Spencer and his brother-in-law, Lord William Fitzroy. The crowd was prodigious. The Prince receiv'd me very graciously, addressing me by name, as though he had known me before. I din'd afterwards with a large party at Marlborough House. On the 16th the second Edition of my 'Remarks on the Improved Version' was ready for delivery, and I employ'd the whole of the morning of the 17th in presenting it to particular persons, of whom I saw the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Bishop of Durham, all of whom were particularly civil and obliging. Lord Liverpool, to whom I have dedicated it, was not at home, but he did me the honour of writing to me in the course of the evening. The Bishop of London (Howley) also wrote, enclosing a card of invitation to dinner on the 19th, which I accepted, and had the pleasure of meeting many persons of high rank and consequence. On the 20th I return'd to Biddenden."

CHAPTER XXV

The War on the Continent—Visit of the Emperor of Russia, &c.,
in 1814

THE year 1814 marked a great crisis in the history of Europe; and though its events have been recorded again and again, it may be interesting to hear the following account written while they were fresh in the writer's memory :—

“The beginning of the year 1814 was mark'd by such singular and important events that it is impossible to pass them by unnotic'd. The grand Confederacy against France (or rather the tyrant of France, Napoleon) had at length obtain'd such advantages as to seriously threaten his overthrow. The alliance against him this year was remarkably significant, two Emperors, a King, and an heir-apparent to a Kingdom having actually taken the field against him.* These were afterwards strengthen'd by the adhesion of three other

* The Emperors of Russia (Alexander I.) and Austria (Francis II.), the King of Prussia (Frederick William III.), and the Crown Prince of Sweden (Bernadotte).

monarchs who had previously espous'd the cause of France, the Kings of Bavaria and Wirtemberg and the Grand Duke of Baden. Such an association was absolutely unparallel'd in history.

“Everything, at the same time, seem'd to proceed in favour of the Allies. Spain and Portugal stood deliver'd from French usurpation by the heroic achievements of the English Army under Lord Wellington, and France in the south was actually invaded. The Northern Confederacy, after the battle of Leipzig, seem'd to hesitate about passing the Rhine and invading France from the east. But at length the Rubicon was pass'd, and all men expected the downfall of the tyrant. He, however, rais'd forces to meet the invading armies, and had address enough to procure his minister to be admitted to a congress for Peace. The suspense in which the whole world was kept by these proceedings is not to be describ'd. Everybody appear'd to dread a peace with a power that had violated all preceding treaties, and yet it was by no means clear that the Allies would march to Paris. The cause of the Bourbons was not enthusiastically supported, nor did their restoration seem to be a matter of much weight, either among the French or with the great potentates in the field.

“Towards the end of March, however, it became known that Bonaparte had *madly* decided to reject the overtures of the Allies. Hostilities recommenc'd, and in a few days the Confederate armies were actually under the walls of Paris.

“The dethronement of Bonaparte was speedily determin’d, and the security of Paris being assur’d, the Allies enter’d it under circumstances of peculiar interest. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia at the head of their respective armies were hail’d as deliverers by the whole population, as they enter’d the capital of an enemy who had burnt Moscow, pillag’d Berlin, and ravag’d their countries. They were soon afterwards join’d by the Emperor of Austria and the Crown Prince of Sweden,* who had greatly distinguished himself in this campaign.

“But the most exhilarating circumstance was the voluntary recall by the French of their lawful King, Louis XVIII., and the formal surrender of the empire by the tyrant Napoleon. The King of France being in England, and his recall appearing to be a pledge of returning and lasting peace, much joy and gratulation was expressed throughout the kingdom. White flags were display’d on all the churches, and the white cockade became a common badge in the metropolis. The Prince Regent went in state to accompany the King of France upon his public entry into London, and at

* Marshal Bernadotte, one of Napoleon’s generals, had been elected Crown Prince of Sweden by the Diet, in 1810, and was formally adopted by Charles XIII. as his son, succeeding him on the throne as Charles XIV., in 1818. Napoleon imperiously demanded the help of Sweden against England, and after a series of disputes invaded Swedish Pomerania and the island of Rugen. This led Sweden to seek an alliance with Russia, which was concluded by a treaty signed at Abo in 1812, by which it was agreed that Norway should be detached from Denmark and annexed to Sweden, this being accomplished in 1814.

the moment I write this I am within hearing of the guns firing Royal Salutes upon the coast on occasion of His Majesty's embarkation in the Royal Yacht of England, under the command of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, to return to the throne of his ancestors. I am only sorry to have been prevented from being an eye-witness of this, as I hope, last great scene of the Tragedy of Europe."

These anticipations were not realised, but another effort was soon made by Napoleon before he was finally subdued and peace secured. The glorious story of Waterloo, however, does not need to be rewritten here.

Bonaparte's first abdication at Fontainebleau was signed in April, 1814, and in celebration of this great and significant event an immense number of illustrious persons visited England, and were publicly fêted at London, Oxford, and Portsmouth in the following June.

"On Monday, the 5th of June, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia arriv'd at Dover, with a large company of princes and generals, highly distinguished for their prowess in the late campaigns. The Public had long expected their arrival, and great preparations had been made for their reception. It so happen'd, however, that the Emperor and the King manag'd to pass incognito through the crowds that were assembl'd on the road to London and in the suburbs to see them,

and actually arriv'd at their apartments in town before they were discovered.

"The continual fêtes and public entertainments that ensued in London, Oxford, and Portsmouth exceeded anything of the kind known before.

"I shall here record the names of the great personages invited to the dinner given by the city of London, as so extraordinary a company will, perhaps, never meet again :—

H.R.H. the Prince Regent.	H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.
H.I.M. the Emperor of Russia.	La Princesse Volskouski.
H.M. the King of Prussia.	The Prince Gaegarine.
H.I.M. the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh.	H.S.H. the Prince of Oldenburgh.
H.R.H. the Prince Royal of Prussia.	H.S.H. the Prince of Coburg.
H.R.H. Prince Frederick of Prussia, nephew of the King.	Maréchal Barclay de Tolly.
H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the King.	General Platoff.
H.R.H. Prince William of Prussia, son of the King.	Prince Volskouski.
H.R.H. Prince William of Prussia, brother of the King.	Princess Volskouski.
H.R.H. Prince Augustus of Prussia, cousin of the King.	Prince Czatoniké.
H.R.H. the Duke of York.	Prince Charles of Mecklenburgh
H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence*	Prince Radzivil.
H.R.H. the Duke of Kent.	Prince Hardenburg.
H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.*	H.S.H. the Duke of Saxe Weimar
H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.	Marshal Blucher.
	H.S.H. the Prince of Orange.
	H.R.H. the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg.
	H.R.H. the Prince Royal of Bavaria.
	H.H. the Duc d'Orleans.
	Prince Metternich.
	Prince Lichtenstein.

* Those marked thus were unavoidably prevented from attending.

“ Besides these there were the various ambassadors and foreign ministers, the heads of the Church and Law, as well as the principal members of our own Administration. This great dinner took place in the Guildhall on Saturday, June the 18th.

“ Had I been quite out of the way of seeing any of these grand sights, and great people, I should probably have been well able to restrain my curiosity, but when they first arriv'd few people could have appear'd more likely to see them, and with peculiar advantages.

“ It was, I think, on the 6th of June they landed at Dover. Her Majesty had fix'd to hold a Drawing Room on the 16th, which I was prepar'd to attend, and to pass on to Oxford where I was specially appointed to preach the Act sermon before the University, when all the illustrious visitors and the Prince Regent were expected. Unfortunately the Queen postpon'd her Court which so hasten'd the visit to Oxford, that it was difficult to give sufficient notice to those at a distance. I myself received my summons only on Sunday, the 12th, and they were to dine in state in the Radcliffe Library on the 14th, for which, as a Regius Professor, I had a special invitation.

“ I order'd horses, but having my duty to perform at church before I could start, and foreseeing a great probability of being stopp'd for want of horses in going post across country, I relinquish'd the attempt. It would otherwise have been peculiarly interesting to me to have shared in this great reception, and I should also have been

in the way of seeing these celebrities at Blenheim, which they also visited in great state.

“I may add that my friend, Dr. Landon, who was Vice-Chancellor at the time, had kept a bed for me at his own house, not expecting that I should be the only person having *ex officio* a place at the table, to be absent from the state dinner.

“The Emperor and his sister, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, were receiv’d at Merton, sleeping at the lodgings of my friend the Warden, On the 1st of July I was at Oxford, staying at the Warden’s. The room assigned to me was the one which had been occupied by the Grand Duchess. The Drawing Room separated her apartments from the Emperor’s, a spacious landing at the top of the great staircase communicating with the three rooms. I was inform’d by the servant who attended upon them, that neither the Emperor nor his sister slept in the beds prepar’d for them, but the former on a mattress on the ground at the foot of his bed, and the latter on a couch. Four servants slept in their clothes on the landing, and did no small damage by their foreign habits, and disregard of the value of furniture.

“Having lost these particular opportunities of being in their presence, I could not resist putting myself in the way of seeing them on their return, as it was expected that, on their way from Portsmouth to Dover, they would pass within a few miles of Biddenden. To be sure of them, however, I thought it quite worth our while to repair to Dover. I went there, therefore, with my wife and

daughter on Saturday, the 25th. We found the town in great bustle and confusion, peace having been proclaim'd in the morning, and a general illumination announc'd for the evening.

"Owing to the mistake of some signal, from four o'clock in the evening till ten at night, four regiments of infantry—the Rifles, the 43rd, 51st, and 52nd—lin'd the streets, and the Scots Greys were in attendance at the entrance of the town to form an escort. The illuminations were very beautiful, but some disappointment was caused by the non-appearance of the Royal Company. At ten o'clock the mistake was discover'd, the soldiers withdrew to their barracks, and all became quiet.

"The next day it was better ascertain'd that they would arrive in the evening. Being Sunday, all good people repair'd to church, as usual, and about four o'clock the troops again took up their former positions. At six o'clock the King of Prussia and his suite enter'd the town, and were receiv'd with military honours. Still there was no Emperor, nor any tidings of him. Night drew on, the soldiers lay down in the streets half asleep, when, about eleven o'clock, a gun from the signal station at Folkestone announc'd his approach. The town was immediately in a bustle, bugles sounded, a call was made for lights, and in a moment the whole place was illuminated as if by magic. The Emperor arriv'd about midnight. He was in an open carriage belonging to the Regent, drawn by six artillery horses in their military harness, with their regimental drivers.

He was accompanied only by his sister, and though the weather was bad, and the night so far advanc'd, His Majesty condescended to remain uncover'd all the time that the carriage was passing slowly through the town. Immediately behind the carriage came the whole regiment of Scots Greys commanded by Lord Rosslyn, with their swords drawn, while the guns at the Castle and various batteries continued to salute till he alighted at his lodgings.

"The next day—the 27th—they all embark'd. The King of Prussia went first, at eleven o'clock, from the beach below the York Hotel in the barge of the *Nymph* frigate, passing down to it through a line of troops, and under a salute from the Castle and the ships. On the barge putting off, His Majesty and the Princess were loudly cheered, at which they waved their hats, and bow'd to the assembl'd crowds. Just as he reached the frigate, whose yards were mann'd, H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence arriv'd from Portsmouth in the *Cerberus*, and went in his barge to take leave of the King and Princes. He afterwards came on shore to attend the Emperor, being receiv'd with military honours.

"Lord William Fitzroy, who happen'd to be in attendance upon him, kindly procur'd us admission into the very house where the Emperor was lodging, close to which the Royal Yacht was moor'd in the inner harbour. At six o'clock H.I.M. enter'd the yacht from the house of Mr. Fector, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and

many naval officers of distinction, amid the cheers of the assembl'd throng, which were gratefully acknowledged by His Majesty, who continued uncovered, bowing at the side of the vessel. Scarcely had His Majesty reach'd the deck when the Earl of Yarmouth, the Earl of Rosslyn, and other noble persons, knelt down and kiss'd the Emperor's hand, taking their leave. His own ambassador, also, the Count Lieven, embrac'd him, and took his departure. At the instant that the Royal Standard of Russia was hoisted on the mast of the yacht, the cannon from all the surrounding batteries fir'd a royal salute, while trumpets, bugles, and bands of music enhanc'd the solemnity of the moment. Being near to His Majesty, I could observe that he was sensibly mov'd by this striking salute of *his* flag. It was a full hour after the embarkation before the yacht passed the pier head, during which time it mov'd slowly through the harbour, which on both sides was crowded with people. The Emperor returned their cheers by bowing continually as the vessel pass'd along. As soon as it had clear'd the harbour His Majesty came to the stern, took off his hat, and, waving it in the air, with the other hand press'd upon his breast, cheer'd the whole company. Meanwhile, the ships, with yards mann'd, fir'd royal salutes, and thus, amid the roar of cannon, bowing, and waving his hand to the last, the Russian monarch took his leave of the English shore. It was altogether a most memorable sight, such as I have never seen surpass'd."

CHAPTER XXVI

An Act Sermon—Address to the Regent—The Queen's Drawing Room—Visits to Boston House and Blenheim

FRESH from the interesting sights he had witnessed at Dover, Dr. Nares had to hasten to Oxford, where he was appointed to preach the Act Sermon, on the 3rd of July. This was listened to with great attention by many persons of great eminence, among others by Dr. Samuel Parr, one of the greatest scholars of the sister University. It was published at the Clarendon Press, at the earnest request of the Vice-Chancellor.

On the 15th of the same month he formed one of the deputation appointed to present two addresses to the Prince Regent—one to thank him for his visit to Oxford, and the other on the conclusion of peace. The replies to these addresses were felicitous, both in style and substance, and were delivered, Dr. Nares says, “with peculiar animation and emphasis, particularly that which concerned his visit to Oxford,” which ran as follows :—

“The reception which I experienced on my

late visit to the University of Oxford was, in every respect, most gratifying to me.

“I had great satisfaction in presenting to the notice of the illustrious personages who accompanied me the venerable establishments for which you are distinguished. They were not insensible to the effects of your liberal institutions, in the orderly, yet animated, expression of public feeling called forth on that memorable occasion.

“To me they were peculiarly interesting, as I deeply feel how much the best interests of the country are involved in the success of your exertions to provide for the Church and State their future ornaments and support.”

There appears to have been more than common sincerity in this reply, delivered, as it was, with special emphasis, for Dr. Nares adds :—

“As he came from the throne he more privately express'd himself, both to Lord Grenville, the Chancellor, and to Dr. Landon, the Vice-Chancellor. As I stood next to the latter, I distinctly heard what he said, and record it for the credit both of the Prince and the University. He assur'd Dr. Landon that he never spoke more truly than when he said that his reception at Oxford was more gratifying to him than anything he had ever experienc'd ; that the order, regularity, and conduct of the whole was beyond all praise ; and that, though he had no doubt

but that if he came again all would be equally well conducted, he was perfectly certain it could not be more so.

“On the next day Her Majesty held a very splendid Drawing Room at her own palace in the park, which I also attended, and had the honour of kissing her hand on my appointment.

“This was the first Drawing Room held since the return of the Duke of Wellington from Spain, after his glorious services and achievements there. His Grace was present, decorated with innumerable orders, and I had frequent opportunity of being in his group. It was pleasant to look at so renown'd a hero, in the zenith of his glory, with such perfect ease. His manner was perfectly unaffected and unembarrass'd. He was good-naturedly noticing the growth of all the young people during his absence from the kingdom. He came and departed alone, and in so plain a carriage that the crowds who waited in the park to greet him let him pass almost unobserv'd.

“The Russian General of Cossacks (Platoff), so noted for offering his daughter and a large dowry to any one who would bring Bonaparte to him, dead or alive, was also present at this Court.

“Her Majesty receiv'd me very graciously, and seem'd to recognise me, though she had not seen me for many years. I had an opportunity on these occasions of renewing many acquaintances with people of whom, during my long residence at Biddenden, I had lost sight.

“On Sunday, the 17th, I preach’d a charity sermon at Brentford, on behalf of a national school founded by Colonel Clitherow, and pass’d two days with him at Boston House.”

In this year the *British Critic*, which had been chiefly edited by Archdeacon Nares, from 1793 to 1814, passed into other hands, and Dr. Nares, though requested to continue to contribute to it, felt that he was too deeply engaged to do so. During the previous twenty years he had contributed upwards of sixty-five articles on various subjects, a list of which is given in the Appendix. A long critique on Hewlett’s Bible was transferred to the new edition, and inserted in their fourth number.

Dr. Nares had intended to enter upon the duties of his professorship in the Michaelmas term of 1814, but the warrant of appointment was not delivered in time for him to do so, being delayed in order that some new regulations might be drawn up, of which more anon.

Towards the end of November he received notice that his name was to be submitted to the Convocation of the University as a select preacher for 1815 and 1816, to which he consented, though with some reluctance, having a great deal of work on hand, and suffering from weakness in the eyes, which had doubtless been caused by his close studies, and aggravated by his habit of reading out of doors as he walked about his garden or his parish, both in the glare of the summer sun, and the chill of the winter winds.

In December Dr. Nares again paid a short visit to Blenheim. Arriving there with his daughter on December 13th, he found a larger party in the house than usual, consisting almost entirely of the Duke's relations and a few of Lady Francis Spencer's, among the latter being the Dowager Duchess of Grafton, Lady Charlotte Fitzroy, and Miss F. Pigot. They were received by the whole party with the greatest kindness, and were pressed to stay longer than they had at first intended. Dr. Nares, however, was obliged, by the pressure of other engagements, to leave on the 16th, but he left his daughter for a longer sojourn with her kind relations.

He was almost appalled at the work which lay immediately before him—twenty lectures on modern history, practically an almost new field of study, besides terminal lectures, an inaugural lecture, and some half-dozen sermons, to meet the calls to which he was liable as a select preacher, had all to be prepared in the course of the next few months, and he was not disposed to do this in a hasty manner.

CHAPTER XXVII

Professorial Work and Difficulties—University Sermons—Visit to Syon Hill—Address to the Regent—Marriage of Princess Charlotte—The Clergy Residence Bill

IT was late in December, 1814, before Dr. Nares received his warrant of appointment as Regius Professor under the Prince Regent's sign manual. He then found that he was to be subjected to new regulations, which proved very exacting, and were as distasteful to his successor, Dr. Arnold, as to himself. He was not, indeed, inclined to complain of any scheme calculated to promote the real objects of the Professorship, but he felt that those promulgated did not sufficiently allow for the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that for himself they were, in some sort, *ex post facto* rules, imposed upon him, without any previous reference to him, eleven months after his nomination to the office. He was obliged by them to pay, out of the income of the Professorship, two teachers of modern languages, to deliver a public lecture *every* term, besides a course of at least twenty lectures, either in the Michaelmas or the Lent term, and to reside in

the University ninety days in every year, heavy penalties being enacted for any breach of these regulations. To a person not resident in Oxford the position offered little, if any, pecuniary advantage, especially as no house was attached to it. Out of a gross income of £400 the Professor was mulcted in £80 for taxes, besides the salaries of the two modern language teachers, and he had to make several long journeys, which were far more tedious and costly in those days than now, as well as to provide for his parochial duty on the occasion of these long and frequent absences from home.

At first Dr. Nares was much disposed to resign. He was, however, strongly urged to retain the post, and assured that, being a Crown appointment, it could only prove a step to something better.

“Had I had reason,” he wrote in his old age, “to suspect at the time that such prospects were altogether fallacious, I might have been spared much trouble, much needless expense, and no small mortification.”

Besides the new regulations already alluded to, the new Professor met with other discouragements. The Professorship appears to have been originally founded (in 1724) in order to obviate the necessity for young men leaving the University sooner than was desirable, that they might qualify themselves for “businesses of State” (as it is expressed in the charter), and more particularly for diplomatic appointments. With this view returns used to be

made terminally to the Secretary of State as to the progress of the pupils, and, according to their proficiency, the names of twenty were put down as candidates for civil employment, either at home or abroad. Such a course, however excellent in theory for securing well-informed and intelligent civil servants, was found somewhat embarrassing, and the stimulus thus afforded to attendance on the lectures was now withdrawn. It is obvious that the difficulties of attracting a class were thus greatly increased.

Dr. Nares, however, determined to face the situation, and, as he says, "after immense fatigue," succeeded in preparing twenty-two lectures. He was determined not to be content with a low standard, and though he "could easily have written *what would pass* in a week's time," he devoted himself to a very thorough and careful examination of all the authorities on the subject within his reach.

"On the 8th of February, 1816, I read my inaugural lecture in the public schools before a crowded audience, many of whom were among the most literary members of the University. I began my first course on the 12th, in the hall of Merton College. The attendance was large. One hundred and twenty-four persons had entered their names for the course. Among these were not only noblemen and Commoners, but also many tutors and graduates, some heads of colleges, and brother professors. For seven weeks I lectured every other day, and had every reason to be

gratified. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the reception I met with. My lectures from first to last, imperfect as I knew them to be, were received with the most marked attention, and appeared to give general satisfaction.

“It seemed to be generally acknowledg’d that no former professor had had such success, and that it was in some degree the commencement of a new era.

“I should have been more gratified myself if I could have made more use of the public libraries, but the state of my health did not permit of my going into cold rooms, and, indeed, the attentions of the principal people in the place left me no time for study. It seem’d as though the heads of the University felt themselves under an obligation to encourage a new professor, for we were overwhelm’d with invitations too civil to be declin’d, but ill according with the state of my health, and the need I had of time and privacy to do justice to the work before me.

“Besides my lectures, I had to preach before the University on three successive Sundays on the subject of the Three Creeds, which requir’d a good deal of attention; yet my time was so incessantly occupied that the last sermon was literally not finished when the bell of St. Mary’s call’d me to church, nor even when the bedell came to fetch me, and I carried it into the pulpit finished hurriedly in pencil. Nevertheless, the church was not only crowded, but on every

occasion I received the highest commendation. I had applications made to me to preach in other churches, and would have been happy to do so but for the state of my health, being troubled with an incessant cough and great hoarseness. Nothing but the necessity which lay upon me of appearing in public almost every day could have induc'd me to quit the house.

“Much to my satisfaction, also, every branch of the Duke's family express'd a desire to be introduced to Mrs. Nares. Lord and Lady Churchill came to Oxford on purpose. With Lord Charles' family we liv'd upon terms of intimacy, and on our way home were particularly invited to pass a day with the Duke at Syon Hill. Nothing, in short, could exceed the attentions of the whole family, and, all things consider'd, I feel very thankful for the issue of this new excursion from my retirement at Biddenden. I am not, however, sure that it has reconcil'd me to the busy and bustling world of which for some years I had seen so little. Retirement has not lost its charms.”

Dr. Nares was not left long in his village home, being called upon only three weeks after his return to attend as a delegate on the occasion of the presentation of an address from the University to the Prince Regent on the conclusion of peace. This would have been presented in February, but the ceremony was postponed till April 30th on account of the state of His Royal Highness's health.

“ I never saw so full an attendance, amounting, as I was inform'd, to three hundred, many very eminent persons among the number. It happen'd that, the Principal of Brazenose being absent, I was chosen to supply his place, and had the honour of dining afterwards with Lord Grenville, the Chancellor, who entertain'd us very magnificently. As Regius Professor I probably should not have been invited, though it had been customary in times past. I was not much dispos'd to attend as a mere substitute, nor were Lord Grenville's manners much calculated to soften any difficulties of this sort. A more uncourteous man I never saw in so public a station, but, happening to sit almost next to him at dinner, I had much conversation with him, greatly to my amusement. His talents are certainly very superior, and when I touch'd upon topics that were not beneath his notice, I found him both animated and communicative.

“ In this visit to London I was at Marlborough House every day. On Thursday, May 2nd, I din'd there with a large party on the occasion of the christening of Lord Churchill's son.* It happen'd to be the very day on which H.R.H. Princess Charlotte of Wales was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg.† Carlton Palace, where the marriage took place, was so contiguous to Marlborough House, the same wall bounding both

* I have understood that Dr. Nares was a sponsor on this occasion.

† Afterwards King of the Belgians.

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gardens, that we seem'd almost in contact with the splendid ceremony which kept the whole town in a high state of excitement.

“Two of *our* party were oblig'd to be present. Lord Charles, as a Lord of the Bedchamber, and Lady Pembroke, as the Lady-in-Waiting upon the Queen. The moment the marriage took place, which was late in the evening, the guns in St. James's Park were fired, which, with the ringing of the Abbey and other bells, had a very fine effect in the stillness of Marlborough House gardens, under the wall of which the new married couple had to pass. Little could any of us anticipate the early and melancholy termination of this joyous and, as it was thought, hopeful alliance.

“On the 26th of May I receiv'd another summons to attend a University address to the Prince Regent on the occasion of this marriage. We had a more numerous attendance this time than even on the former occasion, and the Regent, noticing the very large company and the excellent order preserv'd, very emphatically remark'd to the Chancellor, Lord Grenville, as he came from the throne, that he was much gratified, and that ‘Oxford did everything well.’

“The next day H.R.H. held a Levee, which I was told I should do well to attend. Nothing particular pass'd on this occasion. The Regent seem'd to take particular care to call me by name, that I might be assur'd that he notic'd me, but there was such a blaze of military orders around me, and such a crowd of great people present, that

I confess it appear'd to me almost ridiculous to fancy I had the smallest business in such a company. I could scarcely refrain from laughing at my black gown and cassock in the midst of stars and ribbons without end, and I think almost beyond reason. One officer who stood near me had about fifteen orders, which he had some difficulty to explain to a brother officer, who very carefully examin'd them. No doubt they had been well earn'd, but they were in too great profusion.

"After the address on the 29th I din'd with the Delegates. On the following day I was invited to dine at the Duke of Marlborough's, and on the 31st with the Bishop of London, but I declin'd both invitations.

"I had, however, a long and rather curious interview with the Bishop of London on the subject of the Clergy Residence Bill about to be laid before Parliament.

"An incorrect copy of the Bill having been circulated in Somersetshire, the clergy of the Deanery of Castle Cary had met and pass'd some strongly-worded resolutions intimating a design of resisting to the utmost the enactment of certain clauses. At the Archdeacon's visitation in our own diocese these resolutions had been discuss'd, and a great disposition evinc'd by the Kentish clergy to adopt them. A meeting had accordingly been summon'd by the Archdeacon (Dr. Radcliffe) to be held at the Fountain Tavern, at Canterbury, on the 30th of May. Had it not been for the Address and Levee I should have made a point, as

Proctor for the diocese, of attending the meeting ; and had I done so from Biddenden, ill-inform'd as I was, I have no doubt but that I might have been hurried into mistaken and mischievous action. As it happen'd, finding that I should be unable to get to Canterbury in time, I endeavour'd to procure what information I could in London, and having heard from the Oxford Clergy that those of Bath and Wells had been too precipitate, I call'd on the Bishop of London, who I knew was specially concerned in framing the Bill. His Lordship thank'd me much for consulting him, as the whole matter had been much misrepresented. He shew'd me his own copy of the Bill and manuscript corrections ; explain'd the two objectionable clauses, and gave me his assurance that if the Clergy would adjourn their meeting the Bill should only be read a first time, and lie over to the next session. I took upon me in consequence to write to the Archdeacon at Canterbury, and, my letter arriving a few hours before the meeting commenc'd, very fortunately prevented any premature resolutions being pass'd. I have since corresponded with the Bishop and Lord Shaftesbury on the subject, and have ventur'd to suggest some slight alterations, which seem likely to be adopted."

CHAPTER XXVIII

A Terminal Lecture—Death of the Duke of Marlborough—Work at Oxford—Political Economy

“IN June (1816) I pass'd a week at Oxford and read a Terminal Lecture, which was not well attended. I am persuaded nothing could be devis'd more irksome and degrading to a Professor zealous to discharge his duties, than these short single lectures. I have always thought so, but my own experience convinces me more than ever of their absurdity as a matter of compulsion, provided the Professor has opportunities of doing his duty otherwise. He must naturally wish to reserve everything of importance for his regular class, nor is it easy to select a subject which may suit a casual audience. The University may reasonably claim a certain number of lectures, but I think it should be left to the discretion of the Professor to determine, as he may happen or not to get a class, whether he should devote his time entirely to the objects of that class, or deliver public lectures also in the schools. The Vice-Chancellor, two or three heads

of colleges, and about twelve other persons constituted my audience. I confess I felt almost ashamed of reading an *English* Lecture on Modern History before such a company, in the doctor's scarlet robes, and with my head cover'd. I mention these things, because compliance with such almost useless conditions involv'd two or three journeys of 220 miles every year, and I have often determin'd rather to risk the payment of the penalty (£10) for each omission, than incur the trouble and expense of preparing and delivering these Terminal Lectures.

"I pass'd one evening at Blenheim, but was unable to be there more, though invited to stay, as I had promised to preach at Hastings early in July."

Dr. Nares had arranged to deliver his annual course of twenty lectures in the Lent term of the following year (1817), and was on the point of starting from Biddenden, when he received a letter from his daughter, who was staying at Blenheim, to inform him that the Duke had been found dead in his bed on the 30th of January. He reached Oxford on the 4th of February, and found a letter from Lord Shaftesbury awaiting him, to ask him to come to Blenheim at once. He went there without delay, and was most kindly received. The funeral took place on the 7th, in a vault beneath the chapel, the service being read by torchlight. The Corporation of Woodstock attended, but only the immediate relatives were able to be admitted to the vault for the service.

In a codicil to his will the Duke expressed a wish that Lady Charlotte's body should be removed from Ardley, and placed beside his own in the Blenheim Vault, which was accordingly done, greatly to her husband's satisfaction.

After dinner Dr. Nares returned to Oxford, where he had much to do, of which his own words shall tell:—

“I had come fully prepar'd to read twenty lectures on modern history, twelve on political economy, and to preach three sermons at St. Mary's as Select Preacher. My first turn as preacher was on the 9th of February. I had prepar'd three connected discourses on a point of Biblical Criticism, perfectly original, and I will venture to say, of considerable importance. I had hop'd to have had a good audience, and to have interested the University in the discussion of the subject I had chosen. The first thing I heard was that I was likely to have no audience at all on that particular day, because the Dean of Christ Church was to preach at the opening of a new church in the parish of St. Ebbe, and indeed, I had but a very small one. Such, however, was the arrangement of the preaching terms that no opportunity could be found for me to continue the subject during my whole stay; but I became liable to two summonses in the two following terms, which could not but be attended with the greatest trouble and inconvenience; so much so that I felt oblig'd to tender my resignation. Thus all my preaching plans were render'd futile.

“On Tuesday, the 11th, my lectures on history were to commence. In the preceding year I had a class of more than 120. This year the number was reduc'd to seven, and three of those had attended the previous course. I had been led to expect that this would be the case, and, therefore, I had applied myself during the summer to a different study which the University had been censur'd for neglecting, and which was particularly mention'd in the warrant of my appointment; I mean *Political Economy*.

“When I first read my warrant, I well remember feeling asham'd of my ignorance of this curious science. I conceiv'd that it would be impossible for me to acquire in due time such a knowledge of its elements as to venture to lecture upon it. But I was determin'd to conquer the difficulty, if it could be done by mere reading. Like all other literary novelties it soon became extremely interesting to me. I devour'd book upon book, indoors and out of doors as heretofore, notwithstanding the damage I might be doing to my eyes. But it was a hard task to make others at all sensible of what I was about, and the immense amount of knowledge I had to acquire in the course of but a few months. A thousand engagements would occasionally interfere. A casual visitor would sometimes rob me of a whole morning; and, being a family man, I could not extricate myself from some annual parties without making a parade of study, which I had ever carefully avoided, and the need for which others could not be expected to understand.

“However, in spite of these interruptions, I completed my task entirely to my own satisfaction, and left home with an intention of instructing the University in such subjects as *The Wealth of Nations, Trade and Commerce, Foreign Exchange, Taxation, Funding System*, including the operation of a *Sinking Fund, Population, Poor Laws, &c., &c.* I found that, like myself, almost every member of the University actually needed instruction. I found political economy had hitherto engaged none of their attention. I enquir’d at the shops for books which had excited the greatest interest in the political world, which were totally unknown at Oxford.

“I became exceedingly interested in this part of my undertaking. I was quite sensible that in a place where so many young men were receiving their education who were likely to become members of the Legislature, the study of political economy ought to receive the utmost encouragement. I determin’d to express my mind upon the subject in my Terminal Lecture before the Vice-Chancellor, which was to be read by appointment on the 12th, and I prepar’d myself accordingly. But I reckon’d without my host! On that very day the Prince Regent arrang’d to receive an address from the University, and, when I had to appear in the schools, the Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, and almost every distinguish’d member of the University were in London. A Pro-Vice-Chancellor certainly did attend, the Master of Pembroke (Dr. Hall), but on

his entrance, there was not a single person in the school but myself. A few came in after a time (some eight or nine) and to these I read the lecture, which I had specially prepar'd as an introduction to a novel course.

“ But I had further impediments to encounter. I had arrang'd to begin my course on Political Economy the next evening, Thursday, but though much disposition seem'd excited to attend me, no day or hour could be found to suit everybody. Many would put their names down if it could be a morning lecture, while others could only attend an evening one. It must not be read on Tuesdays, Thursdays, or Saturdays, for fear of interfering with the Professors of Divinity, and Monday evening would not suit the subscribers to the music room, &c., &c. Every change I made of the day and hour caus'd only greater confusion. I had the satisfaction, certainly, of finding that numbers would attend, if they could ; but every arrangement I could make seem'd to exclude many. I fix'd at last to read them on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7 p.m., and procur'd a class of thirty-seven, consisting of a few noblemen and some of the most eminent tutors. The undergraduates were too much occupied in preparing for their public examinations to attend any of the professors. This is certainly carried too far. Heads of colleges have acknowledg'd it to be so, and undergraduates have told me that it is too much like school, to the exclusion of all general knowledge. I had great reason to be gratified by

the effect of my lectures on those who did attend, and shall ever regard the time spent on them as well bestow'd. A few years after this a distinct * Professorship of Political Economy was founded, and I could not therefore proceed with the subject."

The foregoing extract is a fair sample of the difficulty which continually beset the Professor in finding a convenient *time* for his lectures. Occasionally it was by no means easy to secure a *place*. Thus in 1835 he went up in the Lent term as usual.

"I caused," he writes, "regular and timely notice to be given of my intention, but, on arriving at Oxford, I found so many appointments already fix'd by other professors and lecturers, that there was no opening for me before the month of March, and then I was told I could only lecture twice a week. I arranged, therefore, to begin on the 3rd of March. I found only six names entered to attend my lectures, but I was resolved to proceed. Accordingly at the hour notified I proceeded to the new public lecture room, but found it occupied by the Professor of Moral Philosophy, only two of my own class being in attendance. The Registrar, whose apartment was under the lecture room, very civilly gave it up to me, and there, amid a confusion of tables, chairs, books, and papers, I read my first

* In 1825, Mr. Nassau Senior being the first to occupy the chair.

and most important lecture to the only two auditors at leisure to attend me. It is no joke to be living alone for weeks at an hotel one hundred miles from home (paying for a substitute *there* during the whole time) and not to be able to get through one's business at a quicker rate than two hours a week. When, therefore, at the second lecture I met my *full* class of *six*, I ventured to ask whether it might be possible for us to proceed at the rate of three hours a week. To this they all assented, and I offered at the same time to make any alterations in the days and hours that might render their attendance more certain and convenient; but, such was the number of interfering engagements, that I do not think we all met together three days during my stay. This was no new experience."

In spite of his conscientious endeavours to discharge the duties of his office under circumstances of much discouragement and difficulty, he did not escape somewhat severe criticism. He was somewhat disturbed after this course of lectures, which he delivered at the age of seventy-three, by an anonymous letter calling his attention to some passages in a book entitled "Bubbles from the Brunnens,"* a lively little work published anonymously, but generally attributed to Sir Francis

* These passages were evidently in the chapter entitled "Schlangenbad," pp. 217-231. The writer was led by a visit to the State school at Schlangenbad to write forcibly on the methods and lack of system respecting education in England, as contrasted with those he found in Nassau.

Head. The passages indicated were directed against classical education, and the letter, which was couched in offensive terms, seemed to imply that his lectures were cast too much on classical lines.

He at once obtained a copy of the book to which he was referred, and was glad to find on perusing it that, by the author's own showing, his Oxford responsibilities were so impeded by opposing circumstances as to be almost nullified. For it almost admitted that to obtain sufficient scope for lectures on modern history, an influence was required sufficient to alter the whole system not only of *Academical* but of *School* education.

It is curious that only two years later a book was dedicated to Sir Francis Head by his own brother, Sir George Head, in which not only is a classical education favoured, but any neglect or contempt of it is denounced.*

It is beyond both my object and my source of information to estimate Dr. Nares' qualifications as a Professor of History. It is quite clear that he accepted the post chiefly in the hope that he might be able to exchange it for some other Crown preferment, such as a Deanery or Canonry, which would give him access to libraries, and opportunity for congenial literary work and society. In this, however, he was disappointed, and a noble Earl not unconnected with the ministry bade him consider how easy it was to find persons qualified to take deaneries and stalls, while it was not every one whom he could make Professor in a University.

* "Home Tour and Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-General," p. 239.

About the time of the accession of King William IV. he applied to the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, for some other preferment in exchange for his Oxford Professorship. The application led to no result, though it might have done had he asked the Duke of Marlborough to support it. This, however, he always shrank from doing, desiring to obtain nothing through the influence of friends, though many others, probably, were not so scrupulous.

“It was not,” he writes, “what I wanted to *have* which made me so anxious, it was rather what I wanted to *have not*. I was extremely anxious to get rid of my Professorship before I fell into disgrace at Oxford. I was getting too old to read lectures to boys, and I had to reflect that I was occupying a post which many resident members of the University might reasonably desire, but which I could not resign without loss, and I had good reason to be apprehensive of any diminution of income, the annual allowance of £400 a year granted on my first marriage, having ceased at the Duke’s death.”

Enough has perhaps been said of this portion of Dr. Nares’ life. Few men would have been able to take up two fresh lines of study in advanced middle life, so as to be able to deliver public lectures on them. Here his wide range of reading, and his studious habits stood him in good stead, and enabled him to discharge the duties of his office creditably, and to take his place among historians by works to which I shall have occasion to refer later.

CHAPTER XXIX

White Knights—Visits to Oxford and Blenheim—Royal Levee
1820—Lines on the Death of a Goldfinch

I HAVE departed from the regular course of Dr. Nares' life in order to notice its professional aspect more particularly. I now return to the visit to Oxford in 1817, when he delivered, as we have seen, his first course of lectures on political economy.

“I had fix'd to return into Kent on the 30th of March, but having received a letter from the Duke of Marlborough to say that he and the Duchess would pass that very week at Blenheim, and that he wish'd particularly to see my daughter there, I postpon'd my journey. The Duke arriv'd on the 27th, and immediately wrote to invite us to Blenheim. After that we were continually together until the 5th of April. The Duke follow'd us to Reading, where I was to pass two nights with my cousin, Archdeacon Nares, in order to shew us his seat at White Knights. We pass'd nearly the whole of the 6th with him, and it is impossible to describe how gratified we were

not only with the attention he paid us, but with the sight of his place and his wonderful collections.

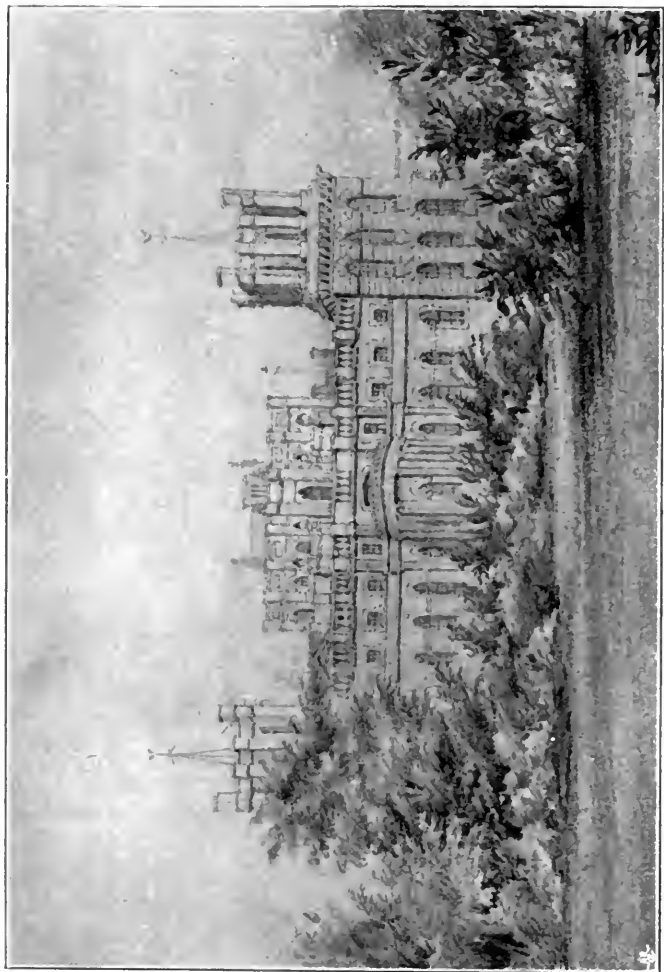
“White Knights was an object of singular curiosity to all who could obtain permission to see it, the pleasure grounds, the conservatories, and the library having all their several attractions. The King of Prussia had recently sent his gardener from Berlin to see the gardens, which had been most tastefully laid out under the Duke’s personal direction. The grounds contain’d vineyards train’d in the foreign style, and in their season producing excellent fruit. It was also very striking, at a time when American plants were only beginning to be known in England, to walk through a shrubbery of forty acres abounding in the choicest productions of America in the highest state of vigour. I say nothing of the many rustic temples, ornamental bridges, &c., because, though particularly tasteful, they were not uncommon. The display of plants in the conservatories was generally supposed to exceed anything that had been seen before, and contained specimens from all quarters of the globe, disposed with such regard to their native soils and climates as to be seen in luxuriance; the aquatic plants of the Ganges (to give but one instance) floating in tepid water. Some of the exotics were so rare as to be unique in England, and were reared by the Duke’s own hands, after having failed in the King’s own garden, whence, by his Majesty’s own order, duplicates of all rare seeds were supplied. The Queen and Princesses

had recently been to see the collection, not for the first time.

“To see it to perfection, however, the Duke’s presence was necessary. His intimate knowledge of the character and circumstances of every plant was most surprizing, as Botanists of the highest eminence in Europe have often acknowledged.

“The interior of the house contained many objects of curiosity and interest. The collection of books included many rare specimens, for the possession of which there had been many competitors. As a catalogue of these was printed, I shall only mention two of the most curious and costly, which were then kept in a beautiful box of sandalwood, and secur’d by a gold chain worth upwards of sixty guineas. The first, a Boccaccio, cost the Duke £2,260; the second, call’d the Regent’s Missal, £698. The latter belonged to the Regent Duke of Bedford,* and in the illuminated parts contained portraits of the great personages of those times, exquisitely and delicately painted. It is a beautiful book and can never be depreciated. The Boccaccio was bought at the Duke of Roxburgh’s sale, and attracted many competitors. I saw it, but the bibliomania must be great indeed

* John Plantagenet, third son of Henry IV., was appointed Regent of France, on the death of Henry V., his younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester becoming Protector of England during the minority of Henry VI. Both were great patrons of literature. The Regent Bedford purchased, and transported to London, the Royal Library of Paris, and the Protector Gloucester presented 600 books to the University of Oxford, some of which were of considerable value.



BLENHIM : EAST FRONT (1830).

From a sketch by Caroline Louisa Nares (Mrs. S. G. Booth White).

to render it an object of such extraordinary interest. When knocked down to the Duke of Marlborough at the extravagant price mentioned, his principal competitors were Earl Spencer and Bonaparte. It has since sold for much less than the two latter would have given for it, and may, perhaps, come to be accounted of little value.

“In the month of June I again visited Oxford to read a terminal lecture to a very small audience, and to preach before the University at St. Mary’s on the 15th, both morning and evening, before crowded congregations.

“Our next journey to Oxford was in the following January, and the day after our arrival Lady Amelia Boyce called and took my daughter back to Blenheim with her. The latter returned to us on the 24th, accompanied by the Duke, who expressed a great desire to have us all at Blenheim if my business would admit of it. We were able to accept the invitation, and remained there till the 5th of February.

“The Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Lee were also staying in the house, and nothing could have been pleasanter than this short visit. We had concerts every evening, and during our stay all the heads of the University were invited to dine there.

“On the 26th I read a Terminal Lecture, and on March 5th preached the Assize sermon at St. Mary’s before Justices Park and Burrough. Mr. Justice Park paid me the compliment of saying that I had preached like the son of a judge, my Law being as correct as my Divinity, but that I had occasioned

him some trouble in court, a witness having been so impressed with my remarks on the sanctity of an oath as to refuse to be sworn.

“On the 16th of March we quitted Oxford, the Duke having again made us promise to take White Knights on our way home, having engaged the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Lee, President of Trinity) and Mrs. Lee to meet us there.

“Our mornings at White Knights were pass’d in the grounds or the Library with the Duke, whose knowledge of plants and books added greatly to our enjoyment of both. When we sat down to dinner a military band of seventeen musicians play’d to us the whole time, and in the drawing-room afterwards we had concerts, with many eminent performers from Oxford and elsewhere. The Duke himself was so proficient as to be able to play on almost any instrument, and many of the prettiest pieces were of his Grace’s own composition. I write these things for the sake of bearing my testimony to the extraordinary attainments of the Duke, whose pecuniary embarrassments have since expos’d him to much obloquy. I have been acquainted with him from very early days, and know the many disadvantages under which he labour’d, and though I cannot pretend to vindicate every detail of his life, I shall always consider him an injur’d man.

“On the 17th of November in this year the Queen died. Her Majesty had been somewhat unpopular during the latter part of her life, chiefly, I believe, because it was thought that she had

amass'd great riches regardless of public claims. The amount of her property at her death refuted this, and it was then discover'd that she had exercis'd many private charities, and been more bountiful than avaricious. She was certainly a good wife, and a most exemplary Queen.

“At the end of the year I went to Wells to attend the funeral of my second sister, Mrs. Henning, who died on Christmas Day. It was a long and dismal journey, but I was repaid for it by the evidence it afforded me of her sensible character and great worth. She was buried in the Cathedral, and appear'd to be lamented by great and small, rich and poor, no less than by her husband and children.”

During the summer of 1819 Dr. Nares was much occupied in preparing for the press the sermons he had delivered at Oxford as a Select Preacher, for which he had received an acceptable offer from certain booksellers. As he had been in ill-health and much pressed with other works at the time of their delivery, he was glad of an opportunity to revise and correct them, as well as to add much in the way of notes that could not be included in a sermon. The volume was published in November, 1819, and entitled “Discourses on the Three Creeds and on the homage offered to our Saviour on certain and particular occasions during His Ministry, as expressed in the Evangelical Writings by the Greek term *προσκύνω*.”

These sermons were generally favourably reviewed,

but were somewhat severely criticised by Dr. Lant Carpenter and a few other Unitarians.

Shortly after this a new edition of Macklin's Bible appeared, with historical prefaces to the several books written by Dr. Nares and dedicated by permission to King George IV.

“The demise of our venerable Sovereign, George III., rendered the year 1820 memorable, but of my own concern I have little to say. It being still supposed by my friends that I should be advanced in my profession, I made some efforts to keep before the world, which I have lived to know might have been dispensed with. I was told, for instance, that as a *Regius Professor* I ought again to be presented at Court, and kiss hands. On my way, therefore, to Oxford in June, I attended a levee and went through the ceremony of a fresh presentation.

“It was, of course, a very crowded levee, and certainly not uninteresting, but the variety of uniforms, &c., gave it to my eye much the appearance of a masquerade. I felt for the King, as it was the very day after the embarrassing entry into London of Queen Caroline, the issue of which I have no inclination to dwell upon. On all accounts I lamented her acting upon the mischievous advice of those who had persuaded her to come at such a time and in so undignified a manner. I wish, for the sake of both their Majesties, that the events of this short period could be expung'd from the pages of our national history.”

The following simple lines "on the death of little Car's goldfinch, July 17, 1821," will be interesting to lovers of birds :—

My poor little bird ! I'm sorry you're dead !
 Your sweet notes delighted my ears ;
 I will lay your cold corpse in a soft grassy bed,
 And keep the turf green with my tears.

Such friendship as yours deserves to receive
 Ev'ry tribute of kindness and care ;
 For in truth I was cruel to you, and now grieve
 To have such sad things to declare.

'Twas I robb'd you of freedom, I' robb'd you of friends ;
 I kept you in bondage confin'd ;
 I depriv'd you of power to answer the ends
 Which Nature herself had designed.

She had given you wings, through the vaulted domain
 Of heaven's wide circle to roam ;
 Amidst friends of your own to thrill your wild strains,
 To choose your own food and your home.

While I coop'd you close in a wire-fenced cage,
 Forbade you to roam or to fly,
 In a prison to pass your youth and your age,
 In a prison to live and to die.

And yet you forgave me, nay lov'd me, poor thing,
 And, far from resenting such wrongs,
 Ne'er ceased with good humour to chirp and to sing,
 And cheer my dull hours with your songs.

Is a life, then, so sinless come *quite* to an end ?
 Oh ! if it should otherwise be ;
 I would hope you are happy, my kind little friend ;
 I'd hope that at last you are free.

CHAPTER XXX

“Heraldic Anomalies”

TOWARDS the end of 1822 Dr. Nares sent a curious work to the press, entitled “Heraldic Anomalies,” which reached a second edition, and which he was later on asked to reprint with a more attractive title. He did not, however, feel disposed to do so. The book was published anonymously, but the author soon became known, and was again confused with his cousin, as the following letter from the Archdeacon shows :—

“DEAR EDWARD,—As you in the wilds of Kent possibly do not see Blackwood’s *Edinburgh Magazine*, I do not scruple to send you the following extract from the last number. It is in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, a kind of dialogue continued from time to time.

“‘*Tick.* There’s another new book just come out, something between D’Israeli’s manner and Butler’s (Chas. B.)—‘Heraldic Anomalies.’

“‘*Od.* Who wrote it ?

“‘*Tick.* God knows ! Some old pawky barrister,

some venerable quizzer among the benchers, I should guess. There's a vast bunch of good legal jokes, and a sort of learning that *nobody but a lawyer* could have acquired. He is a good-natured, polite, and genuine aristocratic writer. I wish we had more such. Mayn't it be Butler himself?

“*Kem.* I should have thought it possible, but he quotes and praises Butler's books, and of course Butler is above that sort of trick. Somebody mentioned *Dr. Nares*.

“*Tick.* Ah, and a good guess, too! Why, the man that can write both the glossary of the Old English tongue, and that admirable novel of “*Thinks I to Myself*,” may do anything he pleases, if he choose to give himself the trouble.

“*Od.* Well, I hope we shall see more of both.’

“Here is praise for you, for I also have frequently heard *Dr. Nares* mentioned as the author. But how shall we settle the account of praise? I fear, when it is fairly divided, it will hardly make two first-rate men. So we must both be content to sink into the second rate, unless *you* will write a glossary, and *I* should succeed in a novel!

“Yours truly and affectionately,

“R. NARES.”

The publisher wrote under date May 31, 1823, as follows :—

“Within a day or two after the publication of ‘*Heraldic Anomalies*,’ the public gave you the

credit of it. ‘Extracts, and copious ones, too, have been made from it in the various newspapers. The *British Luminary*, a Radical Sunday paper, noticed it about three weeks since, and, speaking of the article on the clergy in the second volume, observed that, although they were far from friendly to the Church Establishment, and did not suppose they had a single clerical reader, yet they had no hesitation in saying that they had never seen the interests and privileges of the clergy so clearly set forth, and that who ever might be the author deserved the thanks of that body.’”

“Heraldic Anomalies” was a collection of chatty articles, chiefly on the various distinctive titles and names current in society. They show considerable erudition, sound sense, and plenty of humour. While the author aims at taking off “the keen edge of that envy and jealousy with which too many in this free country are apt to regard the whole system of personal distinctions,”* he is careful to remind their bearers of their responsibilities. “The externals of majesty,” he says, “are necessary to the completion of the character of a *King*, but not of a *man*.”† “As it is with majesty, so it is with all worldly distinctions; they only ennoble a man *as a member of society*, not *as a human being*,” and he quotes the following lines with approval:—

Though to your *title* there is honour due,
It is *yourself* that makes me honour *you*.

* Vol. i. p. 59.

† Ibid. p. 51.

There is much in these volumes of interest to the statesman, the churchman, and the scholar, for which they must be left to refer, if they desire it, to the work in question. I venture, however, to give a few extracts of a lighter character, many of which occur in the chapter on names.

The following being said to be written by a peer (or spoken extempore, as the report goes) he must be answerable for any penalties attaching to the crime of *Scandalum Magnatum* :—

On being told that the Bishop of C—— (Dr. Goodenough) was appointed to preach before the House of Peers—

'Tis *well enough* that *Goodenough*
Before the Lords should preach ;
For *sure enough* they're *bad enough*
He undertakes to teach.*

There was in former times a gold coin called an angel, the value of which, being the exact amount of a lawyer's fee, gave birth to the following epigram :—

UPON ANNE ——'S MARRIAGE WITH A LAWYER.

Anne is an angel. What if so she be ?
What is an *angel* but a lawyer's fee ? †

An old gentleman of the name of Gould, having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to inform him of it, and concluded it thus :—

So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould*.

To which his friend replied—

A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is gold without U. ‡

* Vol. i. p. 226.

† Ibid. p. 230.

‡ Ibid. p. 232

In the chapter on "Law," the following well-known *jeux d'esprit* on Sir John Strange are given in a note to an extract from a description of an honest lawyer given in a small pamphlet published 1676.

Here lies an *honest lawyer*, and *that's Strange*.

Sir John, being once in company with two other eminent lawyers of the names of Wright and Moore, the latter is said to have observed, "There is but one honest lawyer here, and that is Strange." "Oh no," says Strange, "there is one Moore." "Ay," says Moore, "that's Wright." I believe these are really to be found in Joe Miller.*

The copy of "Heraldic Anomalies," which I am now using, belonged to an eminent Q.C., and I find on this page the following rhythmical version of the above story in his handwriting :—

At a tavern one night
Messrs. Moore, Strange, and Wright
Met to drink, and kind thoughts to exchange.
Says Moore, "Of us three,
We all must agree,
There is but *one Knave*, and *that's Strange*."

Says Strange, rather sore,
"I'm sure there's one Moore,
An infamous knave and a wight,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother,"
"Oh no," replied Moore, "that was Wright."

The following story at the close of the first volume attributes a pun upon names to King George III. It appeared in a newspaper at the

* Vol. i. p. 308.

time "Heraldic Anomalies" was in preparation, but its authenticity is not vouched for.

When Judge Day returned from India, the minister represented to his late Majesty that knighthood would not only be acceptable, but that it was an honour to which the judge was entitled. "Pooh, pooh," said his Majesty, "I cannot turn Day into Knight; it is impossible."

At the next levee, which was about Christmas, his Majesty was again entreated to knight Mr. Day. The King inquired if he were married, and being answered in the affirmative: "Well, well," said the good-natured monarch, "then let him be introduced, and I will work a couple of miracles. I will not only turn *Day* into *Knight*, but I will make *Lady Day* at Christmas.*

The second volume contains much interesting and amusing matter on the dress of the clergy, and on esquires and gentlemen, and other subjects, drawn from various sources. The author insists much on the desirability of the country squires residing on their estates. He gives several pictures of these gentlemen in the olden times, and of their bounteous Christmas hospitality, in reference to which I shall, in conclusion, quote the following lines:—

Get ivye and hull, woman deck up thyne house,
And take this same brawne, for to seeth and to souse;
Provide us good cheere, for thou know'st the old guise,
Olde customs that good be let no man despise!
At Christmas be merry, and thanke God of all,
And feaste thy poor neighbour, the great and the small.

* Vol. i. p. 403.

CHAPTER XXXI

Marriage of Miss Nares—Tytler's "General History"—Life of Lord Burleigh—Death of Archdeacon Nares—Death of George IV.—Political Unrest

DR. NARES went up to Oxford regularly during the years 1820 to 1835, and occasionally was able to obtain a fair number of attendants on his lectures; and I mention this because many later writers have given him no credit for the performance of the duties of his professorship at this period.

In 1822 he paid a short visit to Blenheim with his family, and in 1824 he and his son dined there on the 6th of March—the Duke's birthday. In the summer of the preceding year Lord Henry Spencer-Churchill, the Duke's third son, paid a visit to Biddenden, which resulted in his becoming engaged to his cousin, Miss Nares. The Duke wrote expressing his full concurrence with his son's views, and the Duchess also expressed an earnest desire that Lord Henry's wish should be realised. The wedding took place at Biddenden on the 13th of July in the same year. The ceremony was

performed by the Hon. C. J. Stewart, D.D., brother of the Duchess, and afterwards Bishop of Quebec. The Duchess herself came down from London to be present on the occasion.*

In the following year two literary proposals were made to Dr. Nares more in keeping with his position as a Professor of History.

“One was to continue Tytler’s ‘Elements of General History’ from the period where he had left off, to the demise of George III. The other was to write a life of Lord Burghley. The moment my assent was given, paragraphs were inserted in the newspapers almost daily, to answer the book-sellers’ purposes of occupying the ground to the exclusion of others, announcing that these works were preparing, before I had set my pen to paper or had any opportunity of consulting so much as one of the immense number of books and MSS. to which for one at least of these publications such reference was essential.

“The addition to Tytler was comparatively an easy task. I had, indeed, a great quantity of books to read, French as well as English, but they could be procur’d and read at home.”

The life of Lord Burleigh, on the other hand, required the examination of MSS. and State papers, only to be seen at certain places, for which expensive

* Lord H. Spencer-Churchill, who was in Holy Orders, died at Tunbridge Wells, May 30, 1828. His widow married secondly August 18, 1834, William Whateley, Esq., Q.C.

journeys and long absences from home were necessary. This work involved five years' labour, and was subject to much disappointment and vexation. Lord Salisbury, indeed, gave him every facility at Hatfield, and even lent him some valuable MSS., but the publishers gave him very little assistance. They never even sent books which they had promised to procure, for fear he should exceed their measurements; while they were so impatient of delay that he had no opportunity of putting his work into a literary form, and could only throw what he had collected into the form of annals.

It was really no wonder that T. B. Macaulay should have noticed this, when it fell to him to review the book in the *Edinburgh Review*.

A somewhat humorous reply to Mr. Macaulay's article was issued by Dr. Nares in the form of a letter "to a particular friend," in which he gives his reasons for omitting many matters of which he had intended to treat. This, however, probably had fewer readers than the *Edinburgh Review*, and whilst Macaulay's Essays still obtain a wide circulation, this reply to one of them has long been out of print; and for this reason it seems only fair to state thus briefly the difficulties with which Dr. Nares had to contend, and to call attention to his defence against this severe critique.

Soon after he had undertaken this work, Dr. Nares became a candidate for the Margaret Professorship of Divinity, on the death of Dr. Collinson, in 1827. Unfortunately he was late in the field,

having only one day in which to make himself known as a candidate, while the absence of the warden of Merton placed him at a further disadvantage, as the candidates were expected to visit every College in company with the head of their own. Notwithstanding all this, and the fact that the sympathies of three influential colleges—Magdalen, New College, and Corpus—were engaged for other candidates, Dr. Faussett of Magdalen was elected by a very small majority over Dr. Nares. It was generally thought that the result would have been different had he been on the spot to announce his candidature a day or two sooner.

On the 2nd of February, in the same year, Dr. Nares was collated to the living of Newchurch in Kent, which, by dispensation, he was allowed to hold with Biddenden. It seems right to say here that while no doubt the Archbishop made this appointment as a recognition of the Professor's valuable literary work, it was not the kind of preferment which he most desired. It neither brought him within reach of libraries, nor gave him more leisure and opportunity for keeping in touch with the current thought of the day, and he had never desired to hold two livings with the cure of souls. He did not, however, feel justified in declining the Archbishop's offer, conveyed as it was in most kind and complimentary terms, having been put to great expense by his literary work as well as by the discharge of his professorial duties.

In a letter to his daughter a few days after his collation, he writes :—

"I must tell you that on my first seeing the Archbishop, and beginning to thank him, he stopped me and deliberately said, 'I have rather to thank you, Dr. Nares, for I can safely assure you that I never gave away any preferment that appears to have given so much satisfaction to the world at large.' He asked me to dine with him *en famille*, and so it certainly was, tho' we sat down ten to dinner. Literally I was the only *company*. Besides the Archbishop and myself there were Mrs. Sutton, and *seven* grown-up daughters. They were all very civil, and in three hours' *tête-à-tête* with the Archbishop, I often made him laugh till he shed tears, being in one of my story-telling humours."

Two years after this Archdeacon Nares died, and was buried at St. George's, Bloomsbury, when the Professor was chief mourner. They had been warm friends from early days, and had many tastes in common.

I have already called attention to the way in which the Archdeacon and his cousin were confused in the public mind. This did not cease with his death, and gave rise to some amusing incidents. Thus in 1830 Dr. Nares, being in London, went to many booksellers' shops and, asking for the third volume of his own "*Life of Lord Burghley*," inquired when it would be finished, and what had delayed its publication so long, was uniformly answered, "*the death of the author.*"

At Rodwell's, in Bond Street, the colloquy was

most amusing. He could scarcely bear the contradiction :—

“ ‘Are you sure the author is dead?’ I asked.

“ ‘Quite certain!’ he replied.

“ ‘How long?’

“ ‘More than a year.’

“ ‘Did you know him?’

“ ‘Perfectly well.’

“ ‘What, *Nares*?’

“ ‘Yes, there was no writer I knew better than *Nares*. He used to come here often.’

“ ‘When I again hinted that I rather doubted whether the author of the “*Life of Lord Burghley*” was dead, he most earnestly assured me that there was no doubt about it.’

“ ‘Then,’ said I, ‘you are talking to a dead man, for *I* am the author.’

“Explanations, of course, followed, and yet, if these booksellers had looked only at the first page of my Preface, they might have found that I had in a very particular manner distinguished myself from the Archdeacon.”

This is why, in his letter on the *Edinburgh Review* already referred to he says (p. 19) :—

“I have to thank the *Edinburgh Reviewers* for bringing me to life again, after being dead for upwards of three years. We have been alluding to strange problems, and you will no doubt think

this is one ; yet I can assure you it is almost literally true.

“When my cousin died a print of him from a painting by Hopper, who knew him well, appeared in the twentieth number of the *National Portrait Gallery*, to which was added a list of his works.

“In the course of the year 1830 I was pretty well engaged (*for a dead man*) in literary work, seeing through the press the second and third volumes of Lord Burghley’s life, besides four thick 8vo volumes of Burnet’s ‘Reformation’ with a Preface by myself, and a new edition (the tenth) of Tytler’s ‘Elements of History’ in three volumes. The additions I had to make to the two first volumes of the last-mentioned work were enclosed in square brackets, while the third volume was entirely my own work.

“I had also prepared for the press, by desire of the Bishop of London, a new edition of my ‘Bampton Lectures,’ but the booksellers so strongly dissuaded me, and said so many discouraging things of the dull sale of theological works that I desisted.”

On the 26th of June in this year King George IV. expired, and on the 17th of October Dr. Nares attended both the meeting of Convocation and the new sovereign’s levee.

Many circumstances combined to make the opening of the new reign a period of political excitement. The Revolution of the three days in Paris and the dethronement of Charles X. occurred, but a few

weeks after the accession of William IV., and a month later there was a revolution in Brussels. These events caused much popular excitement in England, where there was a reasonable demand for reform, which the impassioned utterances of Cobbett and other agitators fanned into a flame. The following extracts from letters to his daughter, Lady Henry Churchill, give a vivid picture of the state of the country at this time.

“ BIDDENDEN,

“ *November 7, 1830.*

“The county at large, as well as some parts of Sussex, is in a deplorable state. Secret and wholly undetected incendiaries are nightly at work. Nobody can feel safe, while placards of a most mischievous tendency, and full of *lies*, are circulating among the lower orders. On Tuesday last I collected my tithes. Handbills, I have been told, were put about as nigh as Smarden, stating that whoever paid tithes should have their premises burnt with the parson's house into the bargain. However, much was paid and my house is still safe. On the road from London we passed through a large mob at the top of Sutton Hill, and at night, but were not molested. They had been previously dispersed, tho' not discomfited, by the military under Mr. Rider, and Mr. Gambier as magistrates. In the meanwhile we hear a thousand false reports. It was confidently said they were coming here, to Captain Pattenson's, Mr. Beale's, Mr. Witherden's, and Mr. Boomers,

but that I was to be spared. This was for last Monday night. I feel as if a thunderstorm was passing over, which thousands escape, though a few may be taken—and in both cases we know who *can* protect and defend us. Since our home-coming, however, we have had a Tithe day, and a 5th of November, while to-morrow and Sunday are the fair with new beershops in all directions. Still I hope well as to this place.”

On the 18th of the same month he writes :—

“I never felt the weight of character more than I do now. I never thought I could face crowds of distressed labourers armed with horrible clubs, and crowds also of exasperated farmers, execrating tithes, and escape as I have hitherto done. But in both cases I find my speeches to them gave satisfaction, and, for a wonder, instead of riot and abuse, they listened to me with silence and respect, and at present we are an example to the places around us. You would have smiled to have seen me on Sunday evening, closetted with the leader of the mob party recommending moderation, and succeeding in my advice, though that very man had, the night before, been at a riot at Benenden, which proceeded so far as to oblige them to send for the military and Captain King at their head.

“At this moment the farmers are sitting in judgment upon me, but I have had interviews with two, and if that will not do I must employ

somebody else. I hope we shall all live through it, but how are ruined farmers, ruined landlords, and ruined clergy to provide for a half-starved population ?

“The news to-day is that the Duke of Wellington is out, so perhaps political changes may occupy the public attention and check some of the movements.”

The situation thus described must indeed have been trying to a man of such a sensitive temperament, and the self-control required must have cost him a great effort. The letter passes on to other subjects, and among them the following paragraph is of some little interest. Lady H. S. Churchill was at this time travelling in Wales and visiting the places which her father had visited in company with Mr. Greenhill, in 1784.

“Pray tell Mr. Pennant I thank him for remembering me. It may remind him of old times to tell him that when I was at the levee I was much astonished to hear somebody whisper ‘Nares ! Nares !’ till I was compelled to find out where it came from. At last I found the sound to proceed from Clitherow and Lord Mayo, who happened to be within the Bar leading to the Presence Chamber, and could not get at me. All three seemed delighted to meet. Greenhill Russell had written to say that had I but given him notice he would have come to town on purpose to accompany me. I don’t often meet with friends of

fifty years' standing, and all *Christ Church* friends. Pray tell this to your worthy host * with my best regards."

The next letter is dated November 26, 1830, and contains the following passages :—

"We purpose going to London, No. 14, Clifford Street, on Tuesday, the 30th, and if it please God that I have my health there, which I much doubt, I shall be glad to turn my back for a while on this disturbed county. As to this place we are certainly at rest, and it would appear as if other counties were getting worse off than Kent. In fact it is an attempt at revolution, and, if the new Ministry do not soon put it down, will become very alarming. But how can we wonder at it when Cobbett, a very short time ago, began a lecture at Maidstone, a copy of which I have, by begging the people to reflect upon what was passing abroad, where the *Labouring Classes* had seen the necessity of righting themselves, and it was a disgrace to England that it should have waited for so good an example to be set them by *foreigners*. He admonished them to look after their *home tyrants*, as the French had done, and would do well to *cut their heads off* without mercy. Is it not surprising that such things should be endured ?

"You will easily suppose that the new Ministry

* The letter was addressed to Lady H. S. C. at Downing, Holywell, Flintshire.

is entirely *new* to me. I know not one of them, and have scarcely yet learned their names and places. *You* will find two connections in Mr. Geo. Ellis, and Sir Thomas Graham. I heartily hope they will do us some good. There was a very good squib, in very bad poetry, in one of the papers about the new Lord Chancellor*—viz., that he would be an admirable keeper of the K.'s conscience, having no conscience of his own to keep. Only think of the Author and Promotor of the London University becoming the dispenser of Church Preferment! But what must the poor Archbishop feel, to have the very man brought next him in the State, who not very long ago, in vilifying the whole of the clergy, fixed particularly on Howley, then Bishop of London, slandering and abusing him most grossly.

“Warehorne neighbourhood is also getting quieter, but they had a few military there on Monday to superintend the collection of Dr. Holland's tithes.”

* Brougham.

CHAPTER XXXII

“Man as known to us Theologically and Geologically”—Influence of M. de Luc—Two letters from him

DR. NARES' last work was published in 1834. It was entitled “Man as known to us Theologically and Geologically.” Although in view of later discussion and investigation it is now quite out of date, it may be well to give the author's private account of his motives in writing it. After alluding to the cost and risks of such publications, he says :—

“I published it, however, upon principle, thinking it might be wanted, and to a certain extent I know that such a work is wanted, were the world at large sufficiently alive to its own needs, which at present does not seem to be the case.

“Among the philosophers, who have lately appeared in greater abundance than ever was known before, the geologists, and comparative anatomists have discovered new objects of curiosity in the very body of the earth, which

denote, or, as they say, prove, that the earth itself is of such an age as is wholly irreconcilable with the narrow limits assigned it by Moses. But, as Moses is the first historian of our race, and as Christianity avowedly has its foundation in what he relates of the origin of *man*, I wished at all events to make the latter secure, by proving *historically* that whatever might be said or *conjectured* concerning the fabric of this earthly globe, no serious contradiction had been started as to the history of *man*. But I thought I had a good opportunity of proceeding further, for geologists themselves seemed to have been brought, by their own researches, to the conclusion that whatever might be the age of the earth, man was *comparatively* of recent introduction, and that our race might, therefore, still be no older than the Mosaic records proclaimed.

“I wanted to bring theology and geology into some accordance. I perceived that geology was getting to be so fashionable that, spite of the precautions of well-intentioned geologists themselves, the credit of Moses as an inspired writer would soon come to be slighted ; and I discovered, at the same time, among theologians such ignorance of geology that, in attacking the latter too rudely, and depending too much upon Hebrew criticism, they would give an advantage to the adverse party by rather strengthening their prejudices. I, therefore, wished to show that it could not have been through anything short of inspiration, that Moses wrote the account he has given of the

beginning of our race, capable, as may yet be shown, of regular *historical* proof, through other sources and by other channels. I also wished to show that even geology bore some testimony to the same truths ; but if it did not, yet that theology could still hold its ground as to all the evidences concerning *man* on which Christianity is based.

“ As long as I see no reason to distrust those records that have assured me of this great and exhilarating truth, that ‘ As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,’ I confess I hold the conjectures of the geologists as to past transactions very cheap indeed. I dispute none of their discoveries, but I question many of the conclusions they are disposed to draw from them, and think them mistaken in a variety of ways.

“ I have been thus particular in my account of this work as, in all likelihood, my last publication, written after I had completed my seventy-second year, and because I may scarcely expect to live to see it more known than at present.

“ There was a sort of jingle in the title which my *printer* thought would help to sell the book, but my *bookseller* tells me the title prevents its sale, *Theology* appearing too dull a subject for some, and *Geology* too scientific for others. Luckily, as a satisfaction to my own feelings, I have, in a private way, been highly complimented by readers neither so devoted to theological studies as to be ignorant of science, nor so

infatuated with science as to be careless of theology."

Among the somewhat promiscuous subjects to which Edward Nares had devoted his time and attention after he took his degree at Oxford, mineralogy and geology had been favourite sciences.* They were of lifelong interest to him, and gave a special direction to much of his religious thought. I am, indeed, inclined to think that the *idea* of the work we have just been noticing had been in his mind for many years, but that pressure of other work had prevented his working it out till old age had relieved him somewhat of other engagements.

We have noted already (p. 128) that he translated for the *British Critic* M. de Luc's letters on geology to Professor Blumenbach. M. de Luc at that time (1793) had been recently appointed a professor at Gottingen. He was a man of deep religious convictions, with which Mr. Nares was disposed to sympathise, and he set himself to combat the views of the so-called rationalistic school, of whom Eichhorn and Paulus were the most celebrated German exponents, while Dr. A. Geddes, a Roman Catholic priest, subsequently deposed by the Apostolic Vicar, maintained somewhat similar opinions in England. Dr. Geddes believed that his views tended to place religion on a firmer basis, but M. de Luc conceived that to discredit the Mosaic cosmogony was only to pave the way to infidelity. I cannot but think his

* See pp. 75 and 85.

influence on Edward Nares' mind was great and permanent. Not only does it appear in this essay on Man, but one of his Bampton Lectures deals with the subject, and in his notes thereto he considers at some length the various theories propounded by, among others, Schnieider (1802), Hutton, de Luc, Leibnitz, Saussure, and Dolomieu, and pronounces himself to agree mainly with M. de Luc. His earlier work on the Plurality of Worlds (pp. 122-128) also refers to the same subject, so that it must have been before his mind for many years. I have come across two of M. de Luc's letters in the earlier period of his acquaintance with Mr. Nares, which seem so well to illustrate his influence, and are so characteristic of this sincere and gifted philosopher, that I make no apology for inserting them here.

“BERLIN,

“*Le 10e Février, 1793.*

“MON CHER MONSIEUR,—“Il y a longtemps que nous ne nous sommes pas écrits, mais je n'en ai pas moins pensé à vous, mon digne coopérateur dans une grande œuvre ! Mon âme et mon esprit en sont sans cesse occupés, parce que sans cesse je vois s'accroître le mal que je cherchois à prévenir.

“Venus dans ces contrées au mois d'Août par ordre de la Reine, j'y vis avec effroi le gouttre qui l'ouvroit sous la société par l'attaque ouverte de la Révélation, même parmi les Ecclésiastiques et jusqu'aux Professeurs de Théologie dans les Universités. Alors je me résolus de m'élever

ouvertement contre cette secte infernale, si notre auguste et vertueux Souverain, comme Electeur d'Hanovre, daignoit prendre confiance en moi, et me nommer Professeur de Philosophie et Géologie à Gottingne ; ce que S.M. m'accorde avec satisfaction. Je me déterminai tout de suite à revenir dans ce Pays ci, mais avant que de partir, j'allai faire part à M. R. Nares de cette résolution, et le priai de vous la communiquer.

“ Depuis mon retour, qui fut au commencement de Novembre j'ai été toujours par monts et par vauds pour continuer d'étudier la *Terre*, et d'Academie en Academie pour étudier les hommes. J'en ai trouvé quelques uns qui nous restoient attachés, mais ils étoient decouragés et abattus ; j'ai attaqué ceux des autres que j'ai trouvé dans mon chemin, et je les ai réduits au silence, en toute compagnie où je les découvrais. Par là j'ai fixé mes idées ; et quoique je sois toujours en observation, pour bien connoître les gens que j'entreprends d'attaquer et mes ressources, j'ai déjà formé mon plan, et je commence de l'exécuter.

“ Je publièrai deux ouvrages à Gottingne, en ma qualité de Professeur, et ce sont là toutes les fonctions de ce genre que je remplirai. L'un sera un ouvrage préliminaire à la géologie, destiné à montrer la source des maux publics, dans les attaques que d'ignorans naturalistes ont dirigés contre la Genèse. Car dès que ces gens-là ont en publié de tout côté que l'observation de la terre démontroit que ce premiers de nos Livres

Sacrés étoit une Fable tout l'Edifice de la Révélation s'est céroulé par degrés dans les esprits. Je l'ai prévu ; je l'ai très fortement annoncé à nos théologiens pour y fixer leur attention ; ils n'ont pas voulu me croire ; ils n'ont donc qu'à venir dans ces contrées pour y voir deux choses : la première, que la Foi en la Révélation y est presque entièrement détruite ; la seconde, qui anime mon courage, c'est qu'il n'y a pas un des chefs de ce parti que j'ai affronté, qui, lorsque j'ai repris la Genèse, que je lui ai demandé compte de son abandon, et que je l'ai soutenu en géologue, qui n'ait été réduit au silence : cela m'est arrivé plusieurs fois, et entr'autres dans une des Universités, vis à vis d'un Profr. de Théologie,* dignitaire dans l'Eglise, fameux comme chef des Hiérophantes qui veulent établir une nouvelle *Religion Naturelle* sous le nom de *Théophilanthropique* ; c'étoit en présence de deux autres Profrs. de Théologie qui l'assistèrent, et de plusieurs autres Profrs. et ils furent réduits au silence, au grand contentement de deux, qui eux-mêmes étoient réduits au silence depuis longtemps par la voix dominante de l'Université."

So even then there were dignitaries of the (Lutheran) Church posing as advocates of a theistic philanthropic cult, and it seems somewhat strange that the most doughty champion of

* This may very possibly have been J. G. Eichhorn, who was appointed Professor at Gottingen in 1788. He was a man of great critical insight, and many of the theories he advanced have stood the test of modern criticism.

orthodoxy should be no ecclesiastic, but a man of science holding a recognised position as a physicist and a geologist. The letter proceeds :—

“ Mais la marche de la dégradation rapide de notre generation à partir de cette malheureuse époque est extrêmement importante à tracer ; je l’ai constamment suivie, et marquée par des ouvrages qui n’ont pas encore paru, et qui sont très propres à tracer la marche des conjurés, leurs ruses et comment les hommes inattentifs ont donné dans leur pièges ; et c’est cette suite d’ouvrages non publié qui formera le premier des deux que je publierai, annonçant l’autre, comme celui qui, restituent la Genèse dans son rang sublime, renversera l’échaffaudage d’illusion des détracteurs de la foi publique.

“ Ces deux ouvrages parôitront à Gottingne en françois et en allemand ; mais servient ils inutiles à ma nouvelle Patrie, où les mêmes sources de maux resident, quoique moins generalement que sur le Continent ! Si quelque chose peut sauver notre chère Isle, sa sœur : et sa sœur abdiquée mais non moins essentielle à son salut, l’Amérique septentrionale ; ce n’est qu’en leur faisant connôître les conspirations de tout genre qui ont ammené le terrible état de l’Europe. Nous avons les preuves qu’on y cherche à s’éclairer, par les rapides éditions de *Robison* et *Barruel*,* dévoilant des conjura-

* John Robison was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh in 1774. His most important literary work was contributions on mechanical subjects to the “ Encyclopædia

tions. Mon premier ouvrage en dévoilera une plus terrible encore, parceque c'est celle qui a rendu l'autre possible, en corrompant notre génération au berceau et dans tous ses pas. On y verra comment les conjurés ont travaillé par les écoles et tous les seminaires d'instruction ; car c'est là l'objet général.

“ Mais comme ce servit peu que de montrer comment ou a dégradé les principes, si on ne les relève ; si l'on ne renverse pas les batteries des naturalistes incrédules, première source de nos maux ; l'ouvrage de géologie, qui sera un développement méthodique et didactique de mes lettres dans le *British Critic* et plus complet, doit devenir la barre dans les roues des ennemis du genre humain.

“ Vous voyez à quoi j'en veux venir, mon cher Monsieur ; c'est une œuvre pour Dieu et nos compatriotes que je vous demande ; c'est la traduction de ces ouvrages :—sur quoi je vais vous donner quelques éclaircissemens.

“ J'envoie à ma femme (qui vous aime comme moi) cette lettre, et l'introduction à mon premier

Britannica.” I have not been able to trace the works alluded to here, but four years later he published a work endeavouring to show that the Freemasons, Illuminati, and other secret societies were subversive of the established order of society as well as of the Christian religion. In 1802 a book was published by S. Payson, entitled “ Proofs of the Real Existence of Illuminism, containing an abstract of what *Dr. Robison* and the *Abbé Barruel* have published on the Subject.” There can be no doubt that the object of the works here referred to was similar. The *Abbé Barruel* also published (1797-98) “ *Memoirs Illustrating the History of Jacobinism.*”

ouvrage, qui sera peu volumineux, et elle cherchera à vous les faire parvenir.

“ Si après avoir lu cette introduction, vous prenez le parti que je désire, vous pourrez commencer par la traduction de cette partie, et lorsque j'en serai à l'impression, je vous l'enverrai feuille à feuille. Le titre general sera—*Considerations sur les Principes religieux, offertes à la Génération présente, et destinées à son Histoire*. Vous verrez dès l'introduction que l'ouvrage repond à sa titre.

“ Vous n'avez aucun besoin de moi pour cette traduction, je connois votre stile, et je me regarderois comme très heureux de parôître sous votre enveloppe.”

After suggesting a short preface, mentioning his appointment by the King to the Professorship, and stating that when he had discharged its duties he should return to England, he concludes thus :—

“ Alors nous serons près l'un de l'autre, et nous nous arrangerons bien : ce ne sera pas de quelque temps, car cet ouvrage,* quoique j'en aie les matériaux, n'est point encore écrit.

“ J'attendrai avec impatience votre réponse ; je vous prie de l'envoyer à ma femme, qui en vous envoyant cette lettre, vous marquera où elle se trouvera alors. Je suis de vos sentimens ; je ne doute en aucune manière de vos intentions à me séconder ; c'est dont des circonstances que

* The second work, which he was going to publish in Gottingen.

j'attends des nouvelles avec impatience. Soyez convaincu aussi de la véritable considérations et du sincère attachement avec lesquels.

“ Je suis, mon cher Monsieur,

“ Votre dévoué serviteur et ami,

“ DE LUC.”

M. de Luc had evidently known Mr. Nares some little time before writing this letter, and they had many interests in common. This acquaintance commencing about the time when Edward Nares entered the ministry, he was perhaps the more open to impression by the earnestness of this sincerely orthodox man of science, with whom he kept up an intermittent correspondence for many years.

The execution of the work which he agreed to undertake in response to the foregoing letter, was hindered by ill-health and other causes, and the translation was not completed till 1795. The following letter opens with an expression of regret at this delay, and proceeds with a vigorous and characteristic denunciation of a new work by Dr. Geddes :—

“ MON CHER MONSIEUR,—Ayant appris par M. votre cousin, que vous devez être de retour à Oxford, je vais répondre à la lettre bien intéressante de toute manière que j'ai reçue de vous datée de Warwhick ; elle m'a dit je bien fortement intéressé pour vous personnellement, en me dépeignant les tristes causes qui vous ont détourné de notre entreprise commune ; Dieu veuille faire

cesser celle qui tient à votre santé, et vous garantir de peines de toute autre nature !

“ Malgré ces obstacles vous ne prenez pas néanmoins congé de moi, et c’est là le soutien de mes espérances ; car que ferois-je sans vous ? Je l’ai senti de plus fort dans cette occurrence, car avec la suspension de votre aide, tout a été suspendu, et je ne vois aucune autre ressource. Dieu sait que s’il ne s’agissoit d’une nécessité urgente pour l’humanité, je n’aurois pas la hardiesse d’être importun ; mais tous ceux qui peuvent quelque chose pour elle dans ce moment, sous quelque forme que ce soit, doivent à Dieu et à leur conscience d’en faire leur premier objet, car elle est sur le bord du plus affreux précipice.

“ Je ne vous parlerai pas des choses générales, vous les voyez comme moi ; mais permettez que je fixe vos regards, comme Ecclesiastique zélé pour votre vocation, sur un objet qui a imprimé chez moi la plus profonde tristesse, et plus de crainte pour l’Humanité que tout ce que nous voyons se passer par les armées, l’argent, et les ruses des Jacobins—Lisez (si vous ne l’avez déjà lu) *l’Art. 1* du *British Critic* pour Juillet. Avez vous vu jusqu’ici aucun attentat aussi audacieux, au milieu d’une Nation chrétienne, que celui du Dr. Geddes ? Ce n’est pas ici un simple écrit pour attaquer *la Révélation, l’inspiration* de nos *Saints Livres* : ce sont ces *Livres* eux-mêmes qu’on ose entreprendre de pervertir et de publier comme une histoire et une *Legislation humaines*. J’apprends là que cet attentat existe depuis *deux ans*, qu’il existe à la

face de l'Eglise, et les conducteurs de l'Eglise, institués par la Constitution pour veiller à sa sûreté, ne se sont pas encore élevés *en Corps* pour repousser une telle audace ! Cependant gardons cette remarque entre nous ; je me garderai bien de l'exprimer à quelqu'un d'autre qu'à vous, et pour vous engager à considérer les causes de cet état de l'Eglise, que je connois de bien près. Croyez, mon cher Monsieur, que ce que je vais vous dire est le resultat de mes observations et de mes recherches profondes, et que je connois bien les causes de cette froideur apparente : je pourrois vous le prouver par des faits, mais j'espère que vous vous en rapporterez à moi.

“ On craint les Incrédules, et on ne veut pas paroître les craindre. On sait que tout ce que la Théologie ordinaire a pu produire pour la défense de la Révélation a été présenté nombre de fois par des hommes d'un génie supérieur, et l'on voit néanmoins l'Incredulité faire les progrès les plus rapides. On sent qu'à reprendre ce qu'on dit ces hommes de génie, on ne feroit que l'affoiblir et on se cache derrière ce refuge, prononcé dogmatiquement, *que plus on écrit contre les Incrédules, plus on leur donne occasion de répéter leur Sophismes, augmenter leur hardiesse, et séduire de plus en plus le peuple.* Les Incrédules laissent l'Eglise dans ce refuge où son silence leur laisse le champ libre ; ils vont leur chemin, sapent ses fondemens, et ont la plus grande espérance de la renverser tout à coup.

“ Un autre refuge exprimé aussi dogmatique-

ment dans cette perplexité, est cette promesse de l'Evangile à *l'Eglise*, que les *Portes de l'Enfer ne prévaudront pas contre elle*. Je crois fermement à cette promesse, mais il reste à savoir si ce n'est pas après la punition de la négligence des conducteurs et de quelques générations même des Chrétiens, que Dieu restaurera *l'Eglise* car l'Evangile, en faisant cette promesse, recommande la Vigilance.

“ Je vous l'ai dit, mon cher Monsieur, dans notre premier entretien ; les incrédules triomphent par des argumens que quelques uns d'entre eux ont prétendu tirer de la Physique et de l'Histoire naturelle pour attaquer la Révélation. Les Physiciens et Naturalistes Chrétiens ont essayé de repousser cette attaque, mais les lumières n'étoient pas encore assez grandes, ils sont tombés dans de grandes erreurs, dont leur adversaires ayant profité, quoique ignorans eux-mêmes, ils ont remporté une victoire complète et on leur a laissé le champ de bataille. C'est depuis ce temps-là que les argumens ordinaires de la théologie ont perdu tous leurs effets. Car la *Révélation* s'est établié par l'intervention immédiate de Dieu, donnant des signes de sa présence, et s'est transmise chez les hommes par *tradition* : tout son Edifice est lié par le fait et dans l'esprit des hommes, et sa base est la *Révélation mosaïque*. Si Moyse n'étoit qu'un Historien, rassemblant des *faits* mêlés de *Fables*, toute la chaîne est rompue ; Si au contraire il est inspiré, toute la chaîne est solide. Les Incrédules

l'ont même vu que nos Théologiens, ils ont laissé ceux-ci dans la sécurité, et dès lors ils ont fait les progrès rapides dans les esprits que la Révolution de France a manifestés tout à coup et fait éclore de toute part. Je voyois depuis longtemps ce qui se préparoit, mais comment pouvoi-je le faire prévoir, quand aujourd'hui même je trouve si peu de gens à qui je puisse faire comprendre, que le seul moyen de sauver la Religion est d'attaquer les Incrédules dans cette première place qu'on leur a laissé prendre et d'où ils foudroyent tout.

“Cependant je ne suis point injuste ; je sens que pour comprendre que je puis les chasser pour toujours de cette forteresse, il faudroit déjà être très avancé dans la Physique et l'Histoire naturelle, connoître tous les argumens des Incrédules de cette classe, comment ils peuvent être renversés sans retour, et la Révélation mosaïque posée sur une base inébranlable. On ne soin rien de tout cela, on est atterré, on tremble de se confier en un nouveau champion dont la défaite accéléreroit la ruine de l'Eglise, et comme il faudroit beaucoup d'études pour se détromper, on laisse grossir le Torrent qui va tout engloutir.

“Voyez l'audace du Dr. Geddes ! Il ne se contente pas, comme ses prédécesseurs de prétendre que Moïse n'étoit qu'un historien qui avoit rassemblé des Traditions en parti fabuleuses, il prétend que les Livres qu'on lui attribue ont été écrits, non par lui, mais du temps de Salomon ; et depuis deux ans le premier vol. de *Sa Bible* fait chemin, sans que l'Eglise aît osé l'attaquer

Pourquoi ? Parce qu'on craint d'engager des *controverses historiques* sur des temps aussi reculés ; et que cet adversaire s'est déjà prémuni contre les argumens tirés la *Bible* même, en y supposant des *interpollations*, des changemens d'accens, &c. Surquoi on n'ose pas non plus se *compromettre*.

“ Mais à present que cet attentat n'est connu par le *British Critic*, j'arrêterai cet audacieux dans sa carrière, et je lui montrerai en moi un adversaire qu'il ne fera pas trembler : je n'attends pour cela que d'avoir l'ouvrage même que je tâche de me procurer, après quoi je m'adresserai à lui même dans mon propre anglois et le défiant sur un champ qu'il sera forcé de reconnaître comme indispensable, je lui ferai des Questions, auxquelles il sera obligé de répondre, où d'être reconnu pour vaincu par les Spectateurs de l'engagement.

“ Mon intention n'est pas de traiter aucun sujet dans ce *Challenge* ; cela seroit impossible à moins que d'écrire un Livre ; mais je le sommerai de lire ce que j'ai déjà publié, en indiquant les sujets, et comment ils renversent son Système s'il ne peut y répondre. Cependant je ne puis en Angleterre, attendre du Public qu'il aille consulter des ouvrages écrits en *françois*. C'est pour cela que j'ai si fort désiré de pouvoir publier dans ma Patrie adoptive* et en sa Langue un extrait assez étendu

* M. de Luc made his home at Windsor for many years, where he was honoured with their Majesties' friendship, and lived also on terms of intimacy with John Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, who was for some time tutor to H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

des peuves *physique* (*sic*) de la *Révélation mosaïque*, pour que je pusse en suite au besoin y renvoyer les anglois lorsque je viendrois à attaquer personnellement ceux qui sont assez audacieux pour tenter ouvertement de détruire les fondemens de la foi publique. Que d'efforts n'avois-je pas déjà faits avant l'entreprise dans laquelle vous êtes venu m'aider. Mais brisons là dessus ; c'est un objet trop triste pour moi.

“ Vous voyez, mon cher Monsieur, avec quelle ouverture de cœur je vous parle ; je concentre ma peine à ce sujet, parce que le blâme ne sert à rien. Mais vous m'avez inspiré de la confiance dès notre premier entretien ; le sermon que vous m'avez fait l'amitié de me communiquer, vous a montré a mes yeux comme étant *l'homme* que je cherchois, et j'ai fermé ma *lanterne*. Votre santé malheureusement se trouve sur notre chemin, mais j'espère que Dieu vous la rendra pour cette bonne œuvre. Quant à votre modestie, permettez que je ne m'y arrête pas, je vous juge mieux que vous ne vous jugez vous-même, et j'ai toujours fortement à cœur de vous faire connoître à ceux dont dépend la considération dans l'Eglise. Vous pensez qu'à l'égard d'un ouvrage traduit, toute la consideration est pour *l'Auteur* ; mais ce n'est pas le cas pour un ouvrage tel que celui auquel nous travaillons. Vous pouvez comprendre par tout ce que je vous ai dit ici (*entre nous*) que j'ai quelques relations parmi les chefs de l'Eglise ; et soyez bien persuadé, que si je me concilie quelque consideration par la tâche que j'ai enter-

prisé pour son soutien, j'ai des moiens de la faire rejaillir sur vous : mais je vous crois trop zélé Chrétien pour presser cet objet comme motif.

“ J'espère toujours, ou que vous aurez quelque occasion de me venir voir à Windsor, ou que je vous irai voir à Oxford, pendant l'absence de la famille royale qui partira pour Weymouth dans huit jours pour six semaines ; mais en attendant je vous envoie le reste de la 4^{me} Lettre qui n'est pas traduit. J'ai marqué par un trait où s'arrête ce qui s'imprimera ce mois ; et la suite de la traduction doit commencer par le § 19 inclusivement. Voulez vous bien, quand vous aurez pu la faire me l'envoyer sous couvert de *James Brand Burges, Esq., Under-Secretary of State, London*, qui me l'enverra.

“ Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire, mon cher Monsieur, avec quels sentimens je suis—

“ Votre dévoué serviteur,

“ DE LUC.

“ Windsor, le 8 Juillet, 1794.”

There is a frank sincerity in these letters which would appeal forcibly to an earnest man at his very entrance to the ministry ; and they reveal a zealous uncompromising personality. With their subject we are not here specially concerned, except so far as it gives a key to one phase of Dr. Nares' thoughts and work for many years. For the rest let it suffice to say that though M. de Luc's hopes of confuting all the theories of the higher critics of his day were not realised, many of his fears have also proved ground-

less ; and though the views of inspiration which he cherished so warmly have been widely modified, the Christian faith has been set upon a wider and firmer basis, and the Church still rests assured that her Lord's promise will not fail.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Installation of Duke of Wellington at Oxford—Death of William IV.—Address to Queen Victoria—De Senectute—Death—Epitaph

WITHIN a month of the publication of his last work Dr. Nares was called to take his share in an Oxford Commemoration of unusual interest, for it included the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University.

Despite his advanced age he still had many friends and was held in high respect there. In a letter to his daughter he says :—

“ I feel at home at Oxford, and the mere name of Nares seems a passport to me. Yesterday in the face of the whole pageantry for St. Mary's Church, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington and the Archbishop, the Mayor introduced me to his brother citizens as the son of their former representative, and one who had raised himself so high in the University. In truth, I ought to be grateful for the many attentions, not only shown to me on my appearance, but prepared for me before I came.”

The imposing ceremony of the installation was fully described in the newspapers of the day, but Dr. Nares' account of it is not without an interest of its own.

“As a soldier the Duke could not fail to be an object of popular admiration, go where he would ; but never have I seen military glory so highly appreciated as by the young men of Oxford. Often have I been present when academical honours have been conferred on British heroes, naval and military, amidst such acclamations from the young men in the galleries of the theatre as almost to overpower the objects of their applause. On one such occasion I remember hearing our present Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hill, just after he had returned from the Peninsular War, observe to the Vice-Chancellor that he had never had his feelings so worked upon in his life. We may guess then what greetings awaited the conqueror of Napoleon !

“My place in the procession being far behind the Chancellor, I could only hear at some distance the applause with which he was greeted on his entrance, and I can never forget it. If anything could exceed the Duke's welcome it was the applause which greeted the following lines from the prize poem by Joseph Arnould :—

“When on that field where last the eagle soared
War's mightier master wielded Britain's sword
And the dark soul, a world could scarce subdue,
Bent to thy genius—Chief of Waterloo !”

"The moment the last lines were uttered, the whole company rose, and with waving of caps, hats, and handkerchiefs, and the most deafening shouts, formed a scene past description. The Duke alone remained seated, while around his chair stood many officers, who had been engaged in the same conflict, among whom two of his aides-de-camp were conspicuous—Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had lost an arm, and Lord Arthur Hill, both of whom were among the recipients of honorary degrees. Sir Charles Wetherall was greeted as if the theatre would have come down. He was quite overcome by the applause. But the most affecting sight of all was the conferring the degree on Lord Encombe. His aged grandfather, Lord Eldon,* covered his face with both hands, and did not seem able to bear the sight. But when the Duke of Wellington had conferred the degree, shaken hands with Lord Encombe, and fairly sent him to his grandfather, whose face was still covered, the cheers were simply tumultuous."

After this interesting visit to Oxford, Dr. Nares' life pursued a quiet course for the next few years. Except for a few visits to Oxford which have been already alluded to (p. 260), it was passed chiefly at Biddenden.

On the 20th of June, 1837, King William IV. died,

* Lord Eldon, who had occupied the Woolsack for twenty-five years, was at this time in his eighty-fourth year, and had been a member of University College for sixty-eight years. He was among the speakers at the Chancellor's dinner after this installation.

somewhat unexpectedly, after a short illness, and on the consequent dissolution of Parliament Dr. Nares was re-elected Proctor in convocation. To this we have already referred (p. 203), but have deferred giving his account of the presentation of an address from that body to Queen Victoria, on her accession. This ceremony took place on November 24th, and Dr. Nares was a member of the deputation on that interesting occasion, of which he writes as follows :—

“Standing not far from the Throne while the Address was being read, I had an excellent opportunity of observing the carriage and demeanour of the young Queen during a ceremony of much solemnity and importance ; and I must confess nothing seemed exceptionable in her whole deportment. Without the least symptom of inattention or indifference to what was passing, there appeared no forced or affected gravity, no youthful impatience, while she appeared free from every semblance of vain ostentation. There was certainly no want of royal, I may say sovereign, dignity. When the answer to the addresses was put into her hands by the Secretary of State, she read it in a voice at once so clear and distinct, yet so feminine as in strength to appear rather below than above the age of eighteen, which rendered it only the more interesting. Her Majesty, in short, had a part to act, and she seemed to me to act it well. These, however, are but the beginnings of things ; scarcely so much as the first scene of the first act of a reign which

every one is wishing, and most, I hope, praying, may be a long and prosperous one. Of its length I shall not live to judge, nor of its prosperity, if it be so, to partake ; but from the very little I happen to have seen and heard, I cannot help anticipating much good."

The weight of years began now to press upon Dr. Nares, and the remainder of his life was spent quietly at Biddenden with occasional visits to London and St. Leonards. His failing strength rendered him unable to take more than a small share of the parochial duties, and his last public appearance outside his own parish appears to have been at the consecration of a new church at Cranbrook, in 1838.

In 1839 two of his few remaining friends passed away, viz., Dr. Laurence, Archbishop of Cashel, and Dr. Landon, Dean of Exeter, the latter of whom had married him to Lady Charlotte Spencer in 1797. He felt acutely the loneliness of age, at a period of life when new intimacies cannot be formed, and when even with the best and dearest of those who share one's later years so little of the past is common ground.

In the following year other old friends died, and among them the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, who for many years had been upon terms of intimacy with him. His daughter, Lady Henry Spencer-Churchill, to whom the Duchess had constantly behaved with an almost maternal affection, was with her mother-in-law to the last.

Towards the close of the reminiscences I find many extracts from Cicero de Senectute, with short comments, concluding in the following words :—

“After all old age is, as Cicero often intimates, but one of the four seasons of man’s earthly existence, childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. This fourth period of human life, if attained, should be borne and passed in the most becoming manner, as Cicero points out, by suitable exertions of the mind as the body declines, and occupations requiring neither the agility of youth nor the vigor of manhood. But there is another incident, connected indeed with old age, but having bearings peculiar to itself, the discomforts of which may be easily described and understood—the melancholy reflection of having outlived all the friends and connections of early life ; feeling, as it were, left behind among comparative strangers, to whom only the feeble remnants of a protracted life are to be exhibited. One’s faculties, once clear, more or less dulled and clouded, and one’s temper, once calm and placid, liable to be ruffled by petty inconveniences, and the inevitable awkwardnesses of extreme age. And though friends may be too kind to tell the very aged that they stay too long, yet they themselves must discern that in many things they are a burden to others, as well as to themselves. Longevity, indeed, need be no object of desire, except that providentially it is a sure means of weaning our affections more and more from the

things of this world, and preparing us for the inevitable change. I must acknowledge, however, in my own case, that the wormwood of my latter days has been most mercifully tempered by general good health (cough excepted) and a most happy freedom from painful disorders."

The foregoing was written on his seventy-ninth birthday ; yet although he was keenly alive to the decay of his powers, and was unable, through impaired hearing, to enjoy the pleasures of conversation, he did not among his friends cease to be bright ; and those of his grandchildren who knew him ever cherished a lively memory of his kind and cheery manner, which made them look forward to seeing him, and remember his visits with delight.

The end of the long life, which had become so weary, was not long delayed, and after a sharp attack of bronchial asthma the gentle spirit passed to rest on July 23, 1841.

"Of *gentleness*," wrote one who knew him well, "he was the most perfect example it were possible to meet with upon earth ; of *faith* unfeigned, but confirmed by his works ; of *meekness* he was a most perfect pattern, for while he ranked among the most learned, skilled in all kinds of literature, he was of all men most modest : and of *temperance* he was, by force of conscience and of habit, a most strict and natural observer. His sole confidence was placed in the decrees of a good and allwise Providence, and in the merits of his

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Saviour, and in every circumstance of his holy life he was unequivocally faithful unto the end."

The following inscription on a tablet to his memory in Biddenden Church bears the mark of truth without exaggeration :—

" Endowed by nature with talents of a high order,
He devoted them through life
To the promotion of true Religion.
Distinguished among Scholars and Divines
As much for acute reasoning, as for deep research,
He proved in his daily walk,
Not less than in his numerous writings,
The consistency of Courtesy and Forbearance
With inflexible regard to Truth.
Pious, Humble, Charitable, Just,
His conversation became his Christian calling.
And he died in Peace."

APPENDICES



APPENDIX A

EPITAPHS ON THE STRANGE VAULT AT LEXTON, ESSEX

“In this vault lie the Remains of the Right Honble. SIR JOHN STRANGE, KNT., Master of the Rolls, and one of HIS MAJESTY’S most Honble. Privy Council, who by great natural abilities, assisted by an unwearied application to the Profession of the Law, arrived at such eminence that on the 9th of February, 1735, he was appointed one of His Majesty’s Counsel, and on the 28th of Jan., 1736, Solicitor-General. Whilst in that Honorable Office under the Crown, He was so highly esteemed by the Citizens of his Native City that, at their Request, he became Recorder of London on the 13th of Nov., 1739. On his Resignation of these Employments in the year 1742, His MAJESTY, as a peculiar mark of his Regard, honoured him with a Patent to take place for Life next to his Attorney-General, and on the 11th of Jan., 1749, was pleased to advance him to the high and important office of MASTER OF THE ROLLS, the Revenue of which, soon after his promotion, received from Parliament, unsought by him, a very considerable and equally Honourable augmentation. By a faithful discharge of the several stations which he so ably and worthily filled, he conciliated to him the favour of his SOVEREIGN and the esteem of his COUNTRY, the true summit of honest and laudable ambition.

“Such was his PUBLIC Life.

“Great and amiable were the virtues of his Private and domestic Character, which will ever endear the Remembrance of him to the Hearts of all who knew Him; and to those who had not that happiness suffice it to say, That by a serious and constant performance of every religious duty, he was an inviting example of true Christian Piety. In the social duties he excelled as a SON, a HUSBAND, a FATHER, a Brother, a Friend, and a MASTER. He died full of Honours, though not of years, to the general regret of good Men, and to the inexpressible loss and affliction of his Family, on the 18th of May, 1754, in the 58th year of his Age.

“He married SUSANNA, Eldest Daughter and Coheiress of EDWARD STRONG, of Greenwich, Esq. She was a dutiful and affectionate Wife, a tender Mother, and a charitable, religious, and good Christian. She died the 21st of January, 1747, in the 46th year of her age, and lies interred in this Vault.

“By her he was blessed with a numerous Issue, of which Two Sons and SEVEN Daughters survived him.”

On the west side of the Tomb is the following Inscription to the memory of Sir John's mother:—

“Here also lies the Body of MARY STRANGE, Daughter of RICHARD PLAYSTOW, of Smalldean, in the County of Bucks, Gent, Widow of JOHN STRANGE, Citizen of London, and Mother of Sir John Strange. With the assistance of a most worthy Husband she had sagacity to discover, and inclination and abilities to improve, by a liberal education of her son, the Talents given him by God and Nature, which, enforced by the Example of her own Piety and Goodness, laid the foundation of his future merit, to her Comfort and to his Honour and Advantage. She died the 7th of May, 1748, in the 74th year of Her Age.”

On the north side the following appear:—

“Here are deposited the Remains of MARTHA WITTERONGE, eldest Daughter of Sir John Strange, and widow of James Witteronge, of Rothamsted, in the County of Hertford, Esquire. She lived most deservedly esteemed, and died as sincerely lamented the 25th day of Nov., 1758, *Ætat* 35.

“Here also lie the Remains of MATTHEW STRANGE, younger son of Sir John Strange. He died the 30th of Dec., 1759, in the 16th year of his age.

“Here also lie the Remains of JANE STRANGE, one of the Daughters of Sir John Strange. A daughter altogether worthy of such a Father, but cut off, alas! in the bloom of youth and honest pride of virtue, Feb. 11th, 1754, in the 18th year of her age.”

There is also an inscription on the East to the memory of Mrs. Strange as follows :—

“Within this Vault are likewise deposited the Remains of the late Mrs. SARAH STRANGE, wife of His Excellency JOHN STRANGE, Esq., His Britannic MAJESTY’S Resident to the Republic of VENICE, and son of the late Sir John Strange, of Layton Grange, Knight, Master of the Rolls. Mrs. Strange was daughter of the late DAVIDGE GOULD, of Sharpham Park, in the County of Somerset, Esquire, by HONORA GOULD, his wife, and sister to the present SIR HENRY GOULD, Knight, one of His Majesty’s Honourable Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. She was married to John Strange, Esq., in the year 1753, and had issue by him Two Daughters, SARAH and JANE, who both died infants at PISA, in ITALY, and were interred in the burying ground belonging to the English Factory at LEGHORN. After an happy union of thirty years Mrs. STRANGE departed this life at Venice, May 3rd, 1783, in the 51st year of her age, and her remains, being embalmed, were brought to England, June ye 8th, 1784, and were deposited at Low Layton, Essex, June ye 14th, 1784.

“Sacred to whose memory it may be justly inscribed that, From the amiableness of her disposition, the Refinement of her manners, and her sincerely charitable and Christian deportment, she lived deservedly beloved and respected, and died unfeignedly lamented by her Relations, her Friends, and Connections, and by none more truly than her affectionate Husband,

JOHN STRANGE.

APPENDIX B.

THE following list of Dr. Nares' contributions to the *British Critic*, amounting altogether to nearly seventy articles, afford abundant evidence both of his industry and versatility. The majority, indeed, are reviews of theological works, and these I have not, except in a few instances, thought it necessary to describe specifically.

- Vols. iii., iv., and v., 1794-1795, Translation of De Luc's *Geological Letters*.
- Vol. iv, 1794. Review of Sullivan's "View of Nature," in six vols.
- Vol. v., 1795, p. 401. Kirwan's "Elements of Mineralogy."
- Vol. vi., 1795, p. 360. Schmeisser's "System of Mineralogy."
- Ditto p. 651. Gaultier's "Course of Geography."
- Vol. xvii., p. 359. De Luc's "Lettres sur l'Education Religieuse de l'Enfance."
- Vol. xviii. p. 618. Jones's "Development of Remarkable Events," &c.
- Vol. xix. p. 381. Faber's "Horæ Mosaicæ," 2 vols.
- Ditto p. 501. Magee's Sermons.
- Vol. xx. No. 9, Arts. ii. and ix. ; No. 10, Art. ii. ; No. 11, Art. vi.
- Vol. xxi. No. 1, Arts. ii. and xiii. ; No. 3, Arts. v. and vi. ; No. 6, Art. xi.
- Vol. xxii. No. 7, Art. iii.
- Vol. xxiii. No. iii., Art. iv., also p. 537.
- Vol. xxiv. p. 294.
- Vol. xxv. pp. 191 and 512.
- Vol. xxvi. p. 40.
- Vol. xxvii. pp. 38, 107, and 382.
- Vol. xxviii. p. 158.
- Vol. xxx. pp. 295, 501, 610.
- Vol. xxxii. pp. 28 and 118. Nightingale's "Portraiture of Methodism."
- Vol. xxxii. p. 383. "The Rise, Fall, and Future Restoration of the Jews."
- Vols. xxxii., p. 595, and xxxiii. p. 18. Clarkson's "History of the Slave Trade."
- Vol. xxxiii. p. 238. "Sketches of Truth."
- Vol. xxxiii. pp. 355, 437, and 594.
- Vol. xxxiv. pp. 1, 57, 223, 292, 378, 393.

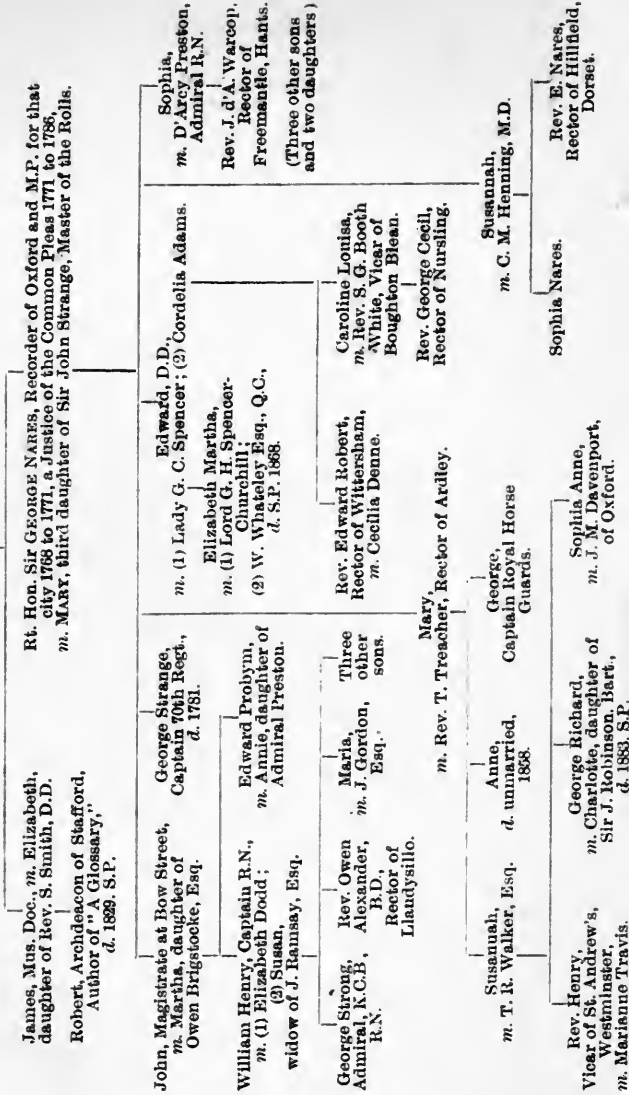
- Vol. xxxv. Laurence on the *Δόλος*, p. 16.
Vol. xxxv. p. 497. De Luc's "Elementary Geology."
Vol. xxxvi. pp. 594, 623.
Vol. xxxvii. p. 43. De Luc's "Geological Travels in North Europe."
Vol. xxxvii. pp. 181, 356, 568, 618.
Vol. xxxviii. pp. 24, 182, 253, 383.
Ditto p. 586. De Luc's "Geological Travels in England."
Vol. xxxix. pp. 52, 145, 443.
Vol. xl. pp. 13 and 455.
Vol. xlii. pp. 237 and 490. De Luc's "Geological Travels in France, Switzerland, and Germany."

Besides the articles indicated above by the page at which they commence, Dr. Nares wrote many "catalogue articles," which were marked in his own edition, as to the whereabouts of which I have no clue.

APPENDIX C.

The following particulars of Sir George Nares and his immediate descendants are taken from a short pedigree kindly supplied to the author by H. J. Cureton Walker, Esq. :—

— NARES, Esq., of Albury, Oxon.



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